

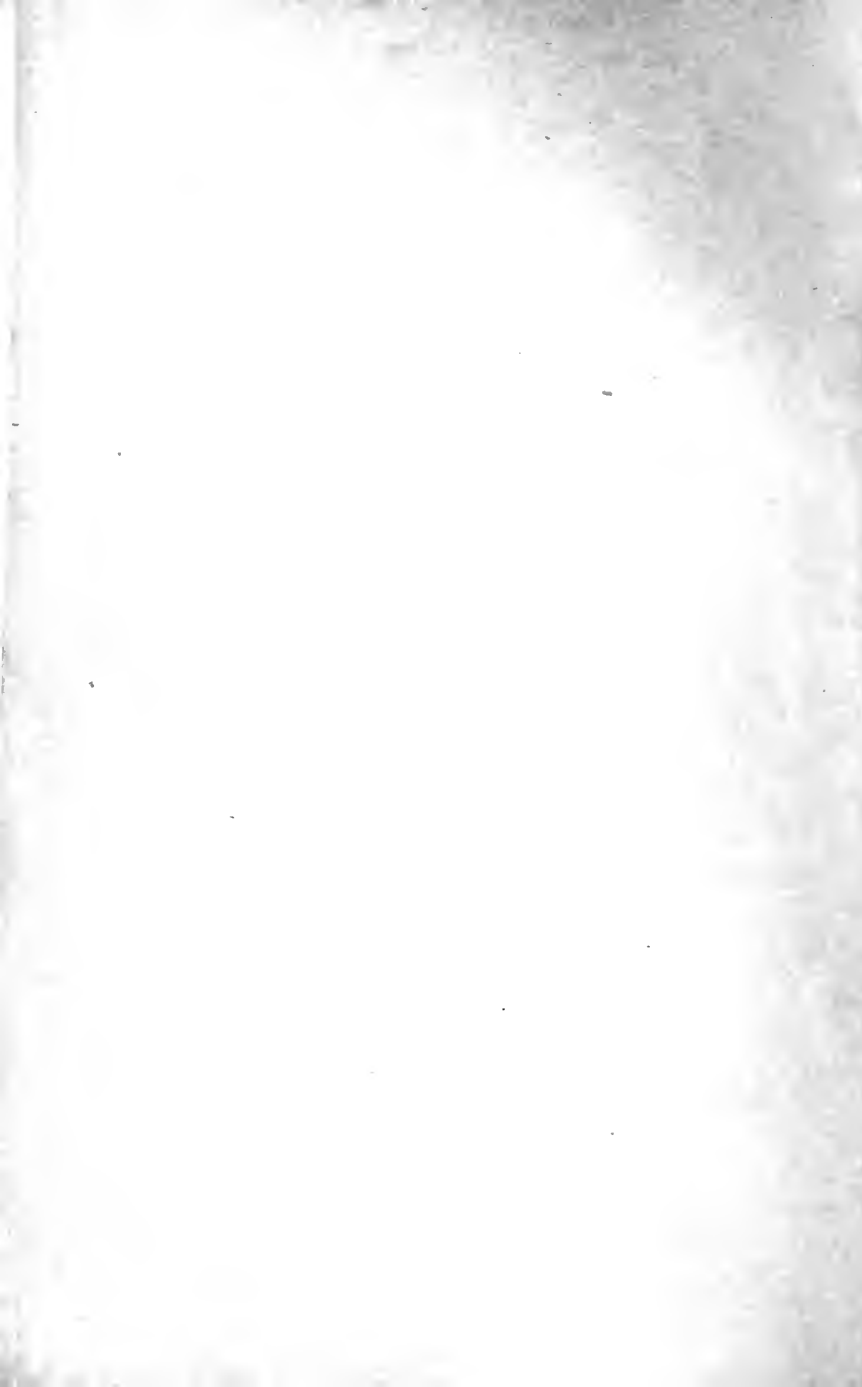
BISHOP HARPER

AND THE

CANTERBURY SETTLEMENT







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SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

BY

H. T. PURCHAS, M.A.,

*Vicar of New Brighton ;
Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Christchurch ;
Author of "Johannine Problems and Modern Needs."*

*Let us now praise famous men
And our fathers which begat us.*

CHRISTCHURCH, WELLINGTON AND DUNEDIN, N.Z. ;
MELBOURNE AND LONDON :
WHITCOMBE & TOMBS LIMITED.
1909.



PREFACE.

The first edition of this book appeared in 1903, and all the copies were soon sold. Various circumstances have prevented the publication of a reprint. This is not altogether a matter for regret, for during the interval much new and valuable material has come to light. In 1906 a number of documents and letters were found by Dr. Gerald Harper in London which have enabled me to give for the first time an adequate account of the Bishop's early life and of the important work which he accomplished at Eton. The travels of the first year in New Zealand have been recalled by Archdeacon Harper and the chapter which records his reminiscences will probably be found of exceptional interest. For the journeys of the subsequent years Canon Stack has kindly allowed me to draw at will upon his entertaining booklet "Through Canterbury and Otago with Bishop Harper in 1859-60" (Akaroa Mail Office). I have made liberal use of the permission thus granted, but there are plenty of good things left in Canon Stack's work which ought to be in the hands of every one who is interested in the old days of New Zealand.

To insert all this new material in the narrative has involved no slight labour. In order to make room for it some of the old matter has been cut out,

several of the chapters re-written, and the size of the whole work considerably increased. Chapters I. and II. VI. and VII. are almost entirely new; chapters VIII. and XV. have received considerable additions; the rest, though carefully revised, remain much as before, and may still claim the sanction of those authorities who were kind enough to read them in the original manuscript, viz., the late Sir John Hall for chapter IX.; the Hon. W. Montgomery, the Hon. C. C. Bowen, and W. Guise Brittan, Esq., for chapter XI.; and the Rev. Canon Knowles for chapters XII. and XIII. The proofs of the new edition have been kindly read by the Rev H. E. East, Vicar of Leithfield.

The peculiar difficulty which confronts the biographer of Bishop Harper is that which arises from the modesty of the bishop himself. This amiable quality prevented him from writing down any but the most meagre records of his life and thoughts, and it conspired with the fear of alarming his family to seal even his lips on the subject of his personal adventures. An interesting indication of this anxiety may be found in the fact that whenever he fell from his horse he never recorded the event in English, but always in Latin. These falls were fairly frequent at first, and the recurring note "*Ab equo dejectus. Illaesus. D.G.*" must have signified a good deal, but it was evidently the writer's wish to conceal the disquieting information from his wife and daughters and yet to record the gratitude he felt toward his divine Preserver.

Residents in Otago and Southland will find the bishop's travels through their country more fully described here than in the former edition, and I

have inserted a brief account of the Jenner episode, but on the whole the book is still true to its original title "Bishop Harper and the Canterbury Settlement." The aims of the founders of Canterbury and of the first bishop were the same, but when the colonising machinery broke down the man succeeded. Therein lies the moral of the tale.

H. T. P.

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BISHOP HARPER

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CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE AND WORK AT ETON.

“ Send forth the best ye breed.”—*Kipling*.

Henry John Chitty Harper was born at Gosport on January 9th, 1804. His father, Tristram Harper, was a physician, and belonged to one of the younger branches of a Worcestershire family, which had originally owned the Norland Estate near Hartlebury, and was connected by marriage with the Stracheys of Sutton Court in the County of Somerset. His mother was a daughter of Adam Jellicoe, Deputy Paymaster in the Navy. Through her he was also related to an eminent lawyer, Joseph Chitty, after whom he was named. From these ancestors he inherited a magnificent constitution, which was to stand him in good stead during his colonial experiences, and a tradition of large families which was to be handed on by him unimpaired. He himself was the fifth child in a family of nine; his father

was the fourth in one of thirteen; his grandfather, Edmund Harper (also a physician), was one of a family of fourteen children.

Living in Hampshire, it was natural that he should be sent to Winchester for his education. Not to the great school there, however, but to a small (though ancient) foundation in the neighbourhood, called Hyde Abbey School, where he formed a life-long friendship with John Kent, afterwards private secretary to the famous Lord Carnarvon. Without being exactly a studious boy, he rose to the top of the school and competed for a scholarship which would pay his expenses at the University. At the close of his examination he was summoned into the presence of three or four venerable old gentlemen who were seated round a table. "We have to congratulate you," they said, "upon having passed a brilliant examination, but before we can award you the scholarship it is necessary that we should hear you sing." This was a condition of which the candidate had never before heard, and in after years he used to dwell upon the dire despondency into which he was suddenly plunged by this provision of the Founder of the scholarship. He could have stood all Mr. Cecil Rhodes' tests well enough, but as for singing he had neither voice nor ear. He stood looking at the examiners, a picture of hopeless dejection. At last one of them said, "We are not particular about what you sing, Mr. Harper. Sing any song you know—"God save the King,"—the

“Old Hundredth,”—anything.” But even these were beyond the poor lad’s powers. What was to be done? The old gentlemen looked grave, and held a short consultation. At last one of them said, “We shall be very sorry to pass you over for a small matter like this, but we cannot grant the scholarship unless we can certify that we have heard you sing. Come now, just raise your voice, and repeat after me.” In a cracked and quavering voice the kind old man chanted the first two verses of the Magnificat. By a desperate effort the young man gave forth some discordant sounds, and presently the tension was relieved by a chorus of approving voices. “That will do, Mr. Harper, we have much pleasure in awarding you the scholarship.”

With the aid thus nearly missed he was enabled to proceed to Queen’s College, Oxford. The University at this period was not a very helpful institution. There were no athletic sports, there was not much intellectual stimulus, and spiritual life was at a low level. The men who were to initiate the great religious revival which is known as the Oxford Movement, were as yet only feeling their way separately to the convictions which afterwards enabled them to rouse their fellows. Pusey was studying theology in Germany; Keble was quietly composing the *Christian Year* in his country rectory; Newman was in Oxford, but he was just then passing through his short-lived phase

of liberalism. A few years later Mr. Harper was to fall under the spell of their earnestness, but during his undergraduate life he found no one to help him. If we may trust the recollections of his later years, he "wasted and misused his time and money." He was an adept at swimming, rowing, and running, but undoubtedly was rather neglectful of his books. He gained his degree in 1826 with Third Class Honours in *literis humanioribus*, but those who knew his powers felt that he ought to have taken a higher place.

His college life was ended: what was his future career to be? He himself would apparently have chosen some occupation which had nothing to do with books, perhaps some active employment abroad. But those who knew him best were not disposed to take him at his own modest estimate. His old Headmaster, the Rev. Charles Richards, offered him a mastership at Hyde Abbey, and with some reluctance he went back to the old school. This decision he always looked upon in after years as one of those turning-points of his life in which the guidance of Divine Providence was signally manifest. For he had not been long at his master's desk when the Headmaster approached him with a new offer. A tutor was wanted for some boys in Ireland—the sons of Sir Charles Coote. Would he care to go? This was another turning-point. The offer was accepted, and the young man set off for Ireland. The work there was much to his taste, for he was beginning to realise his powers. And it proved the

stepping-stone to a higher position still, for the Coote boys were not intended to finish their education at home. They were destined for Eton, the greatest school in the kingdom, and when in 1828 their preparatory course was over, the tutor was sent with them to the new school to continue there his superintendence of their studies.

Again, therefore, without any seeking on his own part, Mr. Harper found himself in the world of school. But how different were the surroundings from those of Hyde Abbey. With its ancient traditions, its stately buildings, its connection with royalty and with the noble houses of the land, Eton held—as it still holds—a unique position in English life. The Thames alone divides it from Windsor, and the royal castle on its proud eminence almost overshadows the buildings and playing-fields of the school. To come at the age of twenty-four, an entire stranger, into such an exclusive society must surely have been a test of no ordinary kind. Mr. Harper had not even the status of an assistant-master; he was only a private tutor whose business it was to see that his own particular charges behaved themselves out of school and did their lessons properly. Yet from this outside position he was destined to acquire and exert an influence which worked nothing short of a revolution in the great college of Eton.

He was not long in making good his footing. It was winter when he arrived, and on a snowy

day while crossing the quadrangle with books under his arms, he was met by a number of small boys who threw some snowballs and knocked off his hat. Depositing his books on the ground, he quickly turned the tables upon his tormentors, and his balls flew so straight and hard that they were soon suing for mercy. One of these boys afterwards rose to be Provost of the College, and in telling the tale he used to say that he and his companions were so much impressed with the good temper of the new tutor that they voted him "a real trump." This little incident was the beginning of his popularity in the school.

In the following year "without any forecast of the possible consequences and difficulties" he took a step which may well have seemed a somewhat rash one—he married. His wife—Emily Wooldridge—belonged to Winchester, and the acquaintance must have been begun during the short period of his mastership at Hyde Abbey. Her father, Charles Wooldridge, was a solicitor of the city of Winchester, and also Registrar of the diocese, as his ancestors had been for several generations. The marriage was solemnised in the parish church of St. Maurice, Winchester, on December 12th, 1829. The young couple settled down in Eton High Street, but afterwards removed to a house called Willowbrook, just outside the playing-fields. In 1830 the happiness of the home was increased by the arrival of an infant daughter, the forerunner of a numerous offspring. In fact no

less than fifteen children were born to the future bishop before he left England—nine sons and six daughters.

The moral condition of the college at the time of Mr. Harper's arrival was very far from being what it ought to be. The chapel services also were carried on in a careless and irreverent manner. There were two "Conducts" or chaplains, and the chief aim of each was to rush through the prayers at a more rapid pace than the other. Some of the authorities were alive to the evil of this scandalous state of things, and when one of the conductships became vacant in 1831, they looked about for a man who should fill the place more worthily. Passing over all who had been trained under the old system, they selected the tutor who had so recently come among them, and offered the position to Mr. Harper. He had no expectation of such a call, but he accepted it when made, and was ordained deacon on April 10th, by Bishop Murray of Rochester in his private chapel at Bromley in Kent. In the following year he received priest's orders from the Bishop of Lincoln (Dr. Kaye) at the parish church of Buckden in Huntingdonshire (June 17th, 1832).

Now at last he had found his vocation. The duties of the office were no formality to him. His reading of the service, while simple and natural, was earnest and devout. His consistent life supported the effect of his public ministrations. He has been described as "the first

Conduct who did justice to the post," but those who came after him followed in his steps. It was said by those who had the right to speak that "he did more than perhaps any other man to raise the tone of the Eton services."

But his labours were very far from being confined to the chapel. When the Cootes left school he took a number of other boys into his house, and there prepared them for their school career. One of these, J. F. Hornby, afterwards rose to be Provost of Eton itself, and though he only stayed at Willowbrook for six months, he stated more than fifty years later that he had still a lively recollection of his first tutor's kind and careful supervision, his strictness in discipline, and his quickness in gauging his pupil's capacity. "There was an indescribable charm in his manner, the outcome, no doubt, of his very manly, simple, honest nature, showing itself in frankness, trustfulness and consideration for the boys, and a delightful freshness and geniality in his intercourse with them. These qualities, combined with a devout, earnest and consistent life, sufficiently explain the effect which he produced."

Good and thorough, however, as his work as a tutor was, it was far from engrossing all his energies or explaining the whole secret of his influence. Soon after his ordination there came to Eton a brilliant man, five years younger than himself, who was destined to become his life-long friend and to be associated with him in matters of the utmost moment both in

England and New Zealand. This was George Augustus Selwyn, who brought from Cambridge high ideals of what the church should be, and of what he and his young contemporaries might effect in the political world. Selwyn came of a family of eminent lawyers, and was himself looking forward to the law as a profession, but he was influenced to such an extent by his new friend that he changed the object of his ambition, sought ordination in the church, and was appointed to the curacy of Windsor, just across the bridge. England thus lost a future judge, but New Zealand gained a future bishop, and the Anglican Church an apostolic leader.

Selwyn's brother William, Richard Durnford, afterwards Bishop of Chichester, Charles Dalton, John Hodgson, and George Langshaw were also among the remarkable galaxy of private tutors who formed the circle in which Henry Harper moved during his Eton days. All helped to make Eton better, but all felt that they themselves owed much to the lessons and example of the unostentatious chaplain.

This, surely, was no ordinary achievement for one to have effected in the conservative atmosphere of Eton, who came to it as an outsider. It was not the influence of a recluse, for Mr. Harper joined with the younger men in their athletic exercises, and helped in founding the swimming-school for the boys. It is true that on cold winter mornings, when Selwyn came round to Willowbrook and threw stones at the chaplain's window to rouse him from his bed,

Mrs. Harper would generally succeed in holding back her husband from going to the river until the weather should be warmer, yet there was no shrinking on his part, as New Zealand rivers could prove in years to come. But what really told on the men of his day was the self-sacrificing way in which the chaplain carried out that part of his duty which lay outside the school—the pastoral care of the town and parish.

So closely was Eton bound up with its great school that the cathedral-like college chapel was also the parish church, and the conducts were its parish clergy. It is not hard to imagine how the pastoral work had hitherto fared under this arrangement. To Mr. Harper the visitation of the sick was a matter involving the most anxious care. What it meant to him can be best learnt from a passage in the private diary in which he was accustomed to write down his secret thoughts. It is connected with the mortal illness of a poor woman who had apparently not led a good life.

“How awful are the duties of the parish priest, who is set to watch for the souls of men as one, too, who shall give account to Him who weigheth the spirits, and who has noted down in His book of remembrance all neglects of duty; all misperformances of duty arising from want of due preparation, or from wilful ignorance; all self-seeking and self-dependence in the execution of duty; all undue exercise of authority; and all remissness in the exercise of authority. I am this day come from a woman who to all appearance is dying. During her illness I have visited her with very tolerable regularity, and have endeavoured to direct her to Him whose name alone bringeth salvation. If

I have failed in my object, can I say that the fault does not lie at my door? Have I not reason to condemn myself for coldness and stiffness in my visits? for hastiness and obscurity in my manner of instruction? for impatience towards her because she did not feel or express herself exactly in the way in which I judged that she ought to feel and to express herself? Have I not neglected to prepare for her such fitting instruction as might be to her, a babe, milk nourishing and strengthening her in her efforts to live after God? Have I not often imparted to her that instruction which suggested itself at the moment? and lastly, have not I neglected prayer with her and for her and for myself—‘for myself’ that I might teach aright, and that my word might be with power, ‘for her,’ that she might hear with faith and be saved by the word, ‘with her,’ that a blessing might be upon her endeavours to learn and mine to teach? O Gracious Lord! if I, blind and ignorant as I am, can see in my ministry with one individual sinner so much to condemn, so much that needs forgiveness, what a mass of error, folly, neglect, presumptuous self-sufficiency, self-dependence, uncharitableness, must have met Thy searching eye! O deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O Lord. Let not this woman perish through any fault of me, O God. Lay not her sins to my charge, but blot them all out for Thy mercies’ sake, blot out mine also, and save me together with her, through Jesus Christ our Lord—both hers and mine. Amen.”

Such a passage is also a revelation of the writer’s inner life. It was not intended to meet any eye but his own, and there are others like it in the book from which it is taken. That book has been torn and cut in many places, evidently by the writer himself, and it may seem something of a sacrilege to quote from it at all. But it is the only record that remains of the inner life of a particularly genuine and devout character, and it is surely permissible to draw from it whatever it may contribute for the help and stimulus of future generations.

The ten years of Mr. Harper's life at Eton were a period of intense excitement in the political and religious worlds. But such events as the Reform Bill and the Abolition of Slavery do not seem to have affected him much. His mind was working in a different direction. The secret diary shows that he distrusted the advancing liberalism of the day. "Human knowledge is the help and handmaid of religion: but human knowledge without religion is worse than useless. It is dangerous. Religion without knowledge is still valuable; it is the pearl of great price torn from its setting." "The very cultivation of the mind, if it proceed from selfish motives, however good and beneficial in its consequences, far from being a good work, may actually partake of the nature of sin—I could almost say as much as adultery or gluttony." "The philosopher in his study, even when employed on the sublimest sciences—and the most beneficial in their tendency to the welfare of man—may be as far from God as the drunkard in his hall of feasting and revelry."

In such sentiments we can see at once the influence of the Oxford leaders, whose tracts were now rousing the land. Yet Mr. Harper was not one to allow himself to be carried off his feet by the opinions of abler men than himself. How significant is this entry in the diary, under the date, November 5th, 1837:—

"During the last fortnight my views have undergone a considerable change, or rather, modification, and this chiefly with regard to baptismal regeneration. Hitherto I have felt great repugnance to admit this doctrine. I could not

bring myself to believe that it was the doctrine of Scripture, at least, not so clearly laid down as to warrant one's asserting it as absolutely proved. I admitted that there were many striking passages which might be alleged in support of it, but I explained these as applicable to the times only in which they were uttered, considering them as addressed to those who had been baptised in riper years—in fact, as far as I can judge, it was my secret wish to make out from Scripture and the writings of the Fathers and other theologians that the new birth does not necessarily take place at the time of baptism, and that no one could justly be considered as born again until he was bringing forth in his life the fruits of the Spirit. These, I think, were my views and wishes. But, now I must confess that, not only my views are changed and opinions of an opposite description forced upon my mind, but what to me is more extraordinary, my wish is changed also. The arguments which prevail with me now are the same as those which I heard before and heard in unbelief; these now find a ready acceptance with me, and seem to come home to me in demonstration of the Spirit and with power. I am, in short, anxious to find that my former opinions were erroneous, and to prove more and more that every baptised person—baptised in his infancy (when, as far as we can see, no obstacle would be presented by him to the receipt of grace) is regenerated by the Holy Spirit, and made really and spiritually God's child by adoption, a member of Christ, and inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. Is it presumption to think that this change of view is from above? I have indeed prayed for direction on the subject, but how weak, how cold, how careless have my prayers been, how wholly undeserving a gracious answer. Oh, if I am in error, may God in His mercy guide me into truth, that I may not deceive myself or those committed to my care. Lord, that which I know not that teach Thou me. Lord, open Thou mine eyes that I may see the wondrous things of Thy law, and if it is Thy good pleasure that I should still be and remain in error on this point, convert my error into good, make it an instrument of increasing in me true piety and virtue to the honour and glory of Thy Holy Name through Jesus Christ my Lord."

The baptismal controversy was the crucial controversy of the first half of the nineteenth century, and such a change of view as that recorded in the above extract would inevitably carry with it a certain change of attitude on many other points. But it only deepened his inner life and increased his ministerial activity. "The Wednesday self-mortification (he writes) I will endeavour to associate with reflection on the 'iniquities of my holy things,' the Friday self-mortification shall be chiefly devoted to the general consideration of my past and still besetting sins."

His pupils he had already given up that he might devote himself more entirely to his pastoral work, and he endeavoured to make this more effective by providing additional services in a chapel-of-ease which had been built in the town.

When the time came—as it did in 1840—for their chaplain's removal to an independent sphere of labour, both town and school poured forth warm expressions of gratitude and goodwill. He was presented with various pieces of massive silver plate by the parishioners, the masters, the oppidans, and the collegers, and also with an address in which they all united.

"We cannot forget" (runs one of its paragraphs) "that during your conductship the wish of some of the parishioners has been gratified by the establishment of an evening service. The consequent increase of your congregation having rendered the enlargement of the chapel

necessary, this want was quickly satisfied by the noble liberality of the college. Thus, under these happy circumstances, many a wanderer has been recalled into the paths of salvation—the weak in faith have been strengthened—the lukewarm roused from their perilous slumbers.”

Perhaps, however, the strongest testimony came in a private letter from one of the fellows of the college, the Rev. G. Plumptre, a man of a bluff and unconventional nature. “My dear Harper,—Salt is good: you have been the salt of this place.”

CHAPTER II.

COUNTRY LIFE—MORTIMER.

(1840—1856.)

“ The soothing lustre streams
Around our home’s green walls, and on our churchway path.”
—*Keble.*

Mr. Harper’s departure in 1840 seemed to be the signal for the breaking up of the Eton brotherhood. In the following year George Selwyn, in spite of his comparative youthfulness, was consecrated a bishop, and departed for New Zealand, amidst the admiring regards of the whole Church. Some of the other Eton men—notably Charles Abraham—promised to join him later on, but he never seems to have thought of making any proposal to his old friend and guide, probably thinking that a man who had settled down with a large family in a country parish was too firmly rooted to leave his native land. For the next fourteen years, therefore, their courses lay apart. Some correspondence there may probably have been, though no trace of it remains. All that we can be sure of is that the Vicar of Mortimer must often have had in his thoughts the Bishop of New Zealand.

As for himself, the lines had fallen in pleasant, if quiet, places. The parish of Stratfield Mortimer, to which he was presented by the college, covered a large and fairly populous

district in Berkshire, on the high land between Reading and Basingstoke. Much of it was open common-land, given up to gorse and heather, while the west end contained its own attractions for young people in the shape of large fir plantations. The village of Mortimer itself was within eight miles of a railway, but the Harper family made the whole journey thither (30 miles) through the snow, in a large coach, the luggage following in waggons. The house was well suited for a numerous family, being large and surrounded by an ample acreage of glebe and garden. The former vicar, who had held the living for forty years, had planted the garden with choice rhododendrons and azaleas, and had erected extensive stabling. Such an establishment was an expensive one to maintain, and together with a growing family of eight children, rendered the income of £173 far from sufficient. The vicar therefore resolved to take in pupils, which his Eton connection enabled him to obtain easily. He usually had twelve young boys in the house whom he prepared for school. Most of these were sons of nobility or wealthy gentry—among them being a future Chancellor of the Exchequer, (Sir Michael Hicks-Beach),—and their fees enabled the vicar to keep a curate and to develop church work in many directions.

This, indeed, was highly necessary, for the former incumbent had given so much attention to garden and stables that he had little left for the parish. Mr. Harper immediately instituted

a monthly communion, and a service on Saints' Days at 11 a.m. He soon took in hand the restoration of the church which, though large, was a poor structure, and has since been entirely swept away. The process followed the course usual at that period. The chancel had been almost cut off from the nave by a rood-loft, which was occupied by a faculty pew belonging to Wokefield Park. Another gallery at the west end (which, like the rood-loft, had its own staircase from outside) was tenanted by the choir and a brass band. By the exercise of tact and patience, the vicar removed the musicians from the gallery, and persuaded the Park family to take it in exchange for their own pew. He then cleared away the rood-loft altogether, leaving only the open screen, and proceeded to restore the chancel—largely at his own expense. The walls were cleansed, the floor laid with Minton tiles, and open stalls substituted for the high pews which the vicar's family used. But how about the dispossessed musicians? In their department a radical alteration was made. The cornets and trombones were abolished, and the instrumental accessories reduced to an organ, which, by the mere turning of a barrel, produced mechanically a certain number of simple tunes. This strange instrument was set up in one of the side galleries, and on either side of it was ranged a choir of children trained by a Reading singing-master. On one side of the organ were twelve boys in surplices, on the other twelve girls in blue tippets and white mob

caps. The leader of the old band, being the most vigorous personage, was given the post of "organist," and the rest of the members were merged in the general congregation.

The church was large for a country parish, and held 600 people. But it was not too large in Mr. Harper's time. Though the whole population of the parish was but 1700, and many of these lived at a considerable distance, yet the congregations were equal to the capacity of the building. There were many country gentlemen at Mortimer, men of the old stamp, who lived on their estates nearly all the year, and found their recreation in fox-hunting and other field sports. These all came to church on Sunday morning, waiting outside the lych-gate to salute the vicar as he came from his morning Sunday school. The farmers, too, who were still holding the land which their ancestors had tilled for generations, never failed to attend this morning service. Evening Prayer began at 3 o'clock, and then appeared all the labourers and the servants. Once a month the vicar catechised at this service; on the other Sundays he delivered a plain sermon. Public worship was now over for the day. Mr. Harper never held an early celebration of Holy Communion, nor a late evening service. In fact, he had never been present at any such services when he left Mortimer. He organised district visiting throughout the parish, and procured the erection of a pretty little chapel-of-ease at a distance of two and a half miles from the

mother church. He also instituted a coal-club, but otherwise his work was conducted on quiet simple lines, with an entire absence of fuss and elaborate machinery. But it was effective. He won the respect and love of all classes. Bishop Wilberforce who often stayed at Wokefield Park, considered the vicar of Mortimer to be one of his best parish priests.

Much of his most lasting work was done within his own house. During the sixteen years of his parochial life his family grew from eight to fifteen, and these, with pupils and servants, formed a numerous household. On Sunday evenings children and pupils were gathered together to listen to the reading of some book of church history or missionary enterprise, the servants were then summoned and a short service closed the day. These readings were thoroughly appreciated by most of the youthful auditors, as were also those from secular literature—history, travels or fiction—with which their games were varied on two evenings in the week. The young people never went out in the evenings, but enjoyed a healthy home life which was saved from monotony by its busy occupations and varied interests. The elements which then made up the life of the country-side are now changed, but in Mr. Harper's time they remained (except for the intrusion of a railway) in all their old-fashioned simplicity. If not fast and sparkling, at least the stream ran deep.

Mortimer was not altogether cut off, however, from the outside world. The adjoining parish

of Strathfieldsaye contained the house and grounds given by the nation to the Duke of Wellington after the victory of Waterloo. The aged general was still alive, and would occasionally ride over to Mortimer and pay a formal call at the Vicarage, the groom coming forward and delivering a card "With the Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington's compliments." Remembrance also is kept of one winter day, when some excitement was aroused in the village by the news that the Queen would be passing through in her special train. The day was a Saint's day, and after service the Harper children were allowed to go to the station to see the royal carriage pass by. The weather was bitterly cold, and after the excitement was over one of the little girls was crying in front of a fire in the waiting-room. Her tears attracted the notice of the conqueror of Napoleon, for military instinct had brought him also to the scene, and he had stood on the platform to salute the passing train. Coming up to the child he spoke a soothing word and put a coin into her hand. A minute later as the old man passed out of the building he stumbled over a mat and would have fallen headlong to the ground had he not been caught in the arms of the vicar's eldest son who received a hearty word of thanks for his timely help. More than this the Harper family did not see of their august neighbour, but they became intimate with another Wellesley, the Dean of Windsor and trusted counsellor of Queen Victoria. This

“Prince of Deans” did his utmost to further Mr. Harper’s interests, and offered him the more lucrative living of Isleworth, near London. The offer was declined, for Mr. Harper was not ambitious and probably looked forward to staying in his quiet country parish for the rest of his life.

But a day came, in 1854, which was destined to usher in a complete change from this peaceful English existence. On that day a visitor arrived at the vicarage in the person of Bishop Selwyn, who had returned from his distant diocese after fourteen years of absence. He had come to gather clergy for New Zealand and for the Melanesian Mission which he had founded. The interest he aroused at Cambridge and elsewhere was intense. Patteson and other young men volunteered to follow him back. But his communication to the Vicar of Mortimer was of quite a special character. He could not ask such a man to serve under him, but he offered to divide his diocese with him. A new bishop was wanted for the southern part of New Zealand. Would his old friend undertake the work?

The last of the turning-points had now come in Mr. Harper’s career. Again he was called to a new office without any seeking or expectation on his own part. In many respects this choice would be the most momentous of them all, for it would mean not only a new work, but a new country. It would mean striking out into the unknown when he was already past fifty

years of age, and had no less than fifteen children to provide for. Well might he be cautious. Well might Mrs. Harper be more cautious still. They could hardly fail to have heard of the difficulties and delays which had already occurred in the appointment to this proposed bishopric of Christchurch. Mrs. Harper as a prudent mother felt bound to insist that there should be a definitely expressed invitation from the people of Canterbury themselves, and some security as to a house for the family, and the wherewithal to maintain them. With these conditions Selwyn was bound to comply. He left England with no definite promise, but he took with him two of the Vicar's sons (Charles and Leonard), one of whom looked forward to the career of a colonist, and the other to work in the Melanesian Mission.

The visit of Bishop Selwyn to Mortimer coincided nearly in time with the despatch of the allied armies to the Crimea. Sebastopol had fallen before the answer came from New Zealand. Those months and years were a time of intense anxiety to the English nation, and doubtless the Vicar of Mortimer shared the feelings of his neighbours. But he would await with a special and individual interest the arrival of a mail from his sons and his friend at the Antipodes. To understand the cause of the delay and the meaning of the answer which was to come at last, it will be necessary to look back a few years and to trace the history of the new diocese.

CHAPTER III.

THE CANTERBURY SETTLEMENT.

“ They came to no infertile waste,
They came not to a cruel land,
To wrest its fruits in troubled haste,
With careworn brow and weaponed hand ;
The land of hope lay crude and bare,
But only welcoming gifts were there.”

—*M. Colborne-Veel.*

The years of Mr. Harper's quiet ministry at Mortimer were a period of general distress to the world outside. The year 1848 was notable for the revolutionary movement which drove Louis Philippe from Paris and caused serious disturbances in other European capitals. In the same year the Chartist outbreak gave Englishmen a shock from which they were slow to recover. Below and behind these ebullitions of violence lay a great mass of misery and discontent. Bad harvests and the potato disease brought keen agricultural distress, which was rendered still more acute (as many thought) by the recent abolition of the corn laws. Amidst conditions so depressing, no wonder that many in England and on the Continent looked to the new worlds in the west and south with a sense of longing and hope. There, in new countries, might be found the opportunities of a brighter, simpler, and less anxious existence. Emigration proceeded accordingly at a rapid rate. Colonial questions came to the

front even in a parliament which was inclined to regard the colonies as an encumbrance. During the year 1850 several of the Australian colonies acquired constitutional rights and entered upon the era of self-government.

New Zealand had attracted some settlers since its annexation in 1840, but it was still a Crown colony and largely in the hands of European financial corporations. Chief among these was the New Zealand Company. Its presiding genius was the celebrated Edward Gibbon Wakefield, who had shown a statesman-like grasp of the principles of colonization and whose outlook extended beyond the mere raising of dividends. But this company had become discredited through the blundering of its local agents in their dealing with the Maoris, and was heavily in debt to the British Government. Wakefield was seeking in every direction for fresh resources when in 1847 he met, at Malvern, a young Irishman of high character and great ability—John Robert Godley. Educated at Oxford in the midst of the Tractarian revival, and bound by ties of friendship to Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Gladstone, and other enthusiastic churchmen, Godley had also travelled in America, where he had been struck by the contrast between the lawless backwoods settlements of the United States and the peaceful villages of Lower Canada, where religion was an established force. His idealistic nature took fire at the suggestions of Wakefield, and the two men soon framed a scheme for founding a

Church settlement in New Zealand. Wakefield was to obtain from his company a block of land in some part of their territories; Godley was to secure the co-operation of the leading churchmen with whom he had been intimate at Oxford. By laying out a settlement upon distinctively, and even exclusively, Church lines, they would be able to appeal to the higher ranks of English society and to secure for their new colony a high type of settler and an exceptionally stable framework of society.

Mr. Godley threw himself heart and soul into the project, and soon enlisted the support of an influential body of prelates, noblemen, and gentry. The Primate of All England became President of the Association, and the new settlement itself was to receive the name of Canterbury. When, in the following year, the revolutionary thunder-cloud burst over Europe, the promoters were able to put forth a scheme which showed bright indeed against this dark background. "Extraordinary changes are taking place," so ran their first appeal, "in the political and social system of Europe; the future is dark and troubled; men's hearts are failing them for fear; and many persons who have been deterred hitherto by dread of change from entering upon the new career afforded by colonisation, will now probably be impelled into it by the same motive acting in a different direction." In the New Canterbury the colonists "would enjoy a quiet and happy life in a fine climate and a beautiful country, where want is unknown, and listen from afar, with

interest indeed, but without anxiety, to the din of war, to the tumult of revolutions, to the clamour of pauperism, to the struggle of classes, which wear out body and soul in our crowded and feverish Europe.”

In this same year (1848) the Association was able to send out an expert (Captain Thomas) to choose a site and to survey it. According to his instructions he was to aim at a million acres of land in the Wairarapa district of the Wellington province, but he was fortunately entrusted with discretionary power to select a better site if such should present itself. In the next year Captain Thomas reported that he had found an admirable tract of country in the South Island, and he was soon able to forward a map of the New Canterbury, in which hardly a Maori word appeared, but all the rivers, lakes, and plains bore names of the prominent members of the Association. Looking at this map a would-be emigrant could hardly realise that it was a foreign land with which he had to do, for the Wilberforce, the Sumner, and the Whately Plains were watered by such rivers as the Ashley, the Courtenay, the Heathcote, the Hawkins, the Selwyn, the Cholmondeley, and the Ashburton.¹ A most

¹ It is noteworthy that the two largest of these rivers, viz.: the Courtenay and the Cholmondeley, soon threw off their English names, and are now always known as the Waimakariri and the Rakaia. The “Shakespeare” river of Captain Thomas’s map had already received from the Dean brothers the name “Avon.” This it fortunately retained, but it was always associated in the minds of the Pilgrims with Shakespeare’s Avon, and not with the Scotch stream after which it was named.

favourable report was received from the one Scotch family (that of the Messrs. Deans) which had already found its way to what are now the Canterbury Plains, and everything seemed to promise well for the new colony.

Its promoters were, indeed, signally favoured in their selection. The wonder is that the ground had remained unoccupied so long. It was the most open for settlement of all the territories of New Zealand. There was very little heavy timber to be cleared, and the natives—decimated by the raids of the terrible Rau-paraha—were in no position to dispute the white man's claim. The only explanation that can be offered to account for its long neglect is that its advantages were hardly apparent at a distance. Viewed from the sea the plains are as nothing in comparison with the rugged Alps which tower behind them, and the actual coast-line consists of barren sand-hills or desolate shingle beaches. The few harbours cluster about Banks' Peninsula, and are shut off from the plains by steep and, in most cases, heavily-timbered hills. Even so, however, Canterbury had come very near becoming first a settlement of French Roman Catholics; then one of an undenominational English character; and then one of Scotch Presbyterians. As early as 1840 a French company had actually sent out a ship-load of emigrants to the beautiful harbour of Akaroa, but the attempt of their Government to annex the island had been anticipated by the energy

of Governor Hobson, by whose orders Captain Stanley in the *Britomart* forestalled the French expedition by four days, so that the French settlers on their arrival found the Union Jack flying over the territory which they had bought from the Maoris. The immigrants indeed stayed at Akaroa, and were happy under British rule, but they received no accessions to their numbers from the home country, and they seem never to have attempted to cross the bush-covered hills and take up land upon the plains. In 1841 the officials of the New Zealand Company were on the point of despatching an expedition to the land thus secured for the British Crown, but Governor Hobson insisted that it must proceed no further than the north end of the island; the result being the foundation of the town of Nelson. Still, therefore, the plains lay waiting for settlers, when, in 1847, a surveyor was sent from home to select a piece of country for a Scotch settlement of Free Church Presbyterians. This gentleman landed at Port Cooper, and actually climbed the hills which the Canterbury Pilgrims were soon to know so well, but decided that these hills formed an insuperable obstacle to a settlement on the other side. Even then he made one more attempt. Coasting round the Peninsula, and arriving at the point where the hills sink down to the Ninety-mile Beach, he walked across the Kaituna district to his compatriot's solitary house at Riccarton. But his path though leading through level country, was even

less easy than before. Lake Ellesmere had not made one of its periodical bursts through its shingle barrier to the ocean for some time previous, and the whole of the country about it was water-logged and hardly passable. The surveyor gave up the plains in despair, and going further south, he selected and prepared Otago for the Scotchmen who soon arrived.

His report was nearly fatal to the Anglican colony also, for Bishop Selwyn, influenced by it, endeavoured to dissuade Mr. Godley and his friends from choosing a spot which had been so decidedly condemned. Fortunately, however, Captain Thomas visited the plains himself, and at once saw their value. Thus it was that a habitation was provided for the Canterbury settlers. It was larger than they themselves had contemplated; their estimate of one million acres at once rose to two and a half millions, and even this figure was afterwards found to admit of considerable expansion.

Captain Thomas, assisted by two other surveyors, at once proceeded to lay out two port towns—to be called Lyttelton and Sumner; and also a city further inland, which was to receive the name of Christchurch, after the famous college to which Godley and many of the leaders of the Association belonged. In the laying out of these towns Captain Thomas named the streets after English dioceses. Beginning with Lyttelton, he availed himself of many of the principal sees—London, Winchester, Norwich, Oxford, etc.; others he used

for the streets of Sumner (a town which was soon abandoned); so that when he came to his city on the plains he had not many English names left, and consequently fell back upon bishoprics in Ireland and the colonies. The result has been a more cosmopolitan or imperial selection in this, the principal city of the new colony, than was at first contemplated.

There was certainly nothing which could well be called imperial (in the modern sense) about the plans of the promoters at home. The new Canterbury was to be as genuine a reproduction as possible of the old country. An English county, with its cathedral city and its famous university; its bishop, its parishes, its endowed clergy; its ancient aristocracy, its yeoman farmers, its few necessary tradesmen, its sturdy and loyal labourers; and all this with no crime, no poverty, and no dissent—this was the ideal which their imaginations pictured. It was to be a veritable *New Atlantis*, or, rather, a City of God. The means whereby this great end was to be achieved were comparatively simple. No one but a member of the Church of England was to be allowed to own land; no one but an owner of land was to be allowed to take up a sheep-run; no labourers were to be brought out at the general expense except such as were recommended by their parish priests as sound in faith and morals. Every land purchaser must pay £3 per acre for his land, and one-third of this was to be applied to “ecclesiastical and educational purposes.” As there were a

million acres for sale, a million pounds would thus be raised for the endowment of a bishopric and several parishes, for the building of churches and parsonages, for the erection and equipment of a university, and for an ample supply of schools and schoolmasters. The sharp wit of Sydney Smith found much to satirise in this seemingly enormous provision for the wants of a small colonial community; even Bishop Selwyn could not forbear a little good-natured fun; but the high-minded promoters were thoroughly in earnest, and could see nothing to laugh at in such a distribution of their anticipated wealth.

It is, indeed, hard not to indulge in a smile when we come across such a passage as this in their printed papers:—"Why should we not erect there a Cathedral which may be a glorious rival of Westminster or of York? Why not send out a bishop endowed with the learning of Pearson or of Bull—with the piety of the sainted Wilson—with the gentleness of the accomplished Heber? Why not found a university which may be no mean rival of the scholastic honours of Eton and of Oxford?"

But the promoters did their best to carry out even these brilliant anticipations. For their bishop they secured the nomination of an enthusiast in the cause of education, the Rev. Thos. Jackson, a Prebendary of St. Paul's, and head of the Battersea Training College for Teachers. This gentleman made eloquent speeches at the public meetings which were

held throughout England for the purpose of making known the objects of the Association and the advantages of the new colony. He sketched the outline of a college which should serve as a centre of learning, not only for the settlement itself, but also for Australia and even for India and the East. He projected another college (at Lyttelton) for the daughters of colonists, after the pattern of Queen's College which had been lately established in London; and many of his best students volunteered to accompany him in order to take charge of the national schools which he intended to establish in every parish of the new settlement. In full reliance upon the promises of an ample maintenance for the clergy of Canterbury itself, he pleaded in eloquent terms for a missionary fund which should be available for evangelistic efforts on behalf of those parts of New Zealand which lay beyond the boundaries of the favoured province, and actually gathered £1000 for this worthy object.

Such a fund was, indeed, rendered all the more necessary by the action of Her Majesty's Government. When approached on the subject of the formation of a Canterbury diocese, the Colonial Office peremptorily declined to create so small a one as that desired by the Association. It must include the whole of the South Island; that is to say, the actual settlements of Nelson and Otago, as well as all the unoccupied territories to the west and south. To this enlargement of the diocese from the size of a

large county to something near that of England itself, the Association of course agreed, though not very willingly; and also to the further condition that £10,000 must be actually deposited as a preliminary endowment. The S.P.G. contributed £1000, but the rest was taken from the proceeds of the first land sales, which were all conducted in London, and no further difficulty was for the time anticipated.

A much more serious trouble, however, now arose,—one which threatened to imperil the whole scheme. The land was selling with most disappointing slowness. In spite of actual hard times at home and rose-coloured descriptions of certain prosperity abroad, barely 14,000 acres of Canterbury land were disposed of before the end of 1850, instead of the 200,000 acres upon which the promoters had reckoned. The new colony seemed likely to split upon the rock which has proved fatal to many similar ventures—want of funds. Godley himself, whose delicate health necessitated a sojourn abroad, had gone out to New Zealand to prepare for the settlers, and was no longer able to help with his inspiring presence. But his influence was still felt. “In this emergency” (to quote the words of his friend, Mr. J. E. Fitzgerald), “Lord Lyttelton, Lord R. Cavendish, Sir John Simeon, and others, came forward again and again with advances out of their private fortunes, to the extent not of tens or hundreds, but of *thousands* and *tens of thousands*, to save the scheme from ruin. When we look back at those times, and

ask what motive could have operated to stimulate these not foolish or imprudent men into liberality so unwonted in our commercial days, what it was which induced men, by no means rich for their position in life, to lay down such large sums when they could have had but a very dim and uncertain prospect of any return, and when the idea of profit was never dreamt of,—there is but one answer; and we believe it is the true one; it was their strong affection for the man who had induced them to join the scheme, and the determination that, in his absence, he should not be deserted. The work of his life was in peril; and, be the loss to them what it might, it should not be allowed to fail for the want of timely aid. There can hardly be any stronger proof of the wonderful influence which Mr. Godley had acquired over his personal friends than this willingness to incur such large sacrifices for the sake, not even so much of himself, as of his idea. Rarely, indeed, do college acquaintances ripen into such noble and absorbing friendships in after life.”

The chief obstacle thus removed, an actual beginning was soon made. But the colonists were not to take their bishop with them after all. When the necessary documents came to be drawn up, the law officers of the Crown found that the terms of Bishop Selwyn's Letters Patent were such that his diocese could not be divided—certainly not by the Crown alone, and perhaps not even with his own consent. It was known that he was not willing to part with the

whole of the South Island, because he was projecting a separate bishopric for the Cook's Strait settlements (Wellington and Nelson). The only course that seemed open was for Mr. Jackson to go out unconsecrated as Bishop-designate of Lyttelton² and confer with Bishop Selwyn upon the subject.

But if the emigrants carried with them no bishop, at least they had plenty of clergy and schoolmasters. Every ship carried a clergyman, and these had been selected by Mr. Jackson "for the moderation of their opinions and their devotion to their work." The Canterbury settlement was, indeed, an ecclesiastical event, but we must be careful to guard against the error into which a learned German historian has fallen, viz., that of representing it as a party movement. Misled by the term "pilgrims" which was applied to the first settlers, and connecting their departure with the dissatisfaction which the Gorham judgment was at that time causing, and the consequent secession of Dr. Manning and others to Rome, Prof. Kurtz has compared the Canterbury Pilgrims with the New England pilgrim fathers and represented them as the victims of "ecclesiastical oppression." Nothing could be farther from the truth. The Canterbury Association

² The diocese was to be called Lyttelton, because some would-be colonists in England objected to the "churchy" sound of Christchurch. The Association therefore determined to change the name of the capital to Lyttelton. But the settlers kept to the original nomenclature, and this in the end prevailed.

was as comprehensive as the English Church itself. When the taunt was flung at the scheme upon its first promulgation: "It is all a Puseyite affair," the promoters were easily able to silence it by pointing to the presence among their number of Lord Ashley (better known afterwards as the "good Earl of Shaftesbury"), whose name is still borne by one of the principal rivers of North Canterbury. It is true that at a farewell breakfast at Oxford one of the speakers quoted the words "Egypt was glad at their departing, for they were afraid of them," and perhaps the allusion was not wholly without point. But at a similar breakfast held in London just before the departure of the first ships, the colonists were urged to have nothing to do with the controversies of the day, but to cling to their prayer-books and their bishops. Never, in fact, has any colonising scheme received such open and cordial approval from the leaders of the Church. On the Sunday before their departure, the first band of colonists attended St. Paul's Cathedral, and were specially addressed by the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Sumner); and a second band who left in May, 1851, were likewise addressed in Westminster Abbey by "the Bishop of All England," Dr. Samuel Wilberforce, who with his accustomed eloquence, compared their departure for New Zealand with that of Abraham for the Land which God would show him. "It is at God's call that you go—you go to maintain and spread abroad the true worship of the one God."

The first band of colonists, numbering some 800 people, sailed in September, 1850 from Gravesend, in the now historical "first four ships," and arrived at Lyttelton in the following December. Four hundred more soon followed, and by the time the last of the Association's chartered vessels had deposited its living freight (in 1853), some 3,400 members of the Church of England⁴ had been transferred to the New Canterbury. Twenty clergy were among their number, and most of these had come with the intention of settling in the colony.

The first ships also brought a large church bell, some surplices, books, and communion plate, for the church or churches which the emigrants expected to find ready built on their arrival. But the actual condition of things gave a rude shock to all the bright hopes with which the colonists had set forth. There were no funds to pay the clergy, and no churches in which to worship. The bell was lodged upon the hill-side, where it occasionally afforded grateful shelter to some poor fellow whose tent had been overturned by a sou'wester; the choristers' surplices found storage room with difficulty, and lay for years unused; and when Bishop Selwyn arrived on the scene in January, he was obliged to celebrate the Holy Communion in a loft over a goods store, reached by a ladder, the seats

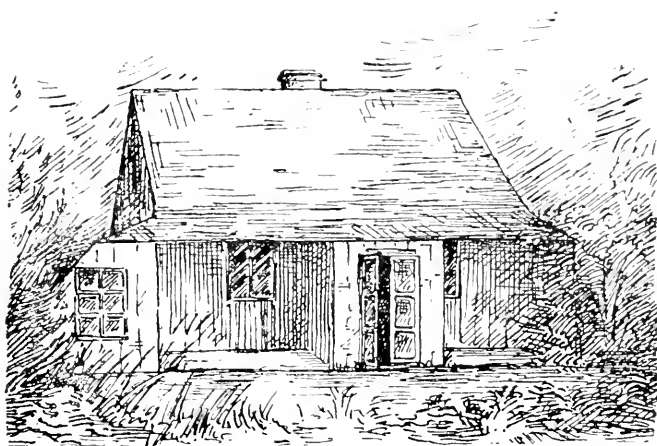
⁴ A few of the emigrants were Wesleyans, for these were considered still to belong to the national church. There were a very few Presbyterians also. But they had all been recommended by their parish clergy.



Sketch by Mrs. Acland.

Etching by Miss Maling.

MORTIMER CHURCH.



Sketch by Mrs. Acland.

Etching by Miss Maling.

THE COTTAGE BY THE AVON.

being extemporised by resting planks on sugar barrels.

The settlers found that hard work amid frequent disappointments was to be their lot; visions of cathedral and university must be postponed till material wants were in some measure supplied; huts of cob and *raupo* must take the place of castles in the air. It is true that Bishop Selwyn cheered the new arrivals with his practical counsel; true also that the physical difficulties of their position were not, after all, so very great—far less than those which most other pioneers have been compelled to face. As a matter of fact, the colonists, after a brief stay at Lyttelton, climbed the hills and gradually spread over the tussock-covered plains; began to build the city which Captain Thomas had pegged out amid the swamps and sand-hills along the Avon, and made it (Christchurch) their capital. But the violent contrast between the bright visions of the intending colonist and the prosaic—nay, even sometimes sordid—surroundings of the actual pioneer was too great for many of the less hardy natures. Half of the twenty clergy left the settlement—some for home, and some for other colonies. Worst blow of all, the bishop-designate himself, after a stay of six weeks, returned to England, and resigned his appointment. “A talented and amiable man unquestionably” (so wrote one of the clergy who remained at their posts), “but one whom his best friends would probably not consider by nature qualified for the work of a colonial bishop.”

Godley himself returned to England in 1852, but he had never intended to become a permanent settler, and his health was now sufficiently restored to enable him to take up the position of Under Secretary of State at the War Office. At the farewell banquet on the occasion of his departure he analysed the disillusionment which had so severely tried the faith of the colonists. He traced it to the fact that they had expected impossibilities. "I will not say that I have not been disappointed in many things myself. No man in this world can go through any enterprise that has greatness in it without being often and sorely disappointed, because nothing great is ever done without enthusiasm, and enthusiasts are always over sanguine. When I first adopted and made my own the idea of this colony, it pictured itself to my mind in the colours of a Utopia. Now that I have been a practical colonizer, and have seen how these things are managed in fact, I often smile when I think of the ideal Canterbury of which our imagination dreamed. Yet I see nothing in the dream to regret or to be ashamed of, and I am quite sure that without the enthusiasm, the poetry, the unreality (if you will), with which our scheme was overlaid, it would never have been accomplished. . . . Besides, I am not at all sure that the reality, though less showy, is not in many respects sounder and better than the dream. Take, for example, that common notion which so many educated and intelligent people have of colonization; the

notion that it will enable them to live a sort of careless, indolent, easy-going life, under their vines and their fig-trees, among their children and their flowers, to revel in the spontaneous plenty of an exuberant soil, and to enjoy all the luxuries of civilization without its responsibilities, its restraints, and its labour. This is the kind of life that many of us fondly dreamed of. I will not say that I did not sometimes dream of it myself. But would this, even if it were not out of the question, be a life worthy of a man—of an Englishman? Is the desire to fly from toil and trouble a worthy motive for civilisation? Ought not our motive rather to be a desire to find a freer scope, and a more promising object for our toil and our trouble? We all know now that when men colonize, more perhaps than in any other walk in life, they have to eat their bread in the sweat of their face. But this is the advantage, and pride, and glory of colonization.”

But the hard work of which Godley spoke was not altogether favourable to the religious side of the new colony. Or, perhaps, it would be truer to say that the exigencies of pioneering life tended to throw the *ecclesiastical* interest of the settlers somewhat into the background. Some, for instance, of the few remaining clergy were compelled to betake themselves to farming and could only give the Sunday—sometimes not even the whole of that—to strictly clerical work. Still, there must have been some more powerful and special cause for the immediate

and almost complete collapse of the Canterbury scheme of an exclusive Church settlement. The Pilgrim Fathers of Massachusetts kept up a much more exclusive *régime* for over seventy years, but the Canterbury pilgrims abandoned theirs at once. Doubtless a new spirit of toleration had appeared in the world during the period which elapsed between 1628 and 1850, but men do not give up their cherished schemes quite so quickly as Mr. Godley did his in 1851, without some urgent motive. The explanation must be sought outside the limits of Canterbury and even of New Zealand. It was the march of events in the neighbouring continent of Australia which broke up the ecclesiastical framework of the little colony. There the year 1850 had been a hard one for pastoralists; station stock and property had suffered an alarming depreciation, and many Australians decided to emigrate to the cooler and better-watered territories of the South Island of New Zealand. They arrived almost as soon as the pilgrims themselves, bringing with them their flocks and their herds, their capital and their experience,—just the elements which the pilgrims needed but did not possess. These “shagroons” (as they were soon called, to distinguish them from the English “pilgrims”) naturally began to claim runs on which to depasture their stock, after the usual Australian manner. The law of the Association was that no one but a land-purchaser (*i.e.*, a Churchman) might take up a run. Godley was face to face with a crisis of the

gravest character. If runs were to be granted indiscriminately to all comers, the fundamental provision of the settlement would be undermined. But he realised the necessities of the case. The Australians were indispensable: the English-made law must give way. He broke through the rules of the Association, he abandoned his own cherished principle, but (in the opinion of all competent judges) he saved the colony.

Now that the land was thrown open to all who could pay a moderate rental, the idea of exclusiveness was doomed. But Australia did more than send over its "squatters." In the next year (1851) it changed its character and instead of being a land which men quitted in dull despair it suddenly became one which they sought with frenzied eagerness. The gold-discoveries in New South Wales and Victoria drew crowds of labourers from all the neighbouring colonies, and among the crowds were many of the poorer "pilgrims." Their number may not have been very great, but their departure made a serious difference in the proportionate strength of Anglicanism amid such a small population as that of Canterbury then was.

The isolated community which Godley and his friends at first contemplated was doubtless an impossibility under modern conditions. The period of the "closed cell" has passed away; the "open door" is now the rule. A certain regret may, indeed, be allowed that the principles of the Canterbury Association were not

granted a longer lease of life and a fair opportunity of showing what their proper outcome would be. Colonial society is not so perfect that it can despise any high-minded attempt to better it. On the whole, however, the verdict of a high authority on missionary enterprise is probably not far from the truth. "The idea of the founders of Canterbury, however pious, was quixotic; it failed to some extent, and rightly. Great as is the evil of religious division, uniformity is not to be attained by secluding a small community within a supposed happy valley, from which the ordinary snares of humanity are shut out; the very attempt will produce either hypocrisy or rebellion against restraint. With this, as with other temptations, the true policy by which a manly Christian character is formed and strengthened is to pray not to be taken out of the world, but to be kept from the evil thing."

The history of the Church in Canterbury during the next five years (1851-56) largely consists in repeated attempts to obtain a bishop. The settlers built a plain church in Christchurch, a more pretentious one in Lyttelton, and three small ones in the country, but the ornaments brought out from home alarmed the more Protestant section and led to ritualistic squabbles. Some progress was made towards self-government by getting the Church property transferred from the home Association to a body

⁵ The late Prebendary Tucker, in "Under His Banner," p. 252.

of trustees chosen from among themselves; but greater efforts were postponed for want of an appointed leader. Bishop Selwyn visited them from time to time, but left the oversight for the most part in the hands of Archdeacon Mathias. The Association was in a state of chronic poverty, and before its affairs were wound up in 1853 laid hands upon the "Ecclesiastical and Educational Fund." This money was not sacrilegiously misappropriated as some were naturally inclined to say, for it was spent in buying land for the church from the Association itself. The ultimate result was an endowment of great value, but the immediate effect was a condition of deplorable destitution. In 1853 the rental was but £140; and this was the whole sum available during that year for all church and educational purposes, except what was voluntarily contributed by churchmen, who (be it remembered) had already paid dearly for their land, upon the understanding that in so doing they were taxing themselves for the maintenance of churches and schools. Little wonder, therefore, that progress was slow, and disappointment general. But the colonists were Englishmen, and did not give up hope. Known in other parts of New Zealand as "poor, proud, and pious," they strove in dogged fashion to realise some at least of their ideals, and chief among these was the appointment of a bishop.

More than one obstacle thwarted their laudable desire. In the first place, the old legal

difficulty revived, and was not finally removed till 1853, when a bill was passed through the British Parliament which divided the diocese of New Zealand, erected Christchurch into a city, and provided for the appointment of a bishop so soon as an income of £600 a year should be secured. This condition created another difficulty, for the Association in its embarrassment had succeeded in getting its original deposit of £10,000 transferred back to itself in return for a mortgage over the waste lands of the colony. Some time elapsed before this document was exchanged for an actual estate yielding the required income. When the legal and financial difficulties had been thus settled, others arose of a personal nature, through the hesitation or reluctance on the part of various clergymen at home who were asked to undertake the office. The following lines, written in 1854 by one of the local clergy (the Rev. H. Jacobs), faithfully depicts the contrast between the growing material prosperity of the settlement and its backwardness in things spiritual—

“ ‘Do nought without a bishop’ was the voice
Of Churchmen in those purer days of old;
And wonder we why all is poor and cold
Within our Zion? This one taint alloys
Our fair success. Our flocks and herds rejoice
Upon a thousand hills; our spreading fields
Stand thick with corn; God’s vineyard only yields
A poor return.”

At last there came the dawn of a brighter day. In November, 1855, Bishop Selwyn

visited Christchurch, in company with the Rev. J. C. Patteson (afterwards Bishop of Melanesia). At a meeting of clergy and laity held in St. Michael's church, he strongly recommended his old friend, the Vicar of Stratfield Mortimer, as one eminently fitted to be their bishop. Mr. Patteson, on being appealed to, warmly seconded the recommendation. Some of the Canterbury churchmen made an earnest attempt to induce Bishop Selwyn himself to leave Auckland and settle among them; but, when this request had been firmly though affectionately declined, the whole meeting unanimously agreed to request the Crown to appoint the Rev. H. J. C. Harper. A petition to this effect was soon drawn up, and likewise one to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Both were signed by the chief personages in Church and State, viz.: Octavius Mathias (Archdeacon of Akaroa), and Edward Fitzgerald (Superintendent of the Province), and by 184 of the leading colonists. A few extracts from the latter document will show the intensity of the desire for the appointment and the dissatisfaction caused by the long delay:—

“Your Grace is aware that one of the first objects of the Canterbury Association was the establishment of a bishopric in the Settlement they were about to found.”

“The public announcement of this intention on the part of the Association, with the consent of Her Majesty's Government thereto, and the actual appointment of a Bishop Designate, were among the strongest inducements to most of us to become purchasers of land and settlers in Canterbury.”

“Under these circumstances [*i.e.*, the settlement of the legal and financial difficulties] and after a lapse of five years from the foundation of the settlement, we earnestly trust that no further delay will be allowed to intervene, and we venture to rely upon your Grace’s zeal for the welfare and good government of the Church, and warm interest in the well-being of this settlement in particular, of which your Grace was one of the chief founders and well-wishers, that your utmost endeavours will be exerted on our behalf to obtain for us as soon as possible the accomplishment of our wishes.”

“Your memorialists are desirous to impress upon your Grace their great anxiety for the attainment of their object.”

“They beg to represent that the patience of many who have waited so long, and have been so often disappointed, is well-nigh exhausted, and that any further delay is likely to be of incalculable injury to the interests of the Church in a country where the difficulty of communication renders the efficient episcopal superintendence of the present undivided diocese an absolute impossibility.”

“Believing that our earnest and united wishes will not be disregarded as to the person to be selected to fill the office, we have ventured to solicit Her Majesty to appoint the Rev. Henry John Chitty Harper, M.A., Vicar of Stratfield Mortimer, in the County of Berks and Diocese of Oxford, and formerly Conduct of Eton College, to be the first Bishop of Christchurch.

“May we venture to hope that your Grace will give the weight of your support to this Prayer of our Petition also.”

Another year of waiting yet remained, but it was a year of renewed hope, for the answer to the petition could hardly be doubtful.

CHAPTER IV.

BOUND FOR NEW ZEALAND.

“Coelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.”*

—*Horace.*

“On changing seas, 'neath changing skies,
They keep a changeless mind.”

When the tidings of the Christchurch meeting at last reached Mortimer in 1856, it became necessary for the Vicar to make up his mind whether he would accept the call. The time of waiting had been so long that he may well have put the matter into the background of his thought while he attended to the duties of the immediate present. Now that the letter had come, he must go over it all again. One difficulty had been cleared away, but others still remained.

First, there were the authorities of the Canterbury Association in England to consult. He wrote to their Chairman, Lord Lyttelton, who had other ideas in his mind, and was in treaty with the Rev. E. Hobhouse about the bishopric. This difficulty was soon overcome by Mr. Hobhouse himself withdrawing his name, when he heard of the decision of the Christchurch meeting. But questions of a more personal nature were less quickly disposed of.

*The words “Coelum non animum” are the motto of the Harper family.

Dean Wellesley thought it not wise to take a large family of daughters to a colony in the pioneering stage of its existence. The fears of the courtly Dean were not shared by the practical parish priest, but he made enquiries and learned that the Canterbury colonists were as cultured and refined as the best society in England itself. This raised a new question. Mr. Harper was not rich. Would not such a select society expect their bishop to keep up the style of the old country prelates? The question was put to Lord Lyttelton for his candid consideration. "I told him," writes the bishop-elect, "that for a time at least I must necessarily be as a poor man in the colony." Lord Lyttelton could not settle this question by himself. He consulted Mr. Godley and Mr. Selfe. Both agreed that a bishop would not have less influence because his means were small.

Thus objections were overcome one by one. Still the great point remained. Was it a call of duty? Lastly, therefore, Mr. Harper consulted his bishop. What would he advise? Bishop Wilberforce's answer was as follows:—

26 Pall Mall,
April 21st, 1856.

My dear Mr. Harper,

I have weighed the question you wished me to solve as carefully as I can, and it appears to me—

- I. That you are not bound by any scruple as to Hobhouse to refuse this call.
- II. That it has come to you wholly unsought by yourself, and as a distinct call from God.

III. That external circumstances favour your accepting it, and seem to point to it as indications of God's will for you.

IV. That you are possessed, through God's grace, of the needful personal qualifications for such an office.

From all which preliminaries I can only gather that to the loss of our diocese, but I trust to your wider usefulness in the Church, you are called forth from your Ur of the Chaldees to a place God will show you, and may He be with you, as He was with His faithful servant of old.

I am ever yours, my dear Mr. Harper,
Faithfully and affectionately,

S. OXON.

This letter settled the matter. Four days later Mr. Harper writes—"My dear Kent, I have accepted the Bishopric,—I trust not presumptuously as regards myself, nor imprudently in respect of my family." Thus deliberately the last turning-point was passed, the last important choice made.

The Vicar of Mortimer resigned his living, and prepared for the new life and high office which awaited him on the other side of the globe.

The undertaking was indeed one which called for no small measure of faith and courage. Macaulay has endorsed and made familiar to us the dictum that "An oak should not be transplanted at fifty." Mr. Harper was fifty-two years old when he was called to the episcopate, and the change which its acceptance was to effect in his habits may indeed be compared to the transplanting of a sturdy tree. Hitherto he had lived a life of quiet and regular routine. He had never been placed in any position

which demanded large statesmanship or even much readiness and resource. He had succeeded in his pastoral work by sheer goodness, combined with perseverance and an even temper. Though blessed with a magnificent constitution, and able to bear cold water in winter, he was not an athlete, nor an enthusiast for mountain climbing or other vigorous forms of amusement. His gentle horse exercise had been pretty well limited by the bounds of his parish, and he had reached an age when men usually think of diminishing rather than of increasing the amount of their physical exertion. Yet he was going to a diocese 400 miles long, broken by mountains, and traversed by swift and often unfordable rivers. It would not, indeed, demand the seamanship which Bishop Selwyn loved and in which he so greatly excelled, nor did it present the varieties of climate, nationality, and language which tried the strength of Patteson. But the pastoral oversight of a district whose area equalled that of England (excluding the county of York) was of necessity a heavy task, and when it is considered that over the whole of that area there were almost no roads nor bridges, and further, that the mountains were much higher than those of England, the rivers less navigable, and the climate more uncertain, it will be seen that the duties of bishop of Christchurch were such as might well daunt any man who had already passed the prime of physical strength. The reports of Bishop Selwyn and the letters of his

two sons must have made Mr. Harper well acquainted with the severe conditions of New Zealand travelling. He was thus able to count the cost beforehand, but he made no heroic professions, and went forth as one who simply obeys the call of duty, never looking back or thinking of a return to his native land.

The farewell to Mortimer need not be described in detail, but one feature is worth particular notice. Among the presents made by the parishioners was one from "the cottagers and servants of the parish." It consisted of two costly and handsomely-bound volumes—a Bible and a Prayer Book. They had previously been exhibited in the Exhibition of 1851, and are now in use in St. Mary's Church, Timaru.

In leaving the parish Bishop Harper unwittingly left behind him a legacy of strife, which, however, was not of a very acrimonious order, and was of some real service to the development of the colonial church. As in other cases where the appointment to a bishopric had caused a vacancy, the Crown claimed the right to fill it. But in this case Eton College, as patron of the living, contested the claim, and succeeded in obtaining from the legal authorities a verdict to the effect that the Queen had no ecclesiastical jurisdiction in a colony which possessed representative institutions. These had been granted to New Zealand in 1852, therefore Bishop Harper did not really need

Royal Letters Patent, and though they continued to be issued for a few years longer, the Mortimer case was one of the series of incidents which at length brought about their discontinuance.

The consecration took place under the Letters Patent, on August 10th, 1856, in the Chapel of Lambeth Palace, Dr. Baring being at the same time consecrated to the see of Gloucester and Bristol. The Archbishop (Dr. Sumner) was assisted by the Bishops of Winchester, Oxford, and Salisbury, the sermon being preached by the Rev. J. Hampden Gurney, Rector of St. Mary's, Bryanston-Square. But on the whole the service seems to have been deficient in impressiveness. Bishop Harper's feelings may be gathered from a letter which he wrote in his old age to a member of his family:—

“I can scarcely call to mind the proceedings when I was admitted to the diaconate by Bishop Murray, or those when I was priested by Bishop Kaye; even when I was consecrated bishop at Lambeth there was little except the occasion and the service to give that solemnity to it which appeals to our senses, and through them to the higher part of our nature.”

One incident connected with the consecration, however, remained long in his memory. The law of that period required that he should pay five guineas for an “alibi,” that is, for a dispensation allowing him to be consecrated elsewhere than in Canterbury Cathedral. The



Photo by Wheeler.

CENTRE PANEL OF CATHEDRAL PULPIT.

Bishop Selwyn's reception of Bishop Harper.

Bishop-elect of the new Canterbury would willingly have given the money in order to be consecrated in the historic fane for which the old one is renowned, but the opportunity was never given him. Even his gentle nature felt the hardship of being fined for not doing what he would particularly have wished to do. Not to be without some link, however, between the new Canterbury and the old, he took for the arms of his diocese a design which he found upon a gateway in the ancient city.

It is curious to reflect that whereas Mr. Jackson was to have been consecrated in Westminster Abbey in the presence of a large number of Canterbury pilgrims to whom tickets of admission had actually been issued, and whereas Bishop Jenner was afterwards consecrated in Canterbury Cathedral itself for the southern portion of the Christchurch diocese, the man who actually did the work which the former would not and the latter might not accomplish received his episcopal commission in this private and unpretentious fashion. Mr. Harman and possibly one or two other Canterbury colonists were present at the Lambeth ceremony, but the rest of the flock had to be content with a bare and brief account which appeared in the Christchurch newspapers several months afterwards.

On September 10th, 1856, the whole Harper family, with the exception of the two sons who were already in New Zealand and of two others

who were left at Eton,¹ embarked at Gravesend in the *Egmont*—a sailing vessel of 787 tons—and early the next morning left the shores of England. They had a fair number of companions in the saloon. Among them was a clergyman, the Rev. G. H. Eyre; two laymen, Messrs. R. J. S. Harman and J. M. Heywood, who were returning to Canterbury after a visit to the old country; and a lady, Miss P. Torlesse, whose journal has happily been preserved and affords welcome information concerning the incidents of the voyage. A large number of steerage passengers brought up the whole ship's company to the number of 215. A journey to New Zealand by an emigrant ship, in the days before the era of steamers, was an experience which must have been undergone to be appreciated. The absolute sundering of all outward ties with the great world of men and things, the close intercourse for three months with a few intending colonists brimful of hope and high expectation, the friendships which are thus formed and often prove to be life-long—these are well-known to all who have made the journey. So, too, are the incidents of the voyage. The discomfort and misery of the first week; the cheeriness which succeeds as sickness abates and warmer weather is felt; the

¹ One of these (Edward Paul) was never to be seen by his parents again on earth. After leaving Eton he entered the navy, and was appointed to H.M.S. "Orpheus," then in New Zealand waters. He left England in the "Raglan Castle" in order to join the "Orpheus," but the ship was lost at sea, and no traces of her were ever found.

Doldrums with their stifling heat and tantalising calms; then the long six or eight weeks of easting in the bitter cold and furious gales of the southern latitudes; the increasing monotony broken only by the possible glimpse of a lonely island, or the hardly more frequent sight of a sail upon the horizon—a monotony which brings a sickness of its own upon the weaker natures, and tries the patience and the morals even of the hardy; finally, the quickening of interest and the revival of health as the ship draws near to land and the end is at length in sight—all this remains vivid in the memory of those who have experienced it. Four deaths occurred upon the *Egmont*, and the Bishop occupied much of his time in ministering to the sick. At the Sunday services he began to do what he had never attempted till then, viz., to preach without a manuscript—a training which was of use to him in his pioneering work on shore. He did not set himself to emulate Bishop Selwyn's brilliant feat of mastering the Maori language on the voyage, for the Maoris were a mere handful in his diocese, and a knowledge of their tongue would have been seldom called for. But a certain amount of intellectual work went on in the saloon, and a paper of considerable merit, *The Egmont Times*, appeared every week. The illustrations in this journal were especially good. One of them represents an incident which was too diverting to be passed over. The Bishop, in full episcopal costume, is half-way up the rigging in pursuit of his youngest boy, who has

mischievously climbed to the main-top but cannot get back through the "Lubber's hole." The soles of the Bishop's boots are being chalked from below by an audacious sailor, who will doubtless take good care that his lordship does not fail to pay the customary forfeit for thus invading the seamen's territory.

The last number of *The Egmont Times* breathes a more serious air. It contains a letter from the Bishop which may be quoted here as showing the same spirit which characterised him in the old Eton days:—

December 11th, 1856.

Mr. Editor,—

As the number of this week is, I believe, the last of the "Egmont Times," I will with your permission avail myself of this opportunity to make a proposal to our fellow-passengers which will, I think, meet with their ready concurrence.

My proposal is, that if through God's mercy we arrive, as we anticipate, during the next week, safely at New Zealand, public thanks should be offered up to Him, in our name, on the Sunday following.

It has pleased Almighty God to take from us four of our fellow-passengers, and there has been sickness among some of us from time to time, but not more so, I believe, than might have been expected during a long voyage in a community of 215 persons, the greater part of whom are unaccustomed to a sea-faring life.

And when we consider what we might have had to endure, had it been ordered otherwise, and that we have travelled the wide ocean for more than three months, not only in perfect safety, but without even any of the discomforts and alarms which stormy or unfavourable weather would most probably have occasioned, we must, I am sure, feel that all is owing to Him Who doeth whatsoever pleaseth Him in heaven and in earth, in the sea and in all deep places, and

that it is but fitting tha' we shew forth our thankfulness for the same by a public acknowledgment of His loving-kindness.

I propose, therefore, at the close of our voyage, sending round a paper expressing our thanks to Almighty God for our prosperous passage and safe arrival in New Zealand, to which those of the passengers who concur with me in considering this an act of duty on our part may affix their names; and I will give directions that the same be read at the Morning Service, on the Sunday after our arrival, at the churches of Christchurch and Lyttelton; and may I venture to express a hope that all who on that day may be remaining in these towns and their neighbourhood will give their personal attendance at those churches.

I am,

Yours very faithfully,

H.J.C. CHRISTCHURCH."

The hope expressed in the letter of the ship's speedy arrival in port was not fulfilled. Contrary winds were experienced on the coast of New Zealand, and it was not until December 22nd that the *Egmont* was off Banks Peninsula. The first impressions—always the keenest—of those on board may be gathered from the following entries in the journal already alluded to:—

"Monday, December 22nd.—Disappointed again about landing, though we have made some little progress and have been within sight of Mt. Pleasant and of the mountains which gird the coast as far as Kaikoura in the Nelson province. I cannot conceive anything more magnificent than the view now presented to us. We could see as far as the Kaikoura Mountains nearly 100 miles off. The clearness of the atmosphere is wonderful, and can only be realised by those who have seen it. Mount Torlesse most distinct with its snowy summit, indeed, all the way up to the Kaikouras you see the snowy range.

Tuesday, December 23rd.—Soon after breakfast a fair wind sprang up and almost imperceptibly at first, then most

rapidly, we neared the harbour. The day has been lovely, and as each fresh bay burst upon us new feelings of admiration came over us, and glasses were snatched from hand to hand in an almost frantic manner, many lovely spots being revealed as the various bays came in sight—some with snug homesteads and little patches of cultivation. The European travellers of our party said there was no finer scenery in Europe, while others compared it to the north coast of Devonshire and to the banks of the Clyde. At last we approached the harbour, which is most magnificent, a complete basin surrounded with mountains, on whose sides the light and clouds are forever varying. At 2 o'clock a gun was fired for the pilot, who presently appeared on board, and delighted we were once again to see a fresh face. We had for some time been gazing at a prettily-decorated little vessel, which we now discovered to be the "Southern Cross," and not ten minutes after the pilot came on board Dr. Selwyn with Mr. L. Harper were greeted by Dr. Harper and his family."

The now historical meeting between the two bishops may be described in the words of another eye-witness:—

"Gradually the boat drew near. I watched the face of Bishop Harper—its joy and anticipation mingled with anxiety. In the subsequent years I knew the Bishop never have I seen him so excited; he was usually so calm, thoughtful, and passive. When within hailing distance Bishop Selwyn raised his hat and waved it. Bishop Harper repeated the salutation. Then followed a waving of handkerchiefs from the passengers clustered on deck, and eventually the boat came alongside. Bishop Selwyn was soon on board, with both hands clasped in those of Bishop Harper. They gazed at each other silently for a few seconds, Mrs. Harper and the family, all smiles, standing closely around. Then followed hand-shaking, enquiries, and congratulations. What a subject for a photograph!

As it was blowing south-west it took some hours for the vessel to beat up to her anchorage. Upon her arrival at the port boats came off containing clergy, friends, and others, who gave Bishop Harper and his family a right good welcome."

The first act of the Bishop and his family was to go ashore in Selwyn's boat and attend service in a room in the Immigration Barracks, which then served as a church for the people of Lyttelton, and had been the scene, on the previous Sunday, of the ordination to the priesthood of the Rev. Leonard Williams, now Bishop of Waiapu. Fervent were the thanksgivings of those who had at length reached the land of their adoption; of those, too, who were able to feel that at last there were two bishops on the shores of New Zealand, and that the long untended flock was now to have its appointed chief pastor. After the service the travellers returned to the ship to spend their last night afloat, and to prepare for the labours of the morrow.

Before 8 o'clock on the morning of Christmas Eve the whale-boat appeared again, and Bishop Selwyn insisted on taking the party to see his trim yacht. As expressed in his own diary:—"Went on board the *Egmont* at 8, took off the Bishop and his whole family in our two boats; carried them to the *Southern Cross*; whole Harper family seated round our cabin, fourteen or fifteen happy faces."

But there was little time for visits, however pleasant. Much had to be done before Christmas Day should dawn. The road to Sumner into which Godley had thrown so much of the Association's money was still unfinished; the Moorhouse tunnel which now permits the traveller to reach the plains in a few minutes,

was yet in the future. Heavy luggage might be sent round by boat to Sumner, and might be expected to arrive at its destination in something under three weeks, but bedding and other immediate necessities had to be taken up the bridle-path, over the pass, and so on to Christchurch. Two hand-carts were borrowed, but how were they to be dragged up the 1100 feet of steep track? Bishop Selwyn's readiness of resource did not fail him. He harnessed his sailors to the trucks, the two bishops with their coats off pushed behind. Some way up the hill relief was brought by a man who was found working with a team of bullocks. These were soon yoked to the load, by mid-day the summit was reached, and three cheers announced that the hardest part of the task had been accomplished.

At this point more clergy and friends arrived from Christchurch on horseback, and all sat down to a picnic lunch provided by Selwyn's foresight. The loads were now packed upon horses, and the procession moved down the hill-side. Another halt was made at Mr. J. Cookson's house in the Heathcote Valley, and the rest of the journey was made in various vehicles. The Bishop himself and some of his family were driven by Mr. Fitzgerald in a large but clumsy carriage. So rough was the road, and so full of holes, that the ladies at the back could hardly keep their seats, and at the same time take care of the precious red leather box containing the Letters Patent. The vehicle

moved swiftly behind a pair of horses driven tandem fashion, a fact which gave a double point to the long-remembered "*Tandem venisti*, my lord," with which the Bishop was greeted at his journey's end by the Head-master of Christ's College. The arrival was witnessed by a child who was looking on from the balcony of a neighbouring house, and her recollections (written many years after) are worth quoting, on account of their freshness and naiveté.

"The great event of 1856 was the arrival of Bishop Harper and his family. Well do I remember watching from our balcony, how they got out of some conveyance (I have forgotten what manner of vehicle it was) at the little Worcester Street footbridge, and each carrying some hat-box or other small baggage, walked one by one over to the house—fourteen precious souls, all told, I believe—the last being a pretty little boy of my own age, with large-patterned tartan stockings. Soon some of them were back at our house begging the loan of pots and pans, and then we were set to spend the summer evening picking gooseberries for them."

On the following day (Christmas Day) Bishop Harper was installed in the little St. Michael's Church. Seven of the local clergy were present and so was Bishop Selwyn, but, unfortunately, he could take no active part because the Letters Patent were found to have placed the new bishop under the authority of the Bishop of Sydney. Accordingly the proceedings were characterised by great simplicity. Mr. (afterwards Judge) Gresson read the necessary documents, and the Archdeacon declared the Bishop to be duly installed. Then followed the regular Christmas service. Dr. Harper preached the sermon, and the communicants

numbered nearly 150. Interesting as was the occasion, the fact must be admitted that upon some of the younger minds the appearance of the new Bishop made less impression than did that of his six daughters, as they moved in procession up the aisle. It has even been said that one or more important marriages were the outcome of that spectacle.

The house which had been provided as a temporary residence for the Bishop and his family, was a small cottage on Cambridge Terrace, which still forms the nucleus of a house which is now flanked on one side by the Canterbury Club, and on the other by the Public Library. At that period it stood alone in the block, which extends as far westward as Montreal Street. Much of the land then consisted of sand-hills, in which the Harper boys sometimes turned up a Maori skeleton or other relic of prehistoric days. The house itself was much too small for the number of its occupants, and for nearly two years the Bishop had merely a small fireless lean-to for a study. Water for all domestic purposes had to be brought from the Avon in buckets, and the family underwent some degree of that "roughing it," which old colonists knew so well. Like many other delicately-nurtured settlers, they threw themselves into their strange tasks with cheerful resolution, and were all the better for the hardships they encountered. Writing from the standpoint of old age, the Bishop remarks:

"Real work is the appointed lot of us all, and if not forced upon us by circumstances should be undertaken for its own

sake, as a means for the improvement of our characters, and affording us opportunities of assisting others. I think the emigration of my family to the colonies has been of service to all its members, teaching us among other things to do for ourselves what many are apt to require of others on their behalf."

The cottage by the Avon continued to be the episcopal residence for nearly two years. During that time the pressure upon its house-room was to some extent relieved by a double wedding, which sent forth two young brides to homes of their own in the country.² And in spite of all drawbacks, the stream of life ran faster than it had done in the old English home. The Christchurch of those days was a sociable little place: everybody knew everybody else, and the very makeshifts and inconveniences of their domestic affairs afforded matter for wholesome merriment to themselves and their friends. When in November, 1858, the new Bishopscourt was ready—a house built chiefly by means of a grant of £1000 from the S.P.C.K.—it seemed a veritable "palace." Though only a small timber structure, it was quaintly picturesque, and formed a comfortable home for the Bishop during the rest of his life. But in those early days his absences from home were many and long. We must now pass from his domestic surroundings and watch him at his work in the diocese.

² Mrs. Acland and Mrs. Blakiston. All that the town could furnish in the way of hired vehicles for this ceremony was one omnibus, in which both wedding parties were conveyed to and from St. Michael's Church. It had been imported to run between the town and the Heathcote Ferry, but had never been used owing to the badness of the road.

CHAPTER V.

THE OFFICE OF A BISHOP.

(1857—1867.)

“Bishops and priests, blessed are ye, if deep
(As yours above all offices is high)
Deep in your hearts the sense of duty lie;
Charged as ye are by Christ to feed and keep
From wolves your portion of his chosen sheep:
Labouring as ever in your Master’s sight,
Making your hardest task your best delight.”

—*Wordsworth.*

To appreciate the nature and magnitude of the work which lay before the first Bishop of Christchurch, it will be necessary to ascertain what measure of progress had been made by the Canterbury Settlement during the first six years of its existence. Its social and commercial conditions have been so altered by the railways which now traverse the plains in all directions, that it is not easy to realise how large a part was originally played by natural features which now count but little, or not at all. For, although the Canterbury Plains offered an apparently open field for settlement on every side, yet they were not of so uniform a character as to invite settlers to advance evenly in every direction. Not distance from the base only, nor even the degree of fertility in the soil, sufficed to determine the time when a particular piece of country

should receive an influx of population. In the absence of roads and bridges, every small boat harbour through which goods might be sent to Lyttelton was of no slight value, and in a country which was almost bare of timber, every patch of bush was sure to attract attention. On the other hand, the heavy swamps which would one day carry a close agricultural population must lie undrained till capital should have time to accumulate. These general considerations will go far to account for the actual course of the history of the settlement on its outward or material side.

The population of the province at the beginning of the year 1857 was estimated to lie between 6,000 and 6,500. Of this number the oldest element was that formed by the French and German families at Akaroa, and the few settlers in the other bays of Banks Peninsula. There were about a thousand residents in the town of Lyttelton, which was then of much greater relative importance than it is to-day. Far from being merely the port of Christchurch, it could challenge its younger rival in population and dignity. The General Post Office was still there, and the Immigration Barracks, and there the only newspaper was published. In comparison with Christchurch, its people lived closer together, and developed a more vigorous public opinion. The inhabitants of the two towns had (it was noted) "different tastes, different political creeds, and different ideas of

geography.” Of the remainder of the population the bulk was to be found in and around the capital. Christchurch itself might indeed be described in the terms used of the Jerusalem of Nehemiah’s day. “The city was large and wide: but the people were few therein, and the houses were not builded.” None the less was it the social and commercial centre of the young community, and was already more remarkable for its thriving trade (chiefly “horse and wool”) than for the ecclesiastical and collegiate institutions which were to have been its principal feature. Outside the town belts the land was fenced and cultivated on every side, except on the north east, where the great swamp lay. Especially along the route between the town and the Heathcote ferry was population gathered, for at the two quays on that river all the imports from abroad were landed. Small goods could be put in boats and brought up the Avon to the very confines of the city, hence what is now the suburb of Avonside had already sprung up. The nearest timber for house-building was to be found in the Papanui bush, and though most of its pines and totaras had by this time fallen before the axe, a thriving village was in existence.

But the time had now come for an onward movement. Emigration was in progress from the town and its neighbourhood to more distant fields. Its line of march was determined by the causes already indicated. Swamps, over which the cattle still roamed, hindered it from taking a

southward direction; to the west the land was too light and stony; but the north offered an easier opening. For there were the boat harbours of Kaiapoi and Saltwater Creek; there, too, were forests whose value was fast being enhanced by the exhaustion of the Papanui supply. Hence at the time of the bishop's arrival, the only agricultural settlements outside of the neighbourhood of Christchurch were those of Kaiapoi and Rangiora and these were attracting population at a rapid rate. Elsewhere settlers were few and far between. Northward from the Ashley River to the boundary of the province; westward from Riccarton as far as the foot-hills of the great ranges; and southward, throughout the whole of the central and southern districts, there was nothing but the infrequent sheep-station which sent its wool by bullock drays along the tussock tracks to the town or to the coast, and received in return its necessary supplies. Roads stretched from Christchurch for a few miles in different directions, but, owing to the softness of the soil, they were often of little use in rainy weather. Except for a few ferries, the great rivers were only to be crossed by fording, and their sudden floods were often fatal to the impatient and venturesome traveller.

Besides what may be called Canterbury proper, there was the wooded district of Banks Peninsula, which was the first to receive settlers, and still lived a life of its own. Akaroa harbour was much frequented by French and

American whalers whose custom made it almost independent of trade with Lyttelton. The few inhabitants of the other bays lived an isolated life. "Very little sympathy exists" (wrote an observer in 1857) "between the settlers in this locality and those on the plains. Besides the foreign element introduced by the original settlement from France, few of the inhabitants are led by business or pleasure to the open country, and those who come thence to Akaroa are not bound on business. Consequently, Banks Peninsula might as well be an island, far out at sea, and its population men of another race and language." An illustration of this isolation is afforded by the fact that when the clergy presented an address of welcome to the bishop on December 31st—a whole week after his arrival—they had not been able to obtain the signature of the Incumbent of Akaroa.

To the westward of the plains rose the Alpine ranges. No one as yet knew what might be hidden within or beyond their unexplored valleys. Though sheep-runs were advancing every year along their base, the mountain passes and the West Coast district were quite unknown. One half of the whole province was still a *terra incognita*.

In matters political much activity was manifested. Representative institutions had been granted to New Zealand in 1852, and these had been framed upon a provincial rather than upon a national basis. Under them Canterbury (like the other provinces) enjoyed virtual self-

government. Its council of twenty-four members received a constantly increasing land fund, and spent the money in forming the necessary roads and in bridging the smaller rivers. Canterbury men favoured in theory a stronger central authority; but it was noticed at this time that in practice they were beginning to change their politics. So fast did the change proceed that in 1861 it could be said "as far as Canterbury is concerned the General Government is nothing, and the Provincial Government is everything." A future chapter will show the ecclesiastical importance of this fact. From a police point of view, the settlement could not boast of any greater immunity from crime than the rest of New Zealand. It is only fair to note, however, that the occupants of Lyttelton Gaol were rarely of the number of the pilgrims; either they were time-expired or escaped convicts from Australia, or else they were sailors who had deserted from the ships in the harbour. On the whole, there was solid prosperity, and things looked well.

In sharp contrast, however, with this material advance was the backward condition of things ecclesiastical and educational. Whatever may have been the cause, the melancholy fact must be confessed that the two main objects of the original founders of the settlement were exactly those in which least progress had been made. A future chapter will deal with the subject of education: attention must now be given to that of religion. And here it must be admitted that

the picture presented by the Church in Canterbury at the beginning of the year 1857 is not a cheerful one. A state of apathy and inertness everywhere appears. Doubtless the loss of Mr. Godley had been severely felt. As long as he remained he urged on the work and set an example by attending the daily services at Lyttelton. Now those services could hardly be kept up. Clergy and laity alike show little power of initiative, and not much missionary zeal. Many of the clergy who came out in the Association's ships had not chosen to make their home in the settlement, but ten still remained—enough, it would seem, to have supplied its needs. The population of the province, in spite of all the intermingling which had taken place, was still predominantly Anglican—seventy-five per cent. of the people being estimated to belong to the Church of England. Yet the greatest difficulty was experienced in getting together funds even for the building of churches, or for the payment of clerical stipends. Five small churches had, indeed, been erected, but these were of so poor a character that none of them was deemed worthy of consecration, while the only one of them (that at Lyttelton) which had any architectural pretensions was already in such a dangerous condition that the congregation had abandoned it in terror and were worshipping in one of the original barracks. The clergy were miserably paid, and nearly all of them had to find some supplementary source of income.

One was giving his time to tuition, and the rest were driven to engage in farming. That this state of things, though capable of explanation, was not inevitable, is shown by the fact that amongst the small minority of settlers of other persuasions, the Wesleyans had built two chapels (one of them in a conspicuous position in the centre of Christchurch) and were supporting a regular minister, while the Presbyterians, besides giving a fair stipend to their minister, were building a kirk in Christchurch which was of a far more solid and dignified character than any other ecclesiastical building there, and when opened a few weeks after the bishop's arrival, quite put to shame his little pro-cathedral of St. Michael's.

Much may indeed be urged in extenuation of this failure on the part of churchmen as contrasted with their fellow christians belonging to what are now known as the Free Churches. The Wesleyans had, of course, been thoroughly educated from the time of Wesley himself in the principle and practice of self-help. The Free Church of Scotland had entered enthusiastically upon the same course at the time of its disruption from the Established Kirk. The Church of England, on the other hand, by its very constitution depended on the leadership of its bishops. By its long connection with the State it had been shut out from all chance of self-government, and by the liberality of past generations it had been relieved from the need of self-support. The Canterbury colonists in

particular had (as we have seen) been led to expect a reproduction of the system which obtained in the Old Country, and having at the outset paid a high price for their land, set out with the understanding that no further pecuniary sacrifices would be demanded of them. Hence disappointment, irritation, backwardness, and apathy. As regards the clergy, the pressure of poverty in some cases, and in others the care of their landed property co-operated in quenching enthusiasm and hindering missionary activity. Even work close at hand was sometimes inefficiently done. The present colonial system of large districts in which one priest, assisted by lay-readers, provides services for many different congregations, does not seem to have been thought of. Each parish priest was content to keep up the old English tradition of two services a Sunday in the one building near which he resided, without attempting to extend his regular labours farther afield. Indeed, even this minimum was not always attained. When the grants from the Church property came to be made in 1857, we find that £50 was allotted to each cure in which two services were held each week, while to others only £30 was given, on the ground that no more than one service was performed!

This being so, we are prepared to find what looks like an entire absence of the missionary spirit. With the exception of one clergyman in the town of Akaroa, and of one who had taken up land in the new northern district of

Woodend, all the clergy were clustered in and around Christchurch. The great plains with their scattered sheep or cattle stations were altogether neglected. This may have been inevitable for it would be unfair to expect great things from men who were harassed by the *rebus angustis domi*, but it was none the less a melancholy fact. Here then was the chief feature in the situation. A bishop was needed who should be not merely an overseer of work done by others, but above all a pioneer, a missionary, an apostle.

The need was at once realised by Bishop Harper. His long missionary tours are, indeed, the outstanding feature of the first years of his episcopate. In spite, however, of their importance—or, rather, *because* of their importance—they must be left for other chapters, and the remainder of this must be given to his efforts to set in order things that were wanting in the already existing parishes, and his endeavours to quicken the languid energies and strengthen the weak hands of their discouraged labourers.

The prospect was not really so hopeless as the preceding sketch might seem to indicate. After all the proportion of churchmen was unusually high for a colonial community, and there were many who were quite ready to respond to the call for action when addressed to them by one who had the right and the power to utter it. The foresight of Godley and his assistants had provided sites in abundance for churches, schools, and parsonages. In the

very midst of Christchurch lay an open space which had been set apart for the future cathedral, and in each quarter of the four-square city an ample section of land for a parish church. Sites had been provided also for churches and schools in such suburbs and country villages as had then sprung into existence. The general trust estate, though as yet producing little, was becoming more productive every year. Best of all, there were a few clergy who were much in earnest, and a splendid body of educated and attached laymen prepared to support the bishop in his efforts after good, and to form the backbone of the developing diocese.

His attention was given first to the need of better maintenance for the clergy. Six weeks had barely elapsed from the time of his arrival when on February 5th he started on foot for Akaroa with Archdeacon Mathias. At a meeting on the 11th he succeeded in putting the Church finances on a stable basis, and after visiting the other bays returned to the parishes nearer home. In these also meetings were held, and the bishop urged upon the laity the importance of regular contributions to the stipends of their own pastors. The conservative English temper of course raised many objections. How was the money to be raised? Seat rents were for the most part disapproved of. Voluntary contributions were admirable in theory, but had been found wanting in actual practice. At last the offertory or church collection was agreed to by all, and it was to be held monthly. Realising

the missionary needs of his diocese and the claims of the heathen in the South Sea Islands, the bishop laid down the rule (which has ever since been observed in the diocese) that the offertories on four Sundays in the year should go to a central diocesan fund, and that of one other Sunday to foreign missions. The other seven—supplemented from such other sources as might be available—were to provide the stipend for the local minister. After a time the collection was extended to every Sunday in the year, but the system worked well from the first, and the clergy were soon in receipt of something like £250 a year.

The next need was that of better church buildings. A meeting was at once held in Lyttelton, which resulted in a vigorous effort being set on foot for the building of a more solid and more durable house of God. On February 24th, 1857, came the first consecration of a church in Canterbury. This was at Avon-side, near the spot at which the boats discharged their cargoes. Much interest was shown in the proceedings. The day was fine and the attendance large. This church is described in the newspaper of the day as “the first substantial building erected to God’s service, of materials that may endure for ages,” and other parishes are exhorted to “go and do likewise.” Yet the building was only formed of “well-tempered cob,” and though it undoubtedly lasted longer than its contemporaries, it has now been swept away to make room for a building of solid stone.

The impression created by the bishop's first visits was uniformly favourable. Men soon found that they could trust him, and that he always took the highest view and acted from the highest motives. His courtesy and calm temper overcame most obstacles. For instance, after the meeting at Kaiapoi on January 29th, the remark was made, "We may look for a more prosperous state of the Church, now that we have a bishop among us whose sole desire seems to be to promote the well-being of the Church, and whose conciliatory manners will tend to soften down the angry feelings which have hitherto caused so much heart-burning."

But in spite of favourable impressions, the people of Canterbury were slow to wake from their lethargy. The bishop's appeals for more and better buildings did not meet with a very ready response. It is true that in the year 1858 (April 6th) one new church was consecrated in the neighbourhood of Christchurch, viz.: that of St. Peter's Riccarton—the wooden nucleus of a church which has since been replaced by a stone structure. But this was far from meeting the necessities of the case. The population of the city was growing fast, and the church accommodation was utterly inadequate. Yet it seemed as though the parishioners would be content to go on indefinitely with their one small and insecure building. The bishop's first move for a new church met with much discouragement. In his diary of September 27th, 1858, he writes: "Saw Mr. Miles respecting the

new church. Mr. M. gave it as his opinion that it was impossible to commence the building unless further subscriptions could be obtained, of which he saw no probability." Patiently and perseveringly, however, he worked on, and a month later (October 25th) had the intense satisfaction of presiding at a large and representative meeting of church members, at which a really comprehensive scheme was carried through. Those present were not all of one mind when they met, but all at last agreed to three important resolutions. The first, moved by His Honour the Superintendent, was to the effect that the present (St. Michael's) church should be strengthened and enlarged so as to provide accommodation for one hundred additional worshippers. The second, moved by Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Hall, affirmed that a district church should be commenced; while the third, moved by Mr. Justice Gresson, pledged the meeting to the erection of a central church or cathedral as soon as a sum of not less than £2,000 should have been raised. The bishop in conclusion urged that the three objects should be taken in hand in the order of the resolutions themselves. Parish and district churches first, and the cathedral afterwards—this was his policy. The townspeople must build their own churches, then the country would come forward and help in the erection of one central sanctuary which should belong to all, and where all should feel at home.

This meeting had the happiest results. The enlargement of St. Michael's was taken in hand

at once, and the church was consecrated on the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels in the following year (1859). On the very next day the bishop chose the site for the second church (St. Luke's) in Manchester Street north; on October 18th (St. Luke's Day) its foundation stone was laid; and on December 30th, 1860, the church was consecrated. A month later the Cathedral Commission commenced its sittings, and the foundation stone was laid on December 16th, 1864, the fourteenth anniversary of the foundation of the settlement.

But the effects of the meeting of 1858 were by no means confined to the town of Christchurch. The impulse which it set in motion reached far and wide. In the month following (on November 10th) a letter from "A Pilgrim" appeared in the *Lyttelton Times* advocating a grant of no less than £10,000 from Provincial funds towards the building of churches in place of the "barns and rude sheds" hitherto made to serve in the settlement. On December 1st, the bold policy thus outlined was actually carried through the Council. On that day Mr. Packer moved, "That whereas under existing circumstances it is expedient to assist certain Christian denominations in building or enlargement of places for public worship within the Province of Canterbury, be it resolved—

"That this Council will sanction the payment of £10,000 for the above-named purpose, out of the Public Revenues of the Province.

“That the said sum of £10,000 shall be paid to the several persons and in the several proportions undermentioned, respectively:—

For the Bishop of Christchurch, £7,800.

For the Acting Head of the Wesleyan Body, £800.

For the Acting Head of the Presbyterian Body, £1000.

For the Acting Head of the Roman Catholic Body, £400.”

The motion met with some opposition, but after several amendments had been negatived it was carried by thirteen votes to two.¹ The help thus afforded was most timely. Settlement was proceeding fast all over the country, and the prospect of a grant in aid stimulated the people of rural townships and rising suburbs to put forth all their energies. Churches sprang up in all directions. They were usually built of timber, but they were well-constructed, fairly durable, and thoroughly church-like in design and appearance.

When the bishop left his diocese in 1867, he had the happiness of knowing that, though many pastoral districts were still in the missionary stage, the more settled parts of Canterbury were studded with buildings large enough for the immediate wants of the settlers and sufficiently church-like in their architecture and

¹ A second sum of £10,000 was voted by the Council on November 20th, 1862. This was given to the various denominations on the pound for pound principle.

appointments to keep in the minds of young and old some thoughts of unseen and eternal realities.

But the provision of suitable places of worship was very far from occupying the chief place in the bishop's mind. As he himself declared in his charge to the Synod of 1864,—

“We may have spacious churches, built of substantial materials, furnished and adorned to the best of our ability, as all buildings should be which are set apart for Him who is perfect in all His works, and I trust that every effort will be made by us to erect such buildings; and these buildings, and the services in them, may attract large congregations, and so satisfy the expectations of those who do not look below the surface of things; but the work of the Church cannot be accomplished in our churches alone, necessary and important as they are. Our chief work is outside these buildings, in the homes and in the hearts of men,—a work, the progress and extent of which is necessarily hidden in a great degree from the eye of man, and will not be known until the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed. And for this we require living agents living in districts in which they may be able to hold personal communication with the several members of their flocks.”

Remembering the high ideal put before himself by the bishop when curate of Eton, it may easily be imagined how greatly he would be dissatisfied with anything but a high standard

among the clergy of his diocese. Their deficiencies were, indeed, a source of constant pain and trouble to him in the early years of his episcopate. Many of the Canterbury clergy had come out more as colonists than as pastors or missionaries. And very excellent colonists they generally were, but in other respects (as we have already seen) they were too often lacking. The six years during which they had lived without the stimulus of a resident bishop, and isolated from the more intense life of the Home land, had not tended to foster spirituality or zeal. The bishop's diaries show his constant efforts to raise the tone of clerical life and to infuse earnestness into the backward and lukewarm. Very few of the first clergy of the settlement escaped reproof and even censure from their new diocesan. In some cases he went to the length of withdrawing their licenses altogether—sometimes restoring them upon promise of amendment. But all this exercise of discipline was carried out with great tact, and was known to few beyond the persons immediately affected. Sometimes a clergyman was deprived of a pastoral charge under the guise of preferment to another position, which brought perhaps greater dignity, but fewer opportunities of helping—or hindering—the real work of ministering to souls. The grounds upon which the bishop acted were generally those of negligence and inactivity. In some cases the accused admitted his want of aptitude for pastoral duties; in others resentment was doubtless

felt, at least for a time. But discipline was so justly and considerably administered that it seldom produced lasting bitterness, and the bishop was supported throughout by the best of the laity, who did not fail to recognise the high aims and pure motives of their chief pastor. The subject is necessarily a delicate one to treat, and more need not be said about it here. But it is necessary not to overlook this feature of the bishop's administration. In his old age everyone was so much impressed with his amiability and general popularity, that the fear was sometimes expressed whether he might escape the woe upon those "of whom all men spoke well." The severity and the conflicts of his earlier episcopate should dissipate any such apprehension. They are now known to few, and they need not be dwelt upon here in any detail, but a truthful account of his life and work demands that at least a general idea of their nature should be given.

More hopeful, as well as more pleasant, than the exercise of discipline towards the faulty, was the endeavour to introduce fresh labourers of a more satisfactory type. On December 20th, 1857 (just a year after his arrival), the bishop held his first ordination. On this occasion three young men were admitted to the diaconate—all of them destined to hold important positions in the future—viz: his own eldest son, the Rev. H. W. Harper (now Archdeacon of Timaru and Westland), the Rev. F. Knowles (now Diocesan Registrar and Canon of the Cathedral), and the

Rev. C. Bowen (afterwards Archdeacon of Christchurch). The first-named was at once sent out to take charge of a large missionary district, consisting of the whole tract of country between the Waimakariri and Rakaia rivers. Mr. Knowles was stationed in the Bays of the Peninsula, where he had already been labouring as a catechist. But the man on whom the bishop depended most during these years was the Rev. C. Alabaster, who had come from England in an apparently dying state. The change of climate restored his health for a time, and he was appointed to assist in the parish of Christchurch itself. He is described by Dean Jacobs in his History as "a young man of strikingly interesting character and appearance who, with an acute and logical mind, combined deep piety, intense earnestness, and fervent eloquence."

Not all the clergy, however, who found their way to Canterbury were of Mr. Alabaster's type, and even those who were selected and sent out from England by the bishop's commissary not infrequently belied the expectations which had been formed of their fitness for colonial work. Quality was hard to secure, and even quantity was apt to fail. New districts were constantly crying out for men, and the bishop knew not where to turn. The Canterbury Association had found no "dearth of clergy," eager or willing to accompany the first colonists with a prospect of good pay and open careers for sons and daughters. But the glamour had

long since faded away, and colonial service meant hard work. A scheme which seemed at one time to promise well was that of ordaining the most promising of the country schoolmasters—at least to the diaconate. In one case this was actually done, and in several others the teachers entered upon the necessary course of preliminary study. The result was highly satisfactory. Not only were more opportunities of public worship supplied to out-of-the-way districts, but “the cause of general education was advanced to a very high degree.” Such at least was the judgment of the bishop in 1863, as expressed by him in his address to Synod. Such, however, was not the opinion of the Educational Commissioners. To them the time given to theological study and Church work meant so much time taken from their proper business: to the bishop it meant so much additional character and earnestness thrown into their proper business. But the Commissioners had their way. The schoolmasters continued to do much excellent work as laymen, but laymen they remained to the end.

Baffled in his hopes of supplying the ranks of the clergy from what had always been regarded as the kindred profession of the teacher, the bishop felt that he must have recourse to other sources without too scrupulous an insistence on intellectual qualifications. His remarks to the Synod of 1865 are strikingly in keeping with his earlier convictions as recorded in his Eton days. “None but fanatics

will undervalue the high intellectual training which in England generally precedes the more especial preparation for the ministry; but we may attach too much importance to such intellectual training, which, separated from godliness, is too often a snare to its possessor, and injurious to the best interests of society. Most unquestionably there is work to be done in the Church, as well as out of it, which, under God's blessing, may be successfully done by those who have not had the full advantages of an English home education, provided only they are humble and earnest-minded men—men who have experienced in themselves the living power of the truths of Christianity, and who are ready to order themselves by the rules of the Church, and to comply with the godly suggestions of those who are placed in authority over them."

The last sentence implies that the bishop contemplated a rather long diaconate for those thus ordained without a university training. This was no doubt the case, though the practical exigencies of the diocese generally prevented so desirable an arrangement. But the bishop steadily set his face against what has been called "the permanent diaconate." He would never permit any clergyman—priest or deacon—to supplement his income by any secular employment. The scheme of deacon schoolmasters was not really an exception to this rule, for "in no case has the clergyman or lay-reader received from the educational grant more than has been assigned to other similar

schools. Indeed, they have received less, and have been content with less, as might have been expected in men serving from the purest motives and for the highest purposes." With reference to a candidate (not a schoolmaster) who had called upon him, his diary of 1866 records—"Approved of his devoting one year in preparing for Holy Orders—if his means would admit of his doing so—but distinctly told him that I could not pledge myself to admit him to Holy Orders at the expiration of that period nor even at *any time, however well prepared he might be*, unless I saw the way to some clerical appointment in which he might secure the means of living apart from secular occupation."

Such an attitude cannot fail to arouse some surprise in those who remember that Bishop Harper himself, when at Mortimer, devoted a very large portion of his time to the teaching of his pupils, and derived a large part of his income from their fees. Is there not an inconsistency here? Undoubtedly there does appear to be. He would not allow even his own sons to do what he had regularly done himself. What is the explanation? There must be one, and it can only be found in the experience he had had with the Canterbury clergy. Ideally there is much, very much, to be said for a self-supporting ministry like that of St. Paul. Unfortunately, the system often breaks down in practice. Men are not all like St. Paul, nor are they all like Bishop Harper. The money-making

pursuit too often takes the first place, the spiritual duties are left far behind. The bishop had to lay down a rule for the average man, not for the exceptions. His mind may be understood from a passage in his charge of 1863. "I have no wish, and I feel sure that it is not the wish of my brethren in the ministry, that our position in this country should be one of wealth. It would be a matter of regret indeed if it could be said of any of us with any semblance of truth that we either sought or undertook 'the feeding of the flock of God which is among us for filthy lucre and not of a ready mind.' But at the same time, it may be reasonably required that some suitable provision should be made for the maintenance of the clergy, such as would place them above all anxious cares and allow of their giving their thoughts and time, without interruption, to the duties of their calling." Rightly regarded, the apparent inconsistency of the bishop's action disappears entirely. Circumstances alter cases, and the circumstances of a colonial Church are enough to alter cases of even greater importance than this.

Thus in different ways—by importations from England or other countries and by the ordination of the most fit among the local candidates who offered themselves—the staff of the diocese was recruited, and in 1867 Bishop Harper left twenty-five men at work in Canterbury, besides eight in Otago.

But the bishop was by no means content with zealous endeavours to multiply clergy and to render them more efficient. He found time in those early years to do an immense amount of direct pastoral work himself. Whenever a parish in Christchurch or its neighbourhood was temporarily vacant he himself stepped in and acted as its incumbent. For weeks together he would perform all the ordinary duties in the church and sedulously visit the parishioners in their homes. Especially did he throw himself into the work of preparing candidates for confirmation. He first developed this feature of his ministry at Avonside in 1860. For four whole days before the confirmation he was visiting the different candidates in their homes. On the day itself he gave them the heads of his address beforehand. His own record of the service is worth quoting, as indicating what was afterwards his regular method.

“Question read once, and each candidate when called upon by name to answer separately. Reason—that their individual responsibility and what they were about to do might be more deeply felt. There is always danger of our shifting our responsibility in religious matters to others, but if there is a time when religion must be felt as a personal matter between God and your own soul, it is at such a time as this when you, ‘before God and your fellow Christians openly declare that you hold yourself bound to believe and do all that was promised for you in your baptism.’ ”

This visiting of the candidates in their homes became from this time his regular practice whenever they were near enough for him to reach them. Several days were often spent thus, and in this way the ordinary parochial preparation was supplemented and deepened.

So zealously did the bishop work in vacant parishes that he practically took pastoral charge of the whole of Christchurch for several months in the year 1860. With the help of Mr. Alabaster, he carried on the services at St. Michael's and also a Sunday evening service in the Masonic Hall, which then stood in Cathedral Square. So well satisfied were the parishioners with this arrangement that the nominators proposed to forego their rights, and actually went so far as to nominate the bishop as their incumbent! This proposal could not be accepted, but the bishop allowed the nomination to be suspended for six months, and proceeded to carry on the work during that time. In fact, no labour came amiss to him. Was the hospital without a chaplain? Or the orphan asylum (an institution by the way, which he had taken the chief part in founding)? The bishop would take the burden upon his own shoulders, and devote Sundays and week days to the sick or the homeless. He had, indeed, learnt the master lesson, "He that is the greater among you, let him become as the younger, and he that is chief, as he that doth serve."

In this chapter attention has been confined to one department in a life of manifold activity.

But it must not be forgotten that at the same time the bishop was busily engaged in other directions. As regarded the Church schools of the settlement, he was himself Board of education and general secretary; he spent much time in attending general synods in which the constitution of the young colonial Church was being shaped into working order; above all, he spent months of each year in missionary tours to the thinly peopled portions of his vast diocese. These wider labours must now be more fully described.

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST MISSIONARY TOUR.

“Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field.”

—*Shakespeare.*

According to Her Majesty's Letters Patent, Bishop Harper's diocese was to consist of “all that portion of the Middle Island of New Zealand which lies to the southward of . . . the northern boundary of the Canterbury settlement . . . and also the Southward Island of New Zealand, and the Auckland Islands, and all the adjacent islands lying to the south of latitude 43° 5' S.”

The mention of so many islands might at first suggest that the bishop would be constantly on the sea, and would need, like his friend Selwyn, a mission yacht. This impression, however, would be an erroneous one. The settlement upon the Auckland Islands had already been abandoned owing to the severity of the Antarctic climate, and the “Southward Island of New Zealand” (*i.e.*, Stewart Island) attracted little or no permanent population during the years in which it formed part of Bishop Harper's field of labour.

Putting aside its transmarine dependencies, however, the diocese was yet an extensive one. It included the whole of the provinces of

Canterbury and Otago, and the population was scattered along a stretch of country which extended from the Hurunui to Jacob's River. Outside the comparatively small area about Christchurch which (as described in the last chapter) had been mapped out into parishes and provided with clergy, the whole of the inhabited portions of the two provinces went to form the bishop's mission-field. Of course Otago was by no means destitute of religious ordinances. It was as strongly Presbyterian as Canterbury was Anglican, perhaps even more so. But outside Dunedin and one or two smaller centres the country was cut up into large runs, similar to those in South Canterbury; and many of the run-holders, as well as a certain proportion of the townspeople, belonged to the Church of England. These were the scattered sheep of the bishop's flock, and he endeavoured to visit them all. There was one Anglican clergyman (the Rev. J. A. Fenton) already in Otago, but his ministrations were of course confined almost entirely to Dunedin.

It was on July 29th, 1857, that the bishop set off on his first southern visitation. He was mounted on a strawberry-roan horse, "Dick," which had been given him by Bishop Selwyn, who had bought the animal from an Otago settler, Mr. John Jones, and had left him in charge of the Maoris at Moeraki. Earlier in the year the bishop's eldest son had travelled down to Moeraki for the horse, and had thus gained some knowledge

of South Canterbury and North Otago. He now accompanied his father and led a packhorse for the conveyance of clothes, books, vestments and communion-plate. The pack-horse was not very good, and was destined to give them some trouble later on. The other horses were of good quality, "Dick" especially being a powerful weight-carrier. But he had two faults. One was that whenever he got loose anywhere he made off at once for the farm in Otago where he had been reared; the other was that he proved to be no swimmer, and objected to the crossing of rivers.

The travellers were furnished with a telescope and pocket compass. These were prime necessities when the road came to an end a few miles out of town. The scene is thus described by Canon Stack, who traversed it with the bishop two years later.

"Looking southwards an apparently boundless plain stretched away from our feet as level as the sea—of one uniform colour and with one uniform covering of yellow tussock grass. There was nothing between us and the distant horizon to mark the direction in which we had to go, nothing to prevent our straying miles and miles out of our way to the right or to the left of the station we were bound for, or to prevent our missing it altogether. The relative position of the Port Hills to the eastward and of the snowy ranges to the westward for a time afforded a vague clue to our position, but without a compass and a knowledge of the bearings

from the starting point, it would have been hopeless to attempt, without a guide, to find any house on the plains that was not in sight from the start, and it was no uncommon thing for travellers to find, after walking or riding all day long, that they were back at night to the very spot from which they set out in the morning. Several lives had been lost in this way. After days of aimless wandering the bewildered wayfarer, overcome by thirst and fatigue, had sunk down in the grass and died."

No such mischances, however, befell the bishop's little party in this region. He followed approximately the line of the present main Southern Railway, visiting the few settlers on the way. The rivers were not high, and were forded without much difficulty. After leaving Mr. Rhodes' Levels Station they made for the seabeach, and struck it at a spot where there was one solitary hut. That hut marked the site of what is now the flourishing town of Timaru, with its capacious artificial harbour, and its towers and spires looking down from the hills above. Strange to think that the younger of the two horsemen who then pursued their solitary way down the coast should have lived to be the chief instrument in building the noble St. Mary's church and bringing it to completion half a century later.

After crossing the broad stream of the Wai-taki, the undulating country of North Otago was reached. The town of Oamaru was not then in existence, but Papakaio, some ten miles off,

was a notable meeting-place of Churchmen. From miles around they would gather each Saturday at Mr. Filleul's homestead and discuss the many subjects connected with sheep-farming. On Sunday morning the Church service was read and, after a good dinner, the visitors would disperse to their distant stations. One can imagine the welcome which the bishop would receive from these loyal-hearted men, and especially from Mr. Filleul himself. A Sunday was spent here, and the Holy Communion administered.

At Moeraki the Maori pah was visited, and from this point onwards the country was quite new to both the travellers. All went well, however, till they left behind them the little settlement of Waikouaiti, with the hospitable Cherry Farm where Mr. Jones' flourishing flocks and herds showed the well-established prosperity of the old whaler. From this point onwards to Dunedin the country was exceedingly rough and difficult. There was no road and nothing but a very faint track marked the way up the long sharp ridge to the summit of what was then called the Snowy Mountain, but now Flagstaff Hill. The height is 2,200 feet, and the descent on the Dunedin side was a rocky slope, with patches of bush and occasional drifts of snow. Scrambling down the steep rocks the pack-horse fell and lamed himself. This accident made further progress slow, and the short winter daylight came to an end long before any house was reached. There was

nothing for it but to scramble on in the dark as well as might be, but at last the travellers found themselves entangled in a piece of bush, out of which they could find no way at all. Leaving his father and the horses in the bush, Mr. Henry Harper forced his way through the trees on foot, and at last reached a garden fence. This was hopeful, and when, presently, in answer to his knock, a friendly voice addressed him on the verandah, it turned out that he could not have come to a better place. The owner of the voice and of the house was Mr. Cheetham Strode, Resident Magistrate of Dunedin and leading member of the English Church. In a few minutes a rescue party set out with lanterns, the bishop and the horses were found, and the adventures of the way were soon being recounted before a blazing fire. In such fashion did Bishop Harper make his first episcopal entry into the second city of his diocese.

The journey from Christchurch had occupied eighteen days, and they had been days of almost continuous fatigue. But the day of the arrival was a Saturday (August 15th), and there was no time for rest. On the Sunday the bishop preached morning and evening in Mr. Strode's Court-house, which served as a church for the English congregation. On the following Thursday a meeting of Church members was held, at which an address of welcome was read, and on the next day a special meeting of Church officers to organize the finances and to arrange

other matters of detail. The bishop was well satisfied with the state of the Church under Mr. Fenton's care. The Presbyterian authorities were not very cordial, but the bishop was well received by the principal laity, and his visits laid the foundation for that feeling of affection with which he was ever afterwards received in Otago.

Ten days were thus occupied in busy pastoral labours, and in the meantime the bishop's son was preparing for the further journey southward. The pack-horse was much too lame to be taken further, and it seemed impossible to procure another. At last one was bought from a farmer in the neighbourhood for the sum of £58. The price was high, but the horse was a far better one than the animal left behind, and there was reason afterwards to be thankful for the change. On the 26th the bishop preached at Tokomairiro (Now Milton), where a faithful lay-reader, Mr. Dewe, held regular services. The Molyneux or Clutha River, whose swift current brings down to the sea the waters of Wanaka and Hawea Lakes, was not too high for fording, and the travellers now found themselves in a country different from any they had seen as yet. The track wound in and out among hills all much like each other and separated by numberless creeks hidden beneath high grass. The bottoms of these were soft and treacherous, so that horses were in danger of being bogged. No mishaps, however, occurred, and the travellers found themselves in due course at a

stockman's hut near the bank of the Mataura River. This hut occurs more than once in the narrative of the bishop's journeys, and it may be well to mention that it was situated near where the town of Gore now stands, the place being then known as Tukurau.

The river Mataura is not an easy one to cross, as the bishop was afterwards to find out, and the stockmen at Tukurau warned him not to try to cross it nor attempt the direct route across the Southland Plain. By their advice he turned down the left bank of the river and reached the station of Mr. Menzies, who gave the travellers a night's lodging. At this house they were joined by Mr. Pinkerton, a stock inspector, who was on his way to the Bluff to examine some sheep just landed there. Being an Australian of long experience, he naturally took the lead, and proved a most valuable ally.

Early next morning the travellers set out. Their course still lay down the river till near its mouth they reached the small Maori village of Toe-toe. The Maoris ferried the three men over in their canoes—the horses swimming behind—and then left them to make their way along the beach to the Bluff. The distance was about 22 miles, and they might reasonably expect to reach their destination before dark. On their left was the sea, and on their right the forest extended for some distance. After a few miles, however, the bush disappeared, and the waters of the Waituna Lagoon opened out in the landward direction.

Those who are acquainted with the lagoons on the New Zealand coast are well aware that although they have no regular outlet, their pent-up waters sometimes burst through the barrier which the ocean waves have raised, and rush to the sea with a swift and powerful current. This is what the Waituna Lagoon had just done, and about noon the travellers found themselves in a *cul-de-sac*,—on the left hand was the sea, on the right the lagoon, and in front the raging torrent. What was to be done? This was the question which they asked themselves anxiously, as they lunched on the provisions which they had brought with them from their last night's stopping-place.

The resourcefulness of Mr. Pinkerton here stood them in good stead. During the afternoon he and Mr. H. Harper undressed and explored the lagoon. They found the water nowhere more than breast-high, but the bottom was too soft for horses. He therefore counselled that they should turn their horses loose, "plant" the baggage as best they could, and make their way on foot through the lagoon towards the Bluff. This seemed the only feasible plan, and they resolved to carry it out next day. After a scanty supper on the remainder of their provisions, the travellers lay down on the beach, and spent the night under the frosty stars.

Next morning they embarked on their adventurous journey. After prayers, but with no breakfast, they stood on the edge of the

lagoon in line behind one another, and disrobed. Their clothes were tied round their necks—the bishop's apron and gaiters being thus brought into the close neighbourhood of his tall episcopal hat. Then they began their watery march, the Australian leading the way, the bishop following, and his son last. Keeping well out in the lagoon so as to be clear of the current, they circled round for more than half a mile, and at last stood safely on the beach again. Still keeping their exact order, they waited for the sun to dry their bodies, then dressed themselves and prepared for the walk of eleven miles which lay before them.

Their worst trouble was thirst. They had had nothing to drink the day before except the contents of one flask of weak brandy and water, nor was there any water to be found anywhere along their line of march. They spoke not a word to one another, but plodded on under the hot sun over the sand and stones of the unsheltered coast. Every hour they lay down for a few minutes, but their strength grew less and less. Their tongues swelled and protruded from their mouths. At one point they found a deserted hut. It contained firewood and dry manuka tea, but no water. Evening had set in when at last they descried the ferryman's cottage at Tewaewae Point. The ferryman saw their plight and shouted to his Maori wife to make tea for them, but in the meantime pointed to a pool which he said was fresh. In an instant the three men were on their knees, cooling their

tongues in the water, and swallowing it with their parched throats. But the strain was too much for the bishop even with his iron constitution. For some time he lay sick and dizzy on the ground. Did his memory travel then to the green playing-fields of Eton, or to the beautiful home at Mortimer? Did he ask himself whether he had done wisely to leave England's comforts after all? If such a thought presented itself, it was quickly put away, and he never spoke of this incident even to his own family.

The travellers were soon seated at the ferryman's table, though even their famished appetites could not adapt themselves to the oily stew of mutton-birds which formed the principal dish. After crossing the harbour mouth they were hospitably entertained by Captain Ellis at the Bluff. Here they parted with regret from their good friend Pinkerton, who undertook to return by the same way so as to recover the horses and the baggage. This he did, and sent them round by the Maoris to be ready for their owners at a given point on the return journey.

Next day the Bishop and his son arrived at Invercargill. Of course they had no horses, nor any clothes except those they stood up in. The people of Invercargill provided fresh horses and did their best to supply their other wants, but the town was a very small one then—about twenty tiny houses—and the accommodation was somewhat limited. The one hotel was a building with four walls and a thatched roof.

The middle portion served as a general room, and on each side were two small bedrooms. The space above these was left open to the thatch and was filled with sacks of potatoes and other goods. The bishop and his son were both put into one of these bedrooms, as the hostelry was full in every part. During the evening two late-comers arrived. One of them was given a shakedown among the potatoes above the bishop's room, the other—an Irishman—slept on a settee beneath. In the middle of the night a frightful commotion was heard. The sleeper above rolled off his perch and fell plump on the Irishman below, who loudly declared he had done it on purpose, and was only pacified with great difficulty by the landlord.

In this district the bishop stayed for upwards of a fortnight, going as far as Jacob's River, where was a large settlement of Maoris and whalers. A church had been built here under the direction of Bishop Selwyn in 1843. This village was the end of the bishop's long journey, and was about four hundred miles from Christchurch.

From Invercargill the return journey lay across the Southland Plain. Unlike the plains of Canterbury, it presented a series of swamps, diversified with pools of water and with patches of bush. The ground was largely covered with sharp-spiked "Spaniards," and the track was not easy to follow. But the travellers had the help of a mailman's guidance, and reached the half-way settler's house in safety. Here they

were snowed in for a day and a half. When the weather cleared their host conducted them to within a short distance of the Mataura, but had to leave them there in order to search for his sheep, buried in the snow-drifts. A hut was being built at this point, and the long-lost horses and baggage were awaiting them. Mounted once more on their own beasts, and primed with careful instructions from their parting guide, they picked their way successfully through the flax-covered swamp, and soon emerged on the bank of the broad and swift-flowing river. The instructions given to Mr. H. Harper were to proceed up stream for some distance in the shallow water before attempting to cross, but the bishop had not heard the exact description of the crossing-place, and thinking he recognised the landmarks on the opposite bank, turned into the stream too soon. No sooner did his horse lose his foothold of the rocky ledge, which had been his support thus far, than he plunged forward and carried his rider under water. The son who was behind, seeing his father's hat floating down the stream, left his horse, struck out to his father's assistance, and together they faced the foaming flood. The Eton swimming exercises now stood them in good stead. Though carried down some distance by the current they at last succeeded in reaching the opposite bank. But this was steep and rocky, and it took all their strength to raise themselves by hands and arms on to a rock, weighed down as they were by the water in

their clothes and boots. However, they had crossed the stream, and fortunately the horses had crossed it too, although they had landed on a little island further down and were not recovered without much difficulty. Dripping and exhausted, the Bishop and his son found refuge in the hut at Tutura, and sat for a day and a half wrapped in red blankets while their clothes were gradually dried before the stockmen's fire.

Even now their difficulties were not over, for the Clutha was hard to cross, and they would have been benighted in a swamp on the other side if the barking of a dog had not guided them to a friendly house. But they reached Dunedin in due course, and found the pack-horse able to travel. After a few days' rest they prepared for the long ride home. The bishop's friend, "Johnny Jones," insisted on escorting them over the Snowy Mountain, which he said was more difficult to cross from the Dunedin side. It was well that they had his assistance, for the passage was no easy matter. The morning was fine when they started, but on the summit a heavy snowstorm enveloped them, and quickly obliterated all the landmarks. Glad, indeed, were they then of the old whaler's knowledge of the country and of the abundant stock of provisions which he produced from his baskets, as they sheltered beneath a rock waiting for the snow to cease. It ceased in time, but rain came on instead, and in the swirling clouds it was hard to identify the ridge which led to their

destination. No mistake was made, however, and after some hours the travellers found themselves, soaking and fatigued, at the hospitable Cherry Farm. From this point onwards their journey was unmarked by special incident. They followed their old route northward, driving the two pack-horses before them.

On a fine spring evening in the October of that year, a group of clergy and laity were standing on the bank of the Avon, outside the old St. Michael's parsonage. They included the Revs. Jacobs, Wilson, and Willock, and they lingered to interchange a few last words on some matter of diocesan business which they had met to discuss. As their gaze travelled westward they became aware of the approach of two horsemen, driving two other horses before them. As the strangers drew nearer, the hat of one of them marked him out as the bishop. His clothes were in a lamentable state of dilapidation, and were secured to his person by strips of flax. As to the younger man, all that need be said is that his clothes were not those which he had brought with him from Oxford. But both were well and hearty after their two months and a half of travel, and warm was the welcome they received from the group at St. Michael's gate.

The newspaper interviewer was not an enterprising person in those days, and all he could elicit from the bishop and his son was that the weather had not been very favourable, but that

the journey had been accomplished without encountering any extraordinary difficulties! We may be sure, however, that the Bishop's real feelings were those which he generally expressed thus in his diary after his arrival at home:—

“Deo Optimo Maximo sint gratiae per Jesum Dominum nostrum.”

CHAPTER VII.

TRAVEL AND ITS INCIDENTS.

“In journeyings often, in perils of rivers, . . . in perils in the wilderness.”—St. Paul.

By the end of his first year the bishop had visited well-nigh the whole of the inhabited portion of his diocese and had also journeyed to Auckland for the Conference which will be described in a subsequent chapter. He was now fairly inured to the hardships of his work; he had compiled a note-book full of valuable data as to distances and directions, tracks and fords, and he had made the acquaintance of the chief settlers along his lines of route. On his first journey his English politeness and inborn modesty had made it really difficult for him to walk up to a strange house expecting hospitality. Now he was sure of welcome, and the old hesitation no longer troubled him.

During the next ten years (1858-1867) the travelling increased in amount as new districts were opened up, and though it became gradually less difficult, it still afforded plenty of scope for incident and adventure. The heavily timbered Banks Peninsula presented many an obstacle to the wayfarer.

His first visits to the Bays were made on foot. On one occasion he was accompanied by Arch-deacon Mathias, and after a long trudge they

arrived at Wairewa (Little River). Here they were hospitably received by the Maoris, and in the guest-chamber the bishop enjoyed his usual sound sleep. Not so, however, his companion, who appeared next morning with rueful face, and confessed that he had passed a very restless night. "In fact, I could not sleep at all," said the Archdeacon, "my pillow seemed always cold, and was never easy." Upon investigation it was found that the pillow was indeed little likely to induce refreshing slumbers, for its stuffing consisted of live eels.

At a somewhat later date the Bishop was riding round the northern bays with a young clergyman (afterwards Archdeacon Lingard). They arrived at the foot of a hill so steep that it seemed impossible to climb.

"What are we to do, my lord?"

"Do as I do," said the Bishop. Thereupon he dismounted, put his horse to the hill, and grabbed his tail tightly. Up went the experienced animal, over the logs and tree-stumps; the bishop held on behind, and the difficulty was soon overcome. What would his English friends have said if they could have seen their old vicar engaged in such an acrobatic feat?

Something untoward, indeed, generally happened in this difficult though beautiful portion of the diocese. In 1858 it was constant rain on shore and contrary winds at sea; in 1859 it was a bush fire. In 1860 it was the snow. Some extracts from his diary will illustrate this and similar journeys.

“July 10th, 1860, Tuesday.—Fine day. Left Christchurch 10 a.m. Arrived at Governor’s Bay 1.15. Called on Mr. Potts. Arrived at Purau 4 p.m. Called on Mr. Rhodes. Went on to Mr. Wood’s and remained for the night. Evening prayer—‘Palsied Man.’

July 11th, Wednesday.—Fine day. Rode on to Port Levi from 9.15. Monument 11.30. Mr. Cholmondeley’s 12.15. Evening prayer—‘Samaritan Woman.’

July 12th, Thursday.—Fine: wind from north-west. Left Port Levi with Mr. C. Cholmondeley 10.5. Arrived at Anderson’s, 4.15. Snow on Mt. Herbert. Messrs. Anderson and Parsons had come eight or nine miles the previous night in search of me, supposing that I had been lost.

July 13th, Friday.—Dull: inclining to rain. Rain towards evening. Left Anderson’s 10. Arrived at Akaroa 11.30. Visited candidates for confirmation.

July 14th, Saturday.—Heavy rain. No moving from the house—Mr. Aylmer’s.

July 15th, Sunday.—Heavy rain. Service in the house.

July 16th, Monday.—Slight showers. Confirmation of seven candidates.

July 17th, Tuesday.—Tolerably fine. Left for Okain’s Bay, 10. Met on the top of the hill Mr. Torlesse. He returned with me. Rough riding—trees broken down by snow. Bridge destroyed in the entrance of Bay. Arrived at his house about 3.

July 18th, Wednesday.—Fine: occasional showers. Examined the school, especially the two upper classes. About 27 children present. Evening service in the chapel school. Preached on the ‘Parable of the Prodigal Son.’ People attentive. About 40 persons present.

July 19th, Thursday.—Wet morning. Had intended going to Akaloa on foot. Prevented by weather. Cleared up towards noon. Visited the reserve for churchyard, and promised to consecrate a part of it if enclosed.

July 20th, Friday.—Left Okain’s Bay with Mr. Torlesse, 9.20. Arrived at Anderson’s, 1 p.m. Dined, and on to Pigeon Bay. Road shocking. Reached Mr. Sinclair’s, by descending into the tide, about 5. Evening service—‘I am the vine.’

July 21st, Saturday.—Fine. Left Mr. Sinclair's, 9.30. Arrived at the top of the hill 12.15, at Mr. Fleming's 1, at Mr. Cholmondeley's 1.45.

July 22nd, Sunday.—Very wet. Morning service in the house. Family present with two others.—'I am the vine.' Evening service—'The Prodigal Son.'

July 23rd, Monday.—Snow, hail, and rain. Bound to the house. Evening prayer—St. John xi., first part.

July 24th, Tuesday.—Fine, with occasional showers. Left about 10. Arrived at Mr. Wood's 1.15, through heavy snow on the hills and in the bush. Lunched, and on to Governor's Bay. Snow partially melted. Mountain torrents full and noisy. At Governor's Bay 4 p.m. Snow thicker on the ground, increasing in quantity on the ascent. Heavy drift on the descent. Path not easy to find. Arrived, however, safe at home, 7.30. All well at home. *Deo Optimo Maximo sint gratiae per Jesum Dominum nostrum.*"

With this crossing of Dyer's Pass in the snow may be compared an earlier experience, when the bishop lost his way on the same hills and spent a whole Sunday morning struggling through the bush. It was Quinquagesima Sunday, 1858, when he left home to take a service at Governor's Bay. This is his account of the day:—

To Hoon Hay with L. Left home at 8.15, arrived at Hoon Hay 9.15. Rode up the hill: arrived at the summit about 10.15. Lost our way through the misdirection of a sawyer, and got entangled in the bush. Emerged on a ledge of rock, thickly covered with herbage, about 11.40; and having tethered our horses there, descended by steep gullies to Parsons'. Arrived there a quarter before 1. By 1 the family had returned from the temporary place of worship. Had evening service at the Parsons'. Present, the family and four others. Drank tea, ascended the hill in about an hour. Arrived at Mr. Cridland's 7 p.m. Home at 9.

North Canterbury presented fewer obstacles than the Peninsula; but there were rivers which were not always fordable and tracks which could not always be found. The following extract will show the conditions of travel in weather which was not too good:—

Northern visitation.—April 10th, 1858, Saturday.—Started for Kaiapoi and on my northern visitation. Arrived at Kaiapoi 5 p.m. Mr. A. Blakiston's. Evening prayer. The Rev. W. W. Willock subscribed the Declaration and took the oaths, and was licensed by me to the district of Papanui and Kaiapoi.

April 11th, Low Sunday.—Very wet south-wester. No service in church. Confirmation delayed. Service at Mr. Blakiston's. Present, four people.

April 12th, Monday.—Morning prayer. Saw Mr. Willock. Arrived at Rangiora 5 p.m. Evening service. Present, four people.

April 13th, Tuesday.—Left for Fernside. Dined there, and rode on with Mr. H. Torlesse across the Moeraki Downs to the Cust Valley. Crossed the Cust with some difficulty, and arrived at Mr. Higgins', Cust Valley, about 6 p.m. Evening prayer.

April 14th, Wednesday.—Two baptisms. Dined at Mr. Sanderson's. Arrived at Mr. Cookson's 3.30. Mr. Cookson absent. Drank tea in the sawyers' hut. Slept at Mr. Cookson's. Evening prayers.

April 15th, Thursday.—Started at 10. Visited T. Marsh, junr. Rode on to Captain Milton's and dined there. Returned partly by the same route, and arrived at Mr. White's. Service. Present, Mr. W. and three servants.

April 16th, Friday.—Rode on with Mr. White to the end of his run. Called at Mr. Dixon's; dined, and on to Captain Rowe's. Full evening service—'Parable of the Talents.' Seven present.

April 17th, Saturday.—Morning prayer. Rode on to Mr. Chapman's. Mr. C. absent. Rode on to Mr. Torlesse's, Fernside. Evening prayer. Men present.

April 18th, Sunday.—Dick gone off. Went in with Mr. Torlesse to Rangiora (a funeral). Evening service at Rangiora—school house. Well attended. Baptism.

April 19th, Monday.—Baptism. Dick found. Rode on to Mount Grey station. Called on the Captain Brindon's—living under canvas. Crossed the Ashley without difficulty. Arrived at Mrs. O'Connell's about 5. Evening prayers.

April 20th, Tuesday.—Remained at Mrs. O'Connell's. Rode out with her up the bed of the Kowai. Evening prayers.

April 21st, 22nd, and 23rd.—South-wester. Shut up in house.

April 24th, Saturday.—Fine day. Left Mrs. O'Connell's at 9 a.m. Called at Mr. Douglas'. Dined and rode across the plain and over the downs to Messrs. Marchant's and Polhill's. No one at home. Crossed the Waipara, and arrived at Mr. Meldrum's (Teviotdale). Mr. M. arrived in the evening. Evening service.

April 25th, Sunday.—Service at 11—Litany; I. Peter ii., 11. Twelve persons present. Walk after dinner. Service in the evening—'Ten Talents.'

April 26th, Monday.—Fine day. Rode on with Mr. Meldrum. Parted company about two miles from Teviotdale, and over the Limestone Range to Mr. Caverhill's. Mr. C. and Mr. Templer absent. Service in the evening—'The Prodigal Son.' Well attended.

April 27th, Tuesday. Baptism. Rode on with George, a half-caste, over the hills in the direction of Mr. Moore's. Creeks impassable. Returned to Mr. Caverhill's. Evening service—'The evil spirit cast out.'

April 28th, Wednesday.—Returned to Mr. Meldrum's after a vain attempt to get to Mr. Moore's by following down one of the spurs of the Limestone Range. Hail and snow at intervals. Evening fine. Mr. D. only at home. Evening service.

April 29th, Thursday.—Fine day. Rode on from Teviotdale across the Waipara, crossing the stream three times before arriving on the plain. Arrived at Mr. Moore's about 1. Mr. M. absent. Mr. and Mrs. White, overseer. Remained the rest of the day. Evening prayer—'Lord's Prayer.'

April 30th, Friday.—Wet morning. Started about 1, and crossing the bed of the Waipara passed through the Weka Pass towards Mr. Mason's. Old house unoccupied. On six miles further to new house. Mr. Mason absent. Present, three men. Evening prayer—'Prodigal Son.' Wool and tarpaulin bed.

May 1st, Saturday.—Fine day. Rode on to Messrs. Walker's and Mallock's station (Heathstock). Found it after some slight aberrations from the track. Crossed the Waipara too soon. Luncheon, and on to Mr. Young's. Evening prayer—'Lesson of the day.'

May 2nd, Sunday.—Morning service (six present)—'Importunate Widow and Publican.' Rode on about 12 o'clock with Mr. Young, across hills under a south-wester to Mr. Douglas'. Arrived about 4, thoroughly wet. Evening prayer.

May 3rd, Monday.—South-wester, no rain. On across the Kowai and down the left bank. Across a creek to Leith's Kowai Accommodation House. Thence across Saltwater Creek—Cameron's Accommodation House. Thence across the Ashley to Mr. Raven's. Dined, and on to Kaiapoi. Called at Mr. Wylde's, and on home in company with Mr. H. overseer of roads. All well at home. D.G.'

But it was the great Southern tour that still constituted the chief hardship. In 1858 the Bishop started somewhat earlier than the year before, and again spent about two months and a half on the journey. He was accompanied by his son Leonard, and rode "Dick" as before. Spending his nights with Messrs. C. P. Cox at the Springs, Chapman at Rakaiia, Heyhurst, Gray and Scott, and McDonald at intervals further south, he reached Mr. Rhodes' Levels Station and held service there on the Sunday morning. Timaru had come into existence since the year before, and a congregation was

collected in Mr. Cane's woolshed. The hospitality of Messrs. Studholme, Teschemaker, and Filleul was enjoyed, and the name of Oamaru now appears, though it was not sufficiently important to call for a stop. At Moeraki and at Goodwood there were congregations, but the packmare met with an accident in the Shag River and had to be left behind. The Snowy Mountain was crossed without mishap, and the Bishop found much to cheer him in Dunedin. His old whaler-friend, Mr. J. Jones, offered to provide the stipend for an incumbent of Wai-kouaiti, and much generosity was evinced by the other churchmen of the city. After spending five days and holding a confirmation, the bishop proceeded south along his old route, the stopping places being Waiholo Lake, Tokomai-riro (now Milton), Mr. Maitland's at Clutha, and Mr. Rich's at Wairuna. On July 13th the travellers reached the hut at Tukurau, where the bishop had dried himself the year before after his escape from drowning in the Maitaura. This hut was now well filled, and the bishop slept with five other men—including a Maori—while over his head dangled the four quarters of a newly-slain bullock.

Invercargill was reached without difficulty this time, but the journey onward to Jacob's River (Riverton) was by no means easy. After several hours in a boat, which left at 5 o'clock on the dark winter morning, there followed some miles of rough walking through swamps and sandhills, finishing with eleven miles of

welcome hard sand. Returning two days later, the travellers were wet through long before they reached the boat, and when on board were pursued with hail and snow, both while they ran before the gale and while stranded on a sand-bank. Yet before leaving Jacob's River the Bishop had solemnised a marriage, and after nearly ten hours' travelling held an evening service at Invercargill.

The journey northward was unmarked by special incident until the Rangitata was crossed. At this point the bishop decided not to follow the direct route homewards, but to visit the stations along the foot of the hills. Somewhere between the Hinds and Alford Station the horses escaped and made off in a southerly direction. Mr. Kennaway who, with his partner, Mr. Delamaine, then lived at Alford, has given in his entertaining book "Crusts" the following description of the bishop's arrival there:—

Just about this time our part of the country saw what it had certainly never seen before—a real, actual, very bishop—the Bishop of Christchurch—step upon its soil. But he arrived very little as you would have supposed a bishop would come, and in very way-worn and sorry plight. He had been taking the first interior tour of his diocese; and on his way up from the extreme southern boundary had taken our station as a halting place on his route. But there had happened to his Lordship what will happen, in a new country, even to a bishop—he had lost his horse.

Now the grand up-country rule when you have lost your horse is a colonially-established maxim. It is this: 'Hump your saddle and look for him,' which being translated into "English" English means simply, "Lash your saddle to

your shoulders by the stirrup leathers, like a knapsack, and just tramp till you find him—or do not find him—as the case may be.” But when the bishop arrived, foot-sore, cold, and way-worn, and without his horse, we saw at a glance that it was one of those brilliant exceptions which establish a rule, and was clearly a case in which all standing orders must be immediately waived in his favour.

We at once offered the bishop a fresh horse for the morning, we prepared for him our best bunk, we heaped fresh wood upon the hearth, insinuated that a well-hung saddle of mutton (the delicate aroma of which already floated from an adjoining cooking hut) would shortly appear, and, above all, my enthusiastic friend, and amateur Soyer, prepared for his Right Reverence his most enticing and finished gravy.

The bishop rested by our fire-side, slept soundly that night under our thatch roof, and breakfasted next morning with an appetite that brooked no trifling. Our horses were running four miles off, but we stock-yarded them soon after sunrise, took out and saddled a steady hack, and, while the day was yet early, saw our guest on his way, fresh mounted, and heard his good-bye with regret.

Thus furnished the travellers reached Colonel Lean’s station at the Rakaia Gorge, and crossed the river beyond, but in order to return the borrowed horses and to search for the lost ones, Mr. L. Harper left his father at this point, and the Bishop made his way mostly on foot to the Malvern Hills.* It is touching to notice that after a solitary walk of eleven miles across a stoney plain to Mr. Aylmer’s, his subject for the evening service was, “Take no thought for the morrow.”

* The bishop, in conjunction with the late Sir Thomas Tancred, had taken up a station at the Malvern Hills, and one of his sons was installed there as manager.

The journey of the following year (1859) has found an admirable chronicler in Canon Stack, who, as a young candidate for ordination, accompanied the bishop. He tells us how, as they were cantering over a stretch of burnt tussock towards the Selwyn River, and steering their course by a particular snowy peak that rose a few inches above the south-western horizon, the bishop's horse suddenly fell forward and turned completely over on its back. The bishop was thrown violently upon his head, but was saved from injury by his tall hat, which was driven down to his shoulders. When at last his face was set free, his one entreaty was that "Dick" should be secured before he was off to Otago. This was not easy to do, but was at last effected through the help of a stockman who came up with timely aid.

A day or two later the Rakaia was reached and found to be rapidly rising. But the bishop resolved to cross—rather to the dismay of his companion who, as a novice, was warned not to look at the water lest he should turn giddy, but to keep his eye fixed on some stationary object on the opposite bank. This instruction was not superfluous, for "when we reached the middle of the stream (he writes) which was about 100 yards wide, and I felt the icy water lapping my thighs and the horse quivering under me with his efforts to breast the strong current, which threatened to carry us down the rapid I fully realised the perilousness of our position. "Dick," with his tail floating behind him, was

bravely leading the way, but so slowly that it seemed as if we were all planted in the river, and never likely to get out of it. When we did so at last it was only to find that we had still several other streams to cross. The last was the deepest and most dangerous, but we found the Government guide waiting on the bank to pilot us over."

The Rangitata was hardly less dangerous. The crossing place was just opposite Mount Peel, and was itself not easy to find. "The ford looked like a natural dam formed by rocks and boulders through which the roaring water poured with tremendous velocity. I had never encountered anything like it before. It was clear that anyone falling into the river there would certainly be drowned. No human being could get foothold on the slippery boulders, and swimming was out of the question, owing to the intense coldness of the water and the rapidity of the current." But the bishop plunged in, and as he surmounted boulder after boulder, his progress reminded his companion of the "motion of a small yacht in a choppy sea—now bow in the air, now stern." "Had I watched much longer" (he writes) "all my courage would have oozed away, so I plunged in after him and followed in his wake. The grunt of relief given by my horse on reaching the opposite bank showed that he was as glad to get out of the river as his rider."

The course of the narrative shows that Timaru was rising into importance, for seventy

worshippers gathered for worship at Mr. Le Cren's store, and Captain Woolcombe was administering justice in a tiny Courthouse. On the way south the travellers were nearly poisoned with some "tutu wine" made by their hostess, but recovered the use of their speech and limbs before their condition was noticed. At the Waitaki the bishop learned that the time was not a suitable one for a visitation of Otago, and resolved to return through Canterbury. Crossing the plain near Ashburton, he was suddenly overtaken by a violent south-west storm, which quickly obliterated every landmark. This way and that did the drenched wayfarers wander till the roar of the sea drove them back inland, and the course of a creek led them to the Ashburton River, which presented one wide stretch of muddy water sweeping bushes and trees along its surface. Forcing their unwilling horses into the stream, they crossed it safely, and after further wanderings presented themselves stiff and cold at Mr. Moorhouse's station, the lights of which were a welcome sight after the hours of weary search.

The bishop's appearance that night at evening prayers was hardly episcopal, or even clerical. His own clothes were drying before the fire, and his celluloid collar alone remained. "His feet were thrust into a huge pair of yellow lambskin slippers, and his neat nether garments had been exchanged for yellow cord riding breeches and grey worsted stockings. A white waistcoat had taken the place of his bishop's

apron, and a blue flannel jumper of his frock-coat." Before the station hands were called in his friends thought it desirable to cover him as far as possible with a rug and to allow him no more than a dim light to read by, but they found that when once the service had begun there was no danger of distraction, for his earnest manner and fatherly counsel left no room for thought about his external appearance.

After the New Year the time was propitious for the journey to Otago. "Dick" had escaped from the stable and travelled south on his own account; the bishop, therefore, went to Dunedin by water, and held a successful meeting of the Rural Deanery Board. Mr. Stack was again his travelling companion, and has many good stories to tell of the journey to Invercargill and Jacob's River. At one small and isolated homestead they were hospitably received with assurances that there would be no difficulty in accommodating them for the night. Yet the house seemed to consist of nothing but one long room, with an apartment boarded off at one end and a space curtained off at the other. The family included five young ladies besides the father and mother, and it was difficult to see where all were to sleep. After sitting up late retailing the news of the outer world, the travellers were shown into the curtained area, and found it to be fitted up with bunks round the walls. They occupied two of these, but the rest were not to remain empty, for when time had been allowed for tired

men to fall asleep, a head was stretched between the curtains, apparently listening to the travellers' breathing in order to make sure that they had reached the stage of unconsciousness. One of them was *not* asleep—was, in fact, awake enough to know that the young ladies crept in and lay down in the remaining bunks. On waking in the morning it was found that the fair sleepers had vanished without leaving a trace of their presence, and soon the two parties were meeting one another at breakfast, apparently quite unconscious of the occurrence of anything unusual.

At Invercargill the Presbyterian minister gave up the Courthouse to the bishop and brought his congregation to the service. The churchwarden was a churchman, but had been so long debarred from a liturgical service that he had forgotten where the collection came in. Mistaking the commandments for the offertory sentences, he produced a silver salver at this solemn moment, and began collecting money from the kneeling worshippers. Some of them rose from their places in their eagerness to deposit their coins, and the bishop was bound to desist from reading until the interruption was over.

At Jacob's River a request came from a settler some miles up the stream that the bishop would come up to baptise a delicate infant, and in spite of pouring rain, he started off, clad in yellow oilskins, a sou'wester tied under his chin, and a thick muffler wrapt round his neck.

When seated in the stern of the boat with the tiller in his hand, he looked (writes his companion) "like a jolly Deal pilot on a squally day." Unfortunately, the flood tide was so rough that the journey had to be abandoned.

The attempt to administer the sacred rites of the Church to the Maoris in this district led to some strange scenes. A number of infants and children were presented for baptism, and as far as the infants went there was no difficulty. It was when the turn came for the older children that trouble began. The mothers insisted on placing them in the bishop's arms, and he did not like to refuse. The last was a boy who was named Solomon. The mother was a small woman, and Solomon a big boy of eight. He wore nothing but a ragged shirt, and as he was held up ready to be handed over he slipped through his mother's arms and through his shirt as well. However, the poor woman was not to be beaten, and stooping down, she gave the child a desperate jerk, and Solomon was landed feet upwards in the bishop's arms.

Such a performance might seem to suggest that the Maoris had no very spiritual ideas of the faith they had embraced. But at least they had strict notions on the subject of the Sabbath. A few days later the travellers were informed by their hostess that her Maori man-servant had been greatly shocked at the bishop's conduct on his previous visit. The man had noticed that the bishop slipped out of the crowded little shanty before breakfast on Sunday

morning and retired into the bush. With the inquisitiveness of his race the Maori followed, and saw the bishop making good the loss of an important button which had disappeared from his nether garments. Thus, at the ends of the earth, Bishop Harper, of all men, was held to have violated the law of God by using a needle on Sunday.

Space will not suffer more than a reference to the service near the Maitara River, where a pet lamb rushed in among the congregation and began sucking a button of the episcopal gaiters, nor to the consecration of the church at Waikouaiti, which was built and endowed by the staunch whaler, Mr. John Jones. These incidents of travel and adventure may be concluded with the sketch which Canon Stack has given of the bishop's habitual bearing:—

“His kindliness of manner, his habitual cheerfulness, his fearlessness in positions of danger, his patient endurance of the endless discomforts to which he was subjected, but above all, his conscientious and methodical discharge of the duties of his sacred office filled me with the deepest respect for his character. I learnt during that period of close intimacy with him why it was that he was held in such universal respect throughout his diocese, and why a glad welcome greeted him in every house we entered.” This testimony might be supplemented by that of other travelling companions, but there is no need to quote them, for they all speak with the same voice.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BISHOP AND THE DIGGERS.

“Mountain hoary,
Winding shore and deepening glen,
Where the landscape in its glory
Teaches truth to wandering men.”

—*Keble.*

Five years before the time when Bishop Harper was relieved of the southern portion of his diocese, his field of work was suddenly enlarged on the west. During 1864 rumours of gold deposits beyond the Alps had been growing more numerous and more confident. Early in 1865 all doubts were set at rest, and thousands of adventurous diggers found their way to that hitherto unknown strand. They came from Otago, from Canterbury, and from Nelson; from Melbourne and from Tasmania; from California, and even from old England. In March the influx began, and soon the river-beds, the creeks, the beaches, and the terraces were alive with miners' camps. Canvas towns sprang up at Hokitika, Greymouth, and many smaller mining centres. The population soon numbered something between 30,000 and 50,000—all, or almost all, being strong and adventurous men in the very prime of life, of various nationalities and religions, and all excited by the maddening thirst for gold.

Here was a mission-field suddenly set down at the door of sober, slow-moving, respectable Canterbury. No two populations could be more unlike, nor could there well be a greater difference (in the same latitude) than existed between the climate, the vegetation, and the products of the countries which they occupied. The bishop was not without experience of work among miners, for in Central Otago he had addressed a large congregation of them in the open air during his tour of 1861, and had held services for them at Queenstown two years later. But he had never undertaken such a journey as that to the West Coast, nor had he ever dealt with such a population as was now to be found there. He was now over 60 years of age, and might well have sent some younger man to do the pioneering work. Notwithstanding all these considerations, he determined to go forth in person; and the rush had not long set in before he prepared to cross the ranges on a mission tour to this new world of adventure and excitement. Starting from the Malvern Hills station, with his youngest son, George, on September 1st, 1865, he followed, as far as it then reached, the excellent road which the Canterbury Provincial Council so promptly carried through. But beyond this stage there was nothing but the roughest of mountain tracks, and the travelling was made worse by incessant rain. Near the river Taipo he found an old Eton boy—Mr. E. Blake—in charge of a road-makers' camp. The weather was so bad

here that the travellers halted for a day. During this time a party of diggers arrived on the scene and demanded food, which was not to be had. Their behaviour was so violent that the bishop's words had little effect, and they were only restrained from rushing the hut by the sight of the engineer's revolver. Next day, however, the bishop was able to give these men an exhibition of practical Christianity by helping them across the river. For this purpose he crossed it some ten times with two diggers hanging on to his legs each time while he carried their swags on the saddle and round his shoulders. Some impressions of his journey were fortunately collected by one of his daughters-in-law upon his return, and were embodied by her in a letter to a sister in England. From this letter we give the following extract. Its vivid narrative will enable the reader to fill in for himself the meagre outlines of the bishop's diary, which shall be quoted later:

“October 13th, 1865,

Christchurch.

“I told you in my last letter that the Bishop was gone to the West Coast, and now I will tell you how he went, and what he found when he got there—and please remember he is Aunt E.'s father, and you will be surprised, I think, at his being able to go through so much. He and G. went together, or we should never have heard of his doings, for the Bishop seemed to make nothing of them; we heard the chief report from G.

“They started riding from the Malvern Hills, and, as is generally the case, had bad weather every day going over. Eighteen miles of the road is worse than you can possibly imagine without seeing it. Supposing there was no mud on

the road, it would be like riding up and down stairs over roots and fallen trunks of trees, deep holes and boulder stones; but imagine over this soft mud never below the horse's knees and sometimes over them, and all this through bush. It sounds pleasant, does it not? Well, at the end of a day like this, rain continuing the while, they would have to sleep on the ground in a tent, with perhaps some dozen of diggers in a terrible state of intoxication, no means of changing their clothes, which were wet through, and nothing to be got to eat but bacon and biscuits. Once, while wading through the mud, the Bishop's horse stumbled and went over on its side (his leg under, of course), and the mud being soft the horse could not get up alone, nor could he; so they lay quite still, embedded in mud, as the Bishop says, 'very comfortable,' until G. came to their assistance.

"The rivers were very high, and one they had to cross and recross some ten times. His Lordship is described thus:—A digger's swag or pack round his episcopal shoulders, in the peculiar way they carry them, and the two owners thereof hanging on to his legs, thus being dragged across the river, and we believe he would be there still, acting ferryman, if G. had not been there to insist on his proceeding. They were about five or six days getting over, all this time wet through, and when they arrived at Hokitika, the Bishop must, I fancy, have presented a sportsmanlike appearance, from the episcopal gaiters having become the colour of the mud. His hat, which I have seen, was in a very elegant condition; he has offered it to me for my next riding hat. However, here he was able to obtain secular garments in which to array himself while his own were being dried.

"The town consists of one long street, the facings of the houses being pretty good, but often nothing behind but a miserable shanty, or a tent. He slept while here in a tent having a partition; the other half G. shared with a policeman. The only building large enough for service was a place called the Corinthian Hall—the theatre and general public building of the place. It is a large corrugated iron room used for every purpose. Behind him was the platform with the scenery used in the plays—before him a regular bar, with rows of bottles of various names and shapes. The congregation either standing or seated on boxes or barrels,

The service was announced the day before in the streets by two town criers: "O Yes! etc., etc.," both probably in the same state as the above-mentioned diggers, and trying to outvie each other in titles of honour to the Bishop—hoping to be rewarded accordingly.

"He describes the scenery there as being very beautiful. He went in a boat up one river which was actually unmolested by the hand of man in any way. They reached a small lake surrounded by hills covered by thick bush down to the water's edge—every beauty of which was reflected in the clear waters. Behind the low hills was a range of higher forest-covered hills, these over-topped by the back ranges of snowy mountains, and Mount Cook to crown the whole. It is so wonderful to think of so much grandeur and beauty waxing and waning with the seasons and no one there to admire it; and when they go there for that or any other purpose it will be spoilt.

"Well, they came back again with better weather, and from the point to which the coach goes, the Bishop came thereby. There were a number of discharged road-makers with £50 apiece coming down to spend it, and their idea of rough respect to 'his reverence' was amusing and touching. One proposed with an oath that anyone who swore should be fined sixpence. This was carried out, though their idea of oaths was a strange one. They met a man who was a digger, who having no money was walking down, and they were immediately for making a subscription to take him on in the coach. In the meanwhile they quarrelled so much that the coach went on without him. All this shows how much good there is left in men who seem so utterly hard and rough, does it not? The Bishop always says he likes the real diggers very much, and certainly some I have seen passing through are very fine men.

"From all accounts it seems Hokitika will become a permanent town. The telegraph is nearly finished over to it, and the road is in process of making. L. is bent on going over to visit his old haunts and see the old scene where he spouted Greek Testament to the waves for the sake of company—under a very different aspect. Such changes gold and a few years produce."

We now give the bishop's journal of this first West Coast tour:—

September 1, Friday.—From Malvern Hills to Otarama (Mt. Torlesse) Mr. Enys' station. South-west weather part of the way. A little snow at night and frost in the morning. 35 miles. Slept at Mr. Enys' station.

September 2nd, Saturday.—Fine day throughout. From Otarama to Grassmere, Mr. Hawdon's station.

September 3rd, Sunday.—Grassmere. Wet in the morning; fine in the afternoon. Evening service—Parables of the Importunate Widow, Pharisee and Publican.

September 4th, Monday.—From Grassmere. Fine throughout. To Mr. E. Jones'—junction of Bealey and Waimakariri, 12 miles. Dined at Jones', then on to Wright's camp. Arrived about 5 p.m., passing by Smith's camp.

September 5th, Tuesday.—Wet morning. Left Wright's camp about 11. Down the Otira Gorge, rough river bed, two miles per hour, thence through bush track. Arrived at Blake's camp, 5.30. Showery throughout. Slept in tent very comfortably—rained heavily during the night—strong wind towards morning.

September 6th, Wednesday.—Fine, with drying wind. In Blake's camp all day. The Taipo impassable.

September 7th, Thursday.—Doubtful all the morning; wet in the afternoon. From Blake's camp through bush, crossing the Teremakau and Taipo. Bush bad. Up and down hill through swampy ground. Arrived at McClintock's store—hospitably received and fed. Slept in bunk. Rained more or less all night.

September 8th, Friday.—From McClintock's to Hokitika, through bad bush road (7 miles) and across the Arapura 13 times, thence along road (sand) to Hokitika 5 miles. Wet all day, but not the worse for it—D.G. After changing clothes went out with Mr. Sale to look about the place.

September 10th, Sunday.—Hokitika. Morning service in Corinthian Hall. Preached Matt. xi. 16, &c. 'To whom shall I liken,' etc. Evening service at 7. 'What is your life?' (A good congregation).

September 11th, Monday.—Walked with G. to Kanieri. After luncheon went with Mr. Sale and G. in boat to lagoon. (River 6 miles, Lagoon 3 miles long, $2\frac{1}{2}$ broad).

September 12th, Tuesday.—(Baptisms, &c.) Church meeting at the Café de Paris. Subscriptions £84 8s 6d.

September 13th, Wednesday.—Called on Mr. G. Harper, Wesleyan minister.

September 17th, Sunday.—Corinthian Hall—Morning service—‘Unforgiving servant.’ Holy Communion in Court-house, 17 communicants. Evening service—‘Parable of the Talents.’

September 18th, Monday.—From Hokitika to McClintock’s. Arrived 6.30 after desperate ride and floundering through bush. The Arahura lower than when we came over.

September 19th, Tuesday.—From McClintock’s to the Terrace (Alexandra), crossing the Waimea, Rangiriri, Taipo, Teremakau. Bush track wretched. Rivers low. Lunched at the Taipo. No eatables at the Terrace excepting those kindly furnished by Messrs. Preston and Bradley. Slept on a wooden gridiron.

September 20th, Wednesday.—From the Teremakau to the junction of the Waimakariri and Bealey. Road good—especially in the Otira Gorge. (Slept in Jones’ tent).

September 21st, Thursday.—From junction of Bealey and Waimakariri to Christchurch by coach. Started 5 a.m. At Christchurch 9.30 p.m. G. returned with horses to Malvern Hills.

In 1866 the bishop spent nearly three months on the coast (June 9th to August 23rd). The Bishop of Nelson (Dr. Hobhouse) being prevented by illness from visiting that portion of Westland which lay within his diocese, Bishop Harper undertook the oversight of the Grey Valley, in addition to the southern gold-fields. But his headquarters were again at Hokitika, and here he carried on diligent

pastoral work. Though not musical, he superintended the choir practices, and alludes with satisfaction to the first attempt at chanting. He worked hard at the preparatory steps towards the erection of a permanent church and parsonage. The Courthouse and the Corinthian Hall were very well in their way, but when the sound of a cork drawn behind the bar broke in upon the quiet of the service, the result was not altogether favourable. After many efforts an influential committee was formed, and before the bishop left Hokitika the immediate building of both church and parsonage-house had been undertaken. In July the mining community was shocked at the report of a horrible murder committed by a gang of bushrangers near Greymouth. The victim, George Dobson, who belonged to a well-known Christchurch family, was a young surveyor, and was mistaken for the gold-collector of the district. The bishop was busy with his Saturday night's preparation when the news arrived. Sunday morning was wet, but he set off on horseback at 8.30, and fording the rivers Arahura and Teremakau, arrived at Greymouth soon after mid-day. He officiated at the funeral, which took place in the afternoon two miles from Greymouth. He then conducted evening service in the town, preaching from the appropriate text, "What is your life?" On the next day he rode back to Hokitika under continuous rain, and was compelled to swim the rivers, now too high for his horse to ford.

On his way home he experienced both the pleasures and the trials of travelling by coach. Starting at 3 a.m. on a beautiful morning, with no other passengers, he reached the Cass at 5 p.m. Next morning, however, the vehicle broke down at 5.30, just after starting. He reached Castle Hill by 10.30, but was compelled to stay there for the rest of that day and for the greater part of the day following. He did not arrive at Bishopscourt till 2 o'clock on the morning of the fourth day, and recorded the close of this long absence from home with the emphatic words—*Deo Opt. Max. gratiae*.

In 1869 he extended his travels as far as Ross, boating thither from Hokitika by way of the Mahinapua Lake and the Totara Lagoon. He had appointed his eldest son to the cure of Hokitika, and the Church had acquired a strong position in the affection of the miners. Writing from this town in 1870 to a relative in England, the Bishop describes the various social gatherings which always formed a great feature of his visits:—

As the Sunday on which I attended the church was regarded as a high day, the services were intoned and conducted, both by minister and choir, in a manner which would have surprised a stranger suddenly arriving at this distant corner of the world, and what is more, the congregation seemed to go heartily with it, without any apprehension of being entrapped into popery. . . .

We had a great tea-fight or soirée, at which nearly 800 persons were present, avowedly in honour of my visit, but in reality, as a token of the respect and affection in which he (the Archdeacon) is held.



BISHOP SELWYN. *

I spent four days, last Sunday included, at Ross. I held a confirmation there: the candidates chiefly males above the age of 20, and of course was welcomed at another soiree, very nicely conducted, and where all things went off most harmoniously, though the company was composed of all religious denominations, Jews included.

In 1873 the bishop (now Primate of New Zealand, and so having some responsibility for other dioceses than his own) combined his West Coast tour with one through the provinces of Nelson and Marlborough. He was now in his seventieth year, but cheerfully undertook a rough journey through the mountainous region between the Hurunui River and the north of the island. After visiting Greta Peaks and other stations in North Canterbury, he entered the Nelson Diocese, travelled over the Whale's Back, and crossed the Conway during the course of a ten hour's ride. At Kaikoura he laid the foundation-pile of a church, and confirmed seventeen candidates; visited Flaxbourne and Starborough, and, crossing the Awatere River, arrived at Blenheim. Proceeding to Nelson, whose bishop was absent from the colony, he held a Synod there, took part in a Maori *korero* at Motueka, and officiated in many of the churches both in town and country; then travelled by steamer to Westport, Greymouth, and Hokitika, and after the usual services and monster tea gatherings in the mining townships of his own diocese, returned to Christchurch by the overland route.

Nearly every year saw the aged bishop on the West Coast. Nowhere, in fact, was he more popular than among the warm-hearted diggers. In 1877 he was accompanied by his son, the Archdeacon, who had now left Hokitika for Timaru. They received a perfect ovation as they drove up Revell Street. Though they had been on the road since 5 in the morning, there was no time for rest; the bell was already ringing for evening service as the coach drew up at its destination, and the church was filled with worshippers eager to see and hear their bishop and their first pastor. In spite of his long and fatiguing journey, the bishop was up next morning at 6 o'clock, his usual hour, and took a turn on the beach before breakfast.² A few days later he conducted Sunday services at Stafford and at Goldsborough, then driving on to the new Kumara goldfield, he held a confirmation in the Theatre, in the presence of 500 people.

Westland is not now what it was in the palmy days of the diggings. The population has greatly decreased; the old exuberant life has largely died away. It may interest some West Coast settlers to know that the bishop held such a high opinion of its attractions that he looked forward to a permanent population of well-to-do people who should live there simply for the pleasure of enjoying its scenery and climate.

"There is a balmy atmosphere on this side which will attract those who have means to

² I owe this fact to the Rev. Canon Pascoe.

support their families, and though the soil is apparently little better than that you might expect at the bottom of the ocean which washes these shores—and at one time, before the growth of its exuberant vegetation and forest, must have been like it (that is, a soil composed of small and large boulder stones, grit, and sand, with something like clay but so adhesive that the miners call it ‘concrete’), really beautiful gardens with flowers, vegetables, fruit-trees, and choice shrubs may be found here, under the hand of some industrious labourer. How it is managed I can hardly say. There must be a certain deposit of vegetable matter from the dense forests and shrubs—though all appear to be evergreens—and if there are worms in it, as I suppose there are, they must be making some good soil adapted to cultivation, according to Darwin.’”

But, whatever the future of this interesting country may be, it is safe to predict that as long as any representatives of the first generation of its diggers and settlers remain, the memory of the pioneer bishop will be held in warm and grateful remembrance.

³ Letter written from Hokitika, February 8th, 1887.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BISHOP IN COUNCIL.

“Men of the greatest gifts and the most exalted piety have tried to reform mankind by their own spiritual energy and individual zeal; but their work too often died with themselves, because it built up no system to endure to future generations.”

“Synodical action is not, as some suppose, a vain attempt to supply by material organisation, the defects of inward life; but it is the result of a conviction, founded upon the records of the Apostolic Church, that the inward life must not be separated in practice from the external unity of the body of Christ.”

—*Bishop Selwyn*

Natural and indeed inevitable as church government through synod and committee appears to us at the present day, it was by no means so clear to the minds of churchmen half a century ago. Bishop Harper arrived in New Zealand at a time when the status and constitution of the colonial Church were still quite undefined. No leading principle had as yet emerged. Was the Imperial Government to exercise ecclesiastical authority in New Zealand, as it was doing in the crown colonies, and as it had already done to some extent in Australia? Or was the task to be committed to the local legislatures which these colonies now possessed? Or, on the other hand, was the Church to be freed from Government control altogether? If so, how was it to govern itself so as to secure the exercise of discipline and the safe tenure

of its property? These and other questions were pressing for an answer; nor was the right answer easy to discover. Bishops were selected by the Colonial Office and sent out from Home apparently possessed of absolute powers; yet in practice these powers were found to be inoperative, or at best uncertain. The colonial Churches went on their way without any serious trouble, simply because they ran in a groove worn deep by the custom of centuries. But the groove was becoming irksome. There was really nothing whatever to prevent freedom of action, except ingrained conservatism and the dread of the unknown. Yet these forces were strong—too strong to be overcome except gradually and under the steady pressure of events. Nevertheless, the next twelve years saw an entire change in the situation. Phantom authorities were dispelled, real ones were created; false principles were repudiated, true principles were discovered; English common-sense, enlightened by Christian ideals, and guided by the study of antiquity, triumphed over legal fictions, ignorant prejudice and the alarm which is always roused by the prospect of anything new.

The master-mind to which the colonial Church in general, and that of New Zealand in particular, is indebted for this happy result was unquestionably that of Bishop Selwyn. With him statesmanship and constitution-building were almost a passion. The part played by Bishop Harper was distinctly secondary. But it was an important part nevertheless. In fact, much

of the success of Selwyn's system was due to the loyal and tactful way in which his colleague supported and applied it. It will not be necessary to occupy much of this biography with constitutional and synodical questions, but some explanation of the general position is necessary in order to show how Canterbury and its bishop modified the course of Church history in New Zealand.

Going back once more to Bishop Harper's Letters Patent, there is certainly no trace to be found in them of the uncertainty to which allusion has just been made. The law officers of the Crown had a fairly complete theory of the way in which the colonial Church was to be managed. The bishop was to have absolute power over his clergy as far as concerned their morals and behaviour, and this power he might exercise through a formidable hierarchy of officials—Archdeacons, Vicars-general, Official Principals and Rural Deans—whose appointment lay in his hands alone. He himself, however, was to be subject to the metropolitan jurisdiction of the Bishop of Sydney "in the same manner as the Bishops of Newcastle, Adelaide, Melbourne, and Tasmania are now subject thereto," and over all was to rest the general superintendence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom the ultimate appeal should lie. The scheme was symmetrical and comprehensive, but it belonged to cloudland. None of the authorities mentioned had any legal means of making himself obeyed. Representative

institutions had been granted to the colonies, and none of them had recognised or created any Church establishment. Consequently, the imposing array of ecclesiastical authorities was a mere phantom. No one could be compelled to obey the power to which he was supposed to be subject. The organisation of the colonial Churches had to be built up afresh on a democratic basis. "Voluntary compact" was the new principle which solved the difficulty. But its application was only beginning to be recognised, and that in a hesitating and cautious manner, when Bishop Harper arrived in New Zealand with his Letters Patent, which were already out of date when he stepped upon its shore.

The legal connection with England was never in fact a real one. The Home Government did not even try to make it a reality. A few years made the position so clear that in 1865 the New Zealand bishops petitioned the Crown to accept the surrender of their Letters Patent "now declared to be null and void." Nor was the connection with Australia any more real. Some religious bodies (*e.g.* the Wesleyans) have adopted the plan of one organisation for the whole of Australasia, but not so the Anglican Church. For good or for evil New Zealand Churchmen have refused to be bound by any formal bonds to their neighbours across the Tasman Sea, just as, of late years, their colony has declined to enter the Australian Commonwealth. In fact, the tendency was all the other

way. The course of this narrative will show that there was at one time considerable danger lest the New Zealand settlements themselves should fly apart. All the statesmanship, the tact, the good sense of bishops, clergy, and leading laity were needed to hold together even the tiny population which these islands then contained.

At the moment of Dr. Harper's arrival the time had come for a first serious step in the framing of a Church constitution. Bishop Selwyn had already sketched its main outlines, and had submitted them to the criticism of clergy and laity in the different settlements. In most quarters they met with nothing but approval. The only real criticism came from Christchurch and Lyttelton. It was friendly and courteous in character, but so pronounced as to make it quite evident that Canterbury Churchmen had definite ideas of their own and were not likely to give a blind assent to any scheme, however ably conceived or powerfully recommended. Their criticisms, together with the draft constitution itself, and some few suggestions from other quarters, were now to be compared and discussed by a conference composed of delegates from every part of the country.

As soon as the bishop had visited the settled portions of his new diocese, he was called to attend this important meeting. In company with the Rev. J. Wilson and the Hon. H. J. Tancred, he left Lyttelton in the s.s. *Zingari*,

on April 23rd, 1857. As far as Nelson he had the company of a number of gold-diggers—a class with whom he was to have close relations hereafter. His present goal, however, was Auckland, and the work before him would call for balanced wisdom rather than the rough and ready speech which diggers love. The Conference opened on May 14th, at St. Stephen's Chapel, Taurarua, Auckland, and, after several days' earnest discussion, put forth the Constitution, on the 13th of June. In its essential points it is substantially the same as that which is still in force. In fact, the Conference did its best to tie the hands of the New Zealand Church for all future time by laying down what are known as the "Fundamental Provisions." These were to be beyond the power of any General Synod to alter, revoke, add to, or diminish. As a matter of history, these clauses have stood unchanged from that day to this, and will apparently continue so to stand until some crisis arises which will force the living church to assert its inherent rights, and no longer to consider itself bound by a document drawn up in 1857 by seventeen men, however wise, and representing, however faithfully, the infant settlements of the colony.

The Conference was marked (at least outwardly) by complete unanimity, and the Canterbury representatives travelled back to Lyttelton in the Primate's yacht. The assertion was afterwards made that they had been "trapped" into adhesion to a scheme which they did not

thoroughly understand, but for the present the strongest feeling was one of thankfulness that so many difficulties had been overcome, and that the Church had at length begun to recognise her inherent spiritual rights.

The first General Synod of the New Zealand branch of the Church was held in Wellington, during the months of March and April, 1859. Bishop Selwyn presided as Metropolitan, and was supported not only by the Bishop of Christchurch but by the bishops of the sees of Wellington and Nelson, which had been constituted since the Conference of 1857. Besides its bishop, Canterbury sent the Rev. C. Alabaster and Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Hall, both of whom took an active part in the business.¹ Bishop Harper was assiduous in his attendance throughout. As if with a premonition of coming difficulties, his efforts were chiefly directed towards securing greater power of

¹ In various copies of reports of this first Synod appears an unofficial MS document (author unknown) which throws an interesting side light upon the attitude of the lay mind—at least in one of its moods. The algebraical symbols in line six are substituted for the name of an episcopal member whose manner of speaking was of a sing-song character—

“And the Synod never flitting,
Still is sitting, still is sitting,
Whilst aye on weary hinges hangs
The Council Chamber door,
And like a bagpipe’s droning
Sounds X.Y.Z.’s intoning
Whilst autumn’s winds are moaning
For the summer past and o’er,
But that row of bishops’ gaiters
Shall be lifted from that floor
Nevermore.”

self-government to the different dioceses, and also to the settlements which (like Otago) had not yet attained a complete diocesan status. The Synod did a great deal of important business, and worked out many of the details which the Constitution had left undefined.

A few months later Bishop Harper summoned the first Synod of the diocese of Christchurch. He was as thorough a believer in synodical government as Selwyn himself—perhaps even more so when it came to actual practice—and his belief comes out strongly in his opening address. This address is so important, both from the unique occasion of its pronouncement and from the insight it gives into the mind of its author, that the first few paragraphs must be quoted here at length:—

“My Reverend Brethren, and my Brethren of the Laity,—

It is now just three years since ‘that, with no slight feeling of responsibility and consciousness of my own defects, I entered upon the office of Bishop of this newly formed Diocese. But I was aware of the efforts which were being made in these colonies to obtain for the Church a system of government, which, while it would secure to the Bishops their due share of lawful authority, would bring to their assistance the counsel and co-operation of the Clergy and Laity; and I knew also that the members of our communion in this province were among the foremost in endeavouring to promote this. Whatever, therefore, might be the difficulties of my position, and my own personal inability to meet them, I could not but trust that, as God in His Providence had seemed to have called me to this office, it was my duty to undertake it; and I did so, nothing doubting but that the good work which had already been begun would in due time be completed, and that I should

find myself not standing alone, with an authority undefined and almost incapable of application, or aided only by counsellors selected by myself, but surrounded and supported by the representatives of the Church, both clerical and lay.

And without such assistance as this, it seems to me that a Bishop in the colonies is scarcely able to accomplish the purposes of his office. It is true that he has the power according to the ancient canons of the Church to call together the Synod of the Clergy and to take counsel with them; and it is quite possible that with them he might frame plans and regulations suited in every respect to the wants and circumstances of the diocese; but without the intelligent hearty assent of the Laity these could not be safely or fully carried out; and to obtain that assent something more is necessary than that certain measures should be put into operation, sanctioned and recommended by their spiritual pastors. In saying this, I am not imputing to the Lay members of the Church in these colonies any want of respect for the decisions of their Bishops and clergy, or any lack of confidence in their judgment. If I may speak from my own experience, there has been a very general readiness on the part of the laity to comply with the suggestions of myself and my clerical brethren; but this compliance, I am persuaded, would have been much more general and effectual for good if we had had the same opportunity which, through the providence of God, we shall now have, of consulting with them, and securing their co-operation through their representatives. In a new country like this, this is especially necessary, since the Church has to adapt herself to circumstances to which we have been little accustomed; to make unusual and, as it may seem to some, irregular efforts to bring home to the people her teaching and ordinances; and the means, moreover, for effecting this must be provided to a great extent by the voluntary contributions of her lay members. It seems, therefore, but a matter of simple justice, as well as essential to our success, that they should have direct voice in the deliberations of the Church, and a due share in the administration of its affairs.

Besides this, we must never forget that it is the duty of the Church to be ever aiming at a higher standard of religious life, and building up her children in her most holy faith; and that, in order to do this, she must endeavour to

maintain a godly discipline among all her members, clerical and lay, and stir up the minds of all to greater efforts after godliness, and to more active participation in the works of piety and charity; and in so doing must expect to run counter to many received practices and opinions, and perhaps provoke the opposition of several who are satisfied with things as they are. She needs, therefore, the loving counsel and support of all who are alive to their Christian duties; she certainly cannot dispense with the services of her lay members, whose duty it is, equally with those who are set apart for sacred offices, to maintain and set forward true religion. And as a means of awakening in all a lively interest in their duty, and of combining and directing their energies in the right fulfilment of it, such a Synod as this, in which the Bishop, Clergy and Laity, by their representatives, meet together to take counsel with each other must surely prove effectual, if only we meet seeking and relying on God's blessing, and with a single eye to His glory and the good of His Church.

It is therefore with much thankfulness that I see my lay brethren forming a part of our Diocesan Synod, and thus occupying with myself and the clergy a definite position as joint counsellors and legislators of the Church of this Diocese. Our business here is one and the same; it is to labour for the common good, and to be fellow-helpers with each other in endeavouring to promote it. There may be differences of offices, of responsibilities, and of administrations, but neither these nor any necessary division of labour must be permitted to lead to any selfish division of interest. The interest which your Bishop is bound to take in the welfare of the whole Diocese, must be shared in by all, though by residence and other circumstances you may be more especially connected with some particular portion of it. You are representatives, not only for this or that locality or congregation, but of the whole Church of the Diocese; and the more our minds are enlarged to look upon all parts of it as entitled to our care and attention—the less wrapped up we are in local and private interests—the more fully and faithfully we shall discharge our duties and bring a blessing upon ourselves and others. I look upon it as one great advantage which is to be gained by the establishment of this Diocesan Synod, that it has a direct tendency to

counteract that spirit of selfishness which so often leads men, almost unconsciously, to seek what seems to them their own good, to the neglect of what is really the profit of the many.”

Passing to the question of the relation of each diocese to the General Synod of New Zealand, that question which was to be the cause of so much difficulty in the immediate future, the Bishop proceeded:—

“And on similar grounds I think it is a matter of thankfulness that we are associated under the General Synod with other Dioceses in these islands. It is, I believe, peculiar to the Church of these colonies² that the efforts to obtain for it the means of self-government should have had a reference first to the whole body rather than to its separate parts; that the General Synod should have been called into operation before the Diocesan Synod. This, no doubt, if we look to human causes, was owing to the fact that until the last three years the Church here was under the pastoral care of one Bishop, who, keenly alive to the need of some system of Church government, never ceased to labour until he had succeeded in organising it. It was but natural, therefore, that the Church in these islands should be regarded and dealt with as one body, and that the exertions of those Churchmen who sympathised with their Bishop should be directed under the same wise Master Builder in building up a system of Church government,—applicable indeed to the several Dioceses, and to be worked out chiefly through them,—but one and the same throughout, and binding together in one the whole Church of these islands. I repeat, my brethren, that I think there is much cause for thankfulness in this, since not only do we now meet together with certain rules and principles already laid down for our guidance, and therefore are enabled at once to address ourselves to the peculiar wants and circumstances of this Diocese, and to attend without distraction to what may be considered needful for its welfare, but we are working, as it were, side

² *i.e.*, the different settlements in New Zealand.

by side with our brother Churchmen in the other Dioceses of these islands, and are aiming not only at the same high ends, but in all essential points according to the same rules.

And though it may seem that, because we are acting under the authority of the General Synod, some restriction thereby is laid upon our liberty, yet I do not hesitate to say that it is a restriction which ought to be welcomed, since, by God's blessing, it will effectually prevent any legislation on our part which might interfere with the general interests of the Church, and therefore of necessity prove injurious to ourselves. We are left at full liberty to pursue any course or to adopt any measure which may seem to us expedient for the welfare of this Diocese, and are only so far restrained that we are not able to do anything which might separate us from our brethren in the other colonies of these islands, and disturb the unity of feeling and of action which ought ever to prevail among the members of the same body. I believe that this union of the several Dioceses under the same system of Church government will enable us the better to fulfil our mission as portions of the Church Militant upon earth; and that being thus fitly joined together and compacted of that which every joint supplieth according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, we shall, through the grace of Christ, which will never be wanting to those who cleave to Him with a living faith and in the unity of the Spirit, make increase of the body to the edifying of ourselves in love."

This paragraph will serve to introduce some notice of the struggle which has been already hinted at. A full account may be found in more formal treatises, such as Dean Jacobs' *History of the Church of New Zealand*. Nothing further will be attempted here than a simple relation of the chief events, together with some attempt to find out their causes and to estimate their significance. The struggle must have occupied much of the bishop's thought in the intervals of his practical duties during the next

six years, and must have given him many an anxious hour before the final satisfactory settlement in 1865.

Like some other ecclesiastical disputes which have filled a large place in history, the contest between Bishop Selwyn and the Canterbury Churchmen seems at first sight like "a battle of kites and crows." Its precise meaning is, indeed, not easy to discover. A study of the contemporary documents leaves upon the mind an impression that there was something more in the background than was allowed to come to the front. Doubtless it was to some extent a matter of personal antipathies. Like the struggle between Roman and Celtic Christianity which occupies so prominent a place in the early history of the mother-land, this small dispute seems to turn on questions not worthy of the energy bestowed upon them. *There* it was a difference as to the correct shape of the tonsure and as to the manner of calculating the date of the Easter moon. *Here* it was a difference of opinion as to how, and by whom, certain church property trustees were to be appointed. But as in the one case what was really at stake was the right of a local Church to preserve its independence against the imperial despotism of papal Rome, so in the other the issue really involved was the right of a single diocese to act independently of a larger authority. Canterbury stood for the rights of the diocese and local independence: Bishop Selwyn for the rights of the province and local subordination.

AT THE GENERAL SYNOD OF 1865.



Photo by Dr. Barker

The Primate (Bp. Selwyn). Bp. Harper. Bp. Abraham. Bp. Patteson.
Bp. Williams.



As far back as 1855 Bishop Selwyn had found that no help could be looked for from the Imperial Government in the matter of organising the Church in a colony which possessed representative institutions. He had determined therefore, to use the Church's property as a machine for enforcing discipline. In 1856 he had obtained from the colonial legislature an Act (whose provisions were suggested by those of the Wesleyan Trust Deed) which empowered any religious body to appoint trustees who should hold and administer its property. In order to exercise this right there must, of course, be some representative assembly to act for the body in question—an assembly to which the members should give their voluntary adhesion. By this Act the Constitution of 1857 was made possible. Under its provisions the General Synod, and the General Synod alone, was empowered to appoint trustees for property belonging to the Anglican Church in New Zealand. Now Canterbury possessed more Church property than all the rest of New Zealand put together, and Canterbury could never bring itself to place this property in the hands of trustees appointed by the General Synod. Canterbury Churchmen had made sacrifices to endow their diocese; they looked upon these endowments as their own; and they could not but dislike the idea of transferring them to the administration of men who would owe their appointment to an assembly chiefly composed of delegates from other parts of New Zealand.

It was, perhaps, an ominous sign that only one of the Canterbury clergy—and he an assistant curate—attended the first General Synod in 1859; it was certainly nothing short of an open declaration of hostility when not one representative, either clerical or lay, could be found to attend the second, which was held at Nelson in 1862. Bishop Harper accordingly had to go alone to this gathering, but he carried with him a petition from his diocese praying that such an alteration might be made in the Deed of Constitution as would enable the Diocesan Synod to nominate and appoint its own trustees. The Christchurch Synod, in fact, asked that there should be—not one but—two bodies legally authorised to appoint trustees—one the General Synod of the Colony, the other the Synod of the diocese of Christchurch.

This request was refused, but an attempt was made at a compromise. The Synod passed a statute constituting a special Board of Trusts for the Christchurch diocese. It was to consist of three members appointed as before by the General Synod, but it might be enlarged by the addition of one clergyman and one layman *recommended* by the Christchurch Synod, and of two other members *recommended* by the Rural Deanery Board of Otago. This well-meant attempt utterly failed. The General Synod appointed its three members, Otago recommended its two additional men, but Christchurch would neither nominate members nor hand over its property. Instead of abating,

the dispute became more bitter. Christchurch would have complete independence in the Trust matter or nothing. Not content with protests upon the main point at issue, Canterbury Churchmen examined the Constitution afresh and fastened eagerly upon any fault which they could find. It was, in fact, open to criticism of more kinds than one. Bishop Selwyn's "property basis" and "voluntary compact," though intended only to satisfy legal requirements, were unduly and unpleasantly prominent in its language. To the minds of some in Canterbury the "voluntary compact" meant an enforced submission to an authority which they had come to dislike; the "property basis" meant taking away the foundation upon which their own property rested. But there were others in whom the language of the Constitution and its preamble awoke misgivings of a deeper kind. It seemed to suggest an absence of lawful authority and an unspiritual insistence on externals. And the General Synod, thus surrounded with an atmosphere at once of insecurity and of legality, was to be the fountain head of all lesser authorities. Diocesan Synods were to possess only a delegated power. This was the point which brought together the two classes of opponents—those who resented interference with their property and those who craved for an authority more spiritual and more in accordance with ecclesiastical tradition. Their united cry was—Give us diocesan independence. If the Constitution can be so

altered as to recognise the inherent rights of the diocese, then we are willing to continue the connection with the rest of New Zealand; but if not, we will sever ourselves from it altogether and appeal to the Archbishop of Canterbury for separate recognition as an independent branch of the Anglican communion.

Bishop Harper's position was a peculiarly difficult one. He had signed the Constitution and would abide by it loyally. Moreover, he was genuinely convinced that its ideal was the true one. But he could not separate himself from his diocese. On September 23rd, 1862, a special meeting of the Church Property Trustees was held, previous to the opening of the Diocesan Synod. It was proposed to transfer the Church property to the General Synod. "The measure could have been carried" (wrote the bishop) "had I voted (used both my votes)." He did not vote, but the opposition did not abate, and the Bishop stood more and more alone. In the following year he was confronted in synod with a solid phalanx of clergy and laity, who brought forward a number of strong resolutions which he felt himself bound to veto. Before they were brought forward, however, he made a dignified and conciliatory statement as to the course he was prepared to adopt.

The statement was as follows:—

"The Bishop, taking into his consideration the relations in which he stands to the General Synod under the Deed of Constitution, is unable to take any action in the Synod in

reference to the resolutions on Church Trusts. He is, however, prepared so far to carry out the wishes of the Clergy and Laity as to forward to the Standing Commission and the members of all the Synods of the Ecclesiastical Province, any resolutions on Church Trusts which they may think fit to adopt, together with a correct extract from the minutes of those proceedings of the Synod which have a reference to the resolutions, and to other matters bearing upon the question at issue. And further, if at the next meeting of the General Synod no alteration in the Deed of Constitution be adopted, under which the relations now subsisting between the General Synod and the Synod of Christchurch can be satisfactorily maintained, the Bishop will join with the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese, and with their representatives in the General Synod, in an application to that body to be released from the compact under which this Diocese is now associated with it."

The Synod now went into committee, and the resolutions (carefully prepared by a select committee) were brought forward by the Rev. J. Wilson and seconded by the Rev. H. Jacobs, the Hon. H. J. Tancred, and the Rev. J. Raven, respectively.

In their final form they ran as follows:—

- (1) "That the peace and welfare of the Diocese require the speedy settlement of its Church Property Trusts on a Diocesan basis." The Bishop, No; the Clergy: Ayes, 14, Noes, 0; the Laity: Ayes, 14, Noes, 1.
- (2) "That in the opinion of this Synod the Church Constitution is so faulty in theory, and doubtful in legality, that unless the General Synod can concur in seeking for a better, the Churchmen of this Diocese must take measures to secure their diocesan rights, and put their own affairs on a better footing." The Bishop, No; the Clergy: Ayes, 13, Noes, 0; the Laity: Ayes, 14, Noes, 1.

- (3) "That though fully convinced, in reference to the pending dispute between the Synod of Christchurch and the General Synod, of what is necessary to be done, and prepared to do it, the Synod defers until after the next Session of the General Synod, any application to the Provincial Council or the General Assembly, or any endeavour to re-organise the Diocese on a new footing." The Bishop, No; the Clergy: Ayes, 12, Noes, 0; the Laity: Ayes, 13, Noes, 0.
- (4) "That the Synod looks upon separation of the Diocese of Christchurch from the General Synod as inevitable, unless its requirements are conceded; and that it delays the step, not for the purpose of negotiation, but in the hope that the reasonableness of its demands may be seen, and measures initiated in consequence beneficial to the whole Church." The Bishop, No; the Clergy: Ayes, 12, Noes, 0; the Laity, Ayes, 12, Noes, 1.

The resolutions were of course lost through the Bishop's veto, but in accordance with his promise they were communicated by him to the other dioceses. A petition was also sent to the Metropolitan asking him to convene the General Synod immediately. This Bishop Selwyn declined to do, whereupon the Diocesan Synod at its next session, re-affirmed its position of the year before, "seeing no reason for withdrawing or modifying the demands then made." On this occasion the bishop was supported by two laymen instead of one, but otherwise the voting was unchanged.

On April 27th, 1865, the General Synod at last met—the synod which was to decide whether diocesan rights were to be recognised, or whether Canterbury was to "plough its

furrow alone." It met in Christchurch, the place of meeting being a large loft above a store on the east side of Cathedral Square, known as Symington's Rooms. In this "upper room" assembled a small but remarkable company. Besides the President (Bishop Selwyn) and the Bishop of Christchurch, there were present Bishop Abraham of Wellington, one of the greatest of Eton masters; Bishop Williams of Waiapu, an eminent missionary who had just escaped death at the hands of Hau-hau fanatics; and Bishop Patteson of Melanesia, who was to experience actual martyrdom six years later. Among the clergy were veteran missionaries like Dr. Maunsell, the translator of the Bible into Maori, and students like Archdeacon Jacobs, the future historian of the New Zealand Church. The laity included Sir William Martin, late Chief Justice of New Zealand; the Hon. John Hall, afterwards Premier; Mr. Fitzgerald, first Superintendent of the Province of Canterbury; and the Hon. H. J. Tancred, first Chancellor of the New Zealand University.

The gravity of the occasion was felt by all, and for the fifteen days of the session's course the most earnest attention was given to the matter in hand. "The Constitution" (writes Dean Jacobs) "was on its trial; the peace and unity of the Church of New Zealand were felt to be hanging in the balance. That there was much animation and warmth in the debates it is needless to say: but we may thankfully add

that there was very little, if anything, of acrimony and bitterness. The first clash of arms seemed formidable; but very soon, by the blessing of God, a spirit of concession and mutual conciliation began to manifest itself; and before the close of the session the clouds had entirely cleared away, and there was left behind a sense of relief, and of general contentment and satisfaction."

The result of this memorable synod was thoroughly welcome to Canterbury Churchmen. All the points upon which they had insisted were yielded by the iron-willed Primate. The Constitution was revised and brought more into accord with ancient precedent. The property basis was made somewhat less obtrusive, though the unalterable character of the Fundamental Provisions prevented any attempt to improve them in this respect. The inherent rights of dioceses were recognised, and their synods were permitted to appoint their own trustees. These happy results were due—partly to the determination of the local representatives, partly to the support they received from the C.M.S. clergy of the North Island, but above all, perhaps, to the good sense and Christian statesmanship of the leaders, especially Sir William Martin.

To no one could the issue have been more grateful than to Bishop Harper. The difficulties of his peculiar position were now removed, and nothing remained to divide him any longer

from his old friends or from the men of his own diocese. It was he himself who brought forward (nearly at the close of the session) the important resolution which settled the burning question of the Trusts. The relief which he felt when the proceedings were over finds vent in the following simple entry in his diary. "Conclusion—*Deo Optimo Gratiae*. Concert of sacred music. Admirable."

A week later he was on the sea with Bishop Selwyn, bound for the far-away settlements of Invercargill and Jacob's River.

CHAPTER X.

VISIT TO ENGLAND.

THE PRIMACY.

NEW DIFFICULTIES.

“Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth or honours, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all.”

—Wordsworth.

Though the legal bonds which had formerly connected the colonial churches with that of the mother land had been decisively broken, there had been no weakening of the loyalty and affection which the daughters felt for their venerable parent. It was natural, therefore, that a desire should spring up for some new means of representing and strengthening the sentiment of unity. The desire found voice in a suggestion from Canada that a general gathering of bishops should be held, and in 1867 the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Longley) invited all the bishops of the Anglican communion to meet at Lambeth for a “Pan-Anglican Synod.”

Bishop Harper had no wish to leave his diocese, but the invitation appeared in the light

of a call of duty, and accordingly he and Bishop Selwyn were among the seventy-six prelates who accepted the summons. On the evening of Thursday, July 4th, a service of farewell was held in St. John's Church, Christchurch, at which eighteen clergy were present. On the following Sunday the bishop left for Wellington with Mrs. Harper and their youngest daughter. There he met the primate (still busy with synodical questions), and together they embarked on the s.s. *Ruahine* for Panama—then the nearest route to England. The voyage was not an eventful one, though it led through regions which had lately suffered much from earthquakes and other convulsions of nature. Bishop Harper obtained his first glimpses of tropical scenery in crossing the isthmus from Panama to Colon, and also while his ship lay at anchor off the island of St. Thomas. On August 26th, the coast of Devonshire was sighted; soon after sunset Southampton was reached; and that night the bishop, after ten years of absence, slept once more in his native county.

Next day he was in London, and soon renewed his acquaintance with old scenes and old friends. The Conference did not meet till September 24th, and there was time for visits to relations in various parts of the country. But the scenes of his past work were naturally the first to engage his attention. He was soon standing on the Playing Fields of Eton, which he reached by boat up the Thames. A few

days later he was at Mortimer, and busy among his old parishioners there—visiting them in their homes and addressing them collectively in church or when gathered upon Sir Paul Hunter's lawn. How different the last ten years had been for him from the days of his quiet pastoral labours there. He had forded swift rivers and climbed rugged mountains in the course of his missionary labours. He had slept on a "wool and tarpaulin bed" at a sheep station, and had shared a stockman's hut, not only with its regular occupants, both English and Maori, but also with the four quarters of a newly-slain bullock. He had pioneered among the diggers of the Westland gold-fields, and had experienced the mingled deference and profanity of many a road-side shanty. But he had lifted a disappointed community out of its apathy, and had taken a leading part in the building up of a strong and well-ordered Church. And now he was back among the old scenes, a man of sixty-four years, but hale and hearty as ever, and with no wish save to return to his distant colonial diocese and to the work which he was still to carry on for more than twenty years.

When the Conference met at Lambeth he gave his whole attention to the proceedings. Though not as prominent a member as his friend, Bishop Selwyn, he yet took an active part in the work of a committee which was set up to consider the question of the organisation of the Church into synods and provincial

assemblies. Several months were needed for the collection of information and the interchange of ideas. Ancient precedents had to be consulted and the different colonial systems compared with one another. The committee did not keep together during this time, and much of the business was done by correspondence. But their unanimously signed report was, in Bishop Harper's opinion, one of great value, and he seems to have been much disappointed that it was not adopted by the Conference as a whole. This was doubtless due to the State connection of the English Church, but the two New Zealand bishops found that at least the Irish prelates were keenly interested in their experience, in view of the approaching and inevitable disestablishment of the Irish Church. As a matter of fact, many features of the present constitution of the Church of Ireland were suggested by that of New Zealand.

During the later months of 1867 and the earlier months of 1868, Bishop Harper preached in various parts of the country for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—thus repaying to some extent the debt which Canterbury owed for monetary help in its early difficulties. We find him also accompanying his old friend Bishop Wilberforce to an interesting service at the Clewer House of Mercy; dining at Eton on Founders' Day with one hundred other guests; meeting Liddon, Bright, and other divines, at Oxford; watching the bestowal of the D.C.L. degree upon his friend Selwyn in the

Sheldonian Theatre; and enjoying in his own quiet way the many opportunities of refreshment and stimulus which life in England affords.

After an absence of rather more than a year, Bishop Harper returned to New Zealand with Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn—travelling again by the Panama route. He arrived in Lyttelton on August 19th, 1868. His welcome showed unmistakably the affection with which he was regarded in his diocese and also the progress which that diocese had made since his first arrival. After a special service and an address of welcome at the Port, he proceeded by train to Christchurch through the newly-opened tunnel. Here he was met by the Mayor, the Deputy-Superintendent (Mr. W. Montgomery), several of the clergy, and the boys of the Grammar School. Heavy rain unfortunately interfered with the procession which had been arranged; but the streets along the route were decorated with flags, and at Bishops court the carriage passed beneath a triumphal arch and between long lines of Sunday-school scholars holding flags and boughs of evergreens. In replying to the children's address, the bishop remarked that when he first arrived in Christchurch there were not so many children in the whole province as were now assembled before him—most of them colonial-born. Other services and addresses followed, and on August 27th, he was received by a large and enthusiastic meeting of all denominations in the Town Hall.

Replying to the address of Mr. R. J. S. Harman (spokesman for the Church officers and lay-members) the bishop confessed that, in spite of his affection for the land of his birth, he felt on this occasion like a traveller returning to his home. His modesty would not allow him to interpret the enthusiasm of the meeting as a personal tribute, he assigned it chiefly to the regard felt for his office. "And I would rather have it so. I would rather not be welcomed on account of any personal considerations, but as a pastor returning to his flock—a father returning to his family."

Bishop Selwyn's return was of a different character. He had come out only to bid his old diocese farewell. In the previous December he had been appointed to the see of Lichfield, and he now came to preside at Auckland over his last General Synod, and to prepare for the appointment of a successor. Of course this meant that the Primacy of the New Zealand Church was now vacant. The election took place at the conclusion of the Synod. Every vote was given for the Bishop of Christchurch. The information, indeed, leaked out that one episcopal vote was cast for the Bishop of Waiapu, but no one who knew the two men had the least doubt as to whose that vote was. It was the vote of Bishop Harper himself.

The position of Primate does not carry with it any large amount of authority or pre-eminence. Its holder presides at the meetings of General Synod; otherwise his duties are not

great. Bishop Harper, with his intense humility, was not likely to make the office more prominent than it need be. But as the principal ecclesiastical personage in the colony, he was bound to be the medium of communication between the Church of New Zealand and that of other countries. For all these duties he was admirably adapted. The general feeling with regard to his appointment was well summed up in a letter which he received in the following year from the new Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Tait.

“Lambeth Palace,
June 18th, 1869.

My dear Lord,

Allow me to express my satisfaction in finding that you have been appointed to the Primacy of the New Zealand Branch of our Church. I will venture to say that I look for the best results under God's blessing from your mild persuasive wisdom. Let me thank you for your very kind expressions towards myself. We are in very anxious circumstances at present while the fate of the Irish Church remains undecided. I hope the House of Lords may solve the difficulties of the situation.

With kind regards to Mrs. Harper,

Ever yours sincerely,

A. C. CANTUAR.

The Lord Bishop of Christchurch.”

There were “anxious circumstances” in New Zealand also during the next few years. Some of them were local and temporary, but others were of grave and lasting import. For a due appreciation of Bishop Harper's primacy and of his later episcopate, some preliminary account of these is desirable.



Photo by Mason & Co., Old Bond St.

THE BISHOP IN 1868.

One difficulty which probably caused him more anxiety and pain for a short time than all the others put together was what is known as "the Jenner difficulty." This was one of the most extraordinary and at the same time one of the most painful incidents of colonial church history. Not much will be said about it here: for full particulars the reader is referred to Dean Jacobs' *History*. But in order to realise what Bishop Harper had to go through it is necessary to recall the fact that in 1869 a bishop arrived unexpectedly in Lyttelton, and without coming through to Christchurch set off at once for Dunedin and claimed to be its lawful bishop. He had some grounds for this confidence for he had been selected by the Archbishop of Canterbury for the post, and had been solemnly consecrated in Canterbury Cathedral. But the Archbishop had acted under a misapprehension, and had quite ignored the constitutional rights of the New Zealand Church and the wishes of the Churchmen in Otago. The clergyman whom he had selected—Dr. Jenner—was an able and accomplished man, but he favoured an advanced type of ritual, and the knowledge of this fact soon made its way to Dunedin. The people strongly protested against the appointment, and Bishop Harper when in England had warned Bishop Jenner not to come out. When, in spite of everything, he forced his way into the diocese which Bishop Harper had never resigned, it became necessary to take a firm stand. He forbade the new bishop to take any official part in

public worship, but he permitted him to hold meetings and to endeavour to win the people over. Being a man of great charm of manner he succeeded to some extent in doing this, but the result was an intensification of party feeling. Bishop Harper at last called a meeting of the Dunedin Synod during which he had to sit in the chair from the evening of April 8th, 1869 until 6 o'clock on the following morning and to endure patiently many insulting remarks. The result was that Bishop Jenner's appointment was not agreed to, and he soon afterwards left for England to publish his grievance there and to talk about the "Robber-synod" of New Zealand. His case was undoubtedly a hard one, and the sympathies of the multitude are generally with the man on the spot as against the absent. Bishop Harper's reputation consequently suffered in the eyes of the Church at Home for the next few years, but in 1878, when he laid his case before the second Lambeth Conference his brother bishops saw the propriety of his course and the wisdom with which he had acted. In New Zealand itself his action was appreciated from the first, and he was increasingly trusted from one end of the colony to the other. He continued to act as Bishop of Otago and Southland until 1871, when he handed over the diocese to Bishop Nevill with ten clergy and fourteen churches. In the farewell address presented to him by the Dunedin Synod loving mention was made of the hardships and perils which he had encountered; of

the untiring ministrations which had endeared him to the memory of his people; of the wise discretion, gentle behaviour and Christian self-denying spirit which he had displayed in their synods "often under the most difficult and trying circumstances;" and of the many endearing acts which he had exhibited in private life.

The Jenner case affected Dr. Harper both as primate and as diocesan, but when once the diocese of Dunedin was settled by the appointment of Dr. Nevill he had no further difficulties outside the limits of his own diocese.

As primate he was called upon to consecrate four bishops, viz: Dr. Hadfield, to Wellington, in 1870; Dr. Nevill, to Dunedin, in 1871; Dr. John Selwyn, to Melanesia, and Dr. Stuart to Waiapu, both in 1877.

He presided over seven General Synods, and at the Lambeth Conference of 1878 took his seat with the other metropolitans within the sanctuary of St. Paul's Cathedral.

But there were difficulties enough within the reduced diocese of Canterbury to occupy the attention of any conscientious pastor. The character of the settlement was changing. New Zealand was about to enter upon the era of public works and immigration. The stage coach and then the railway, made travelling more easy. The diocese was fairly provided with church buildings. But the new time brought new trials. Hitherto the difficulty had been to bring church ordinances within reach of the people: henceforth the question was to

be how to bring the people to the use of church ordinances. Not that the difference was felt all at once, nor even clearly perceived in all its force, but it came about gradually and with ever increasing clearness. The causes of this change were manifold—some peculiar to the colony, others of a more general character.

Within the country itself, as circumstances became more commonplace and the routine of life more easy, there came a certain slackening of moral effort. The isolated settler, long cut off from the church privileges to which he had been accustomed in his youth, would cheerfully make sacrifices in order to attend an occasional service in a distant woolshed, or in order to build a church upon his own estate. But when religious services grew more frequent and more easily accessible, he did not feel quite the same interest; and even if he himself kept up the old habits of piety, he could not always imbue his sons with the same sense of their importance.

The immigration policy of the early seventies added to the difficulties instead of mitigating them. In the desire to swell the population of the colony, the Government and its agents too often paid more attention to quantity than to quality. They accepted any who were willing to come, and many undesirable characters were drawn from the slums of the great cities of the old world and sent out at the Colony's expense to be a burden upon its resources and an addition to its criminal class. Down to the year

1871, though the population had been steadily increasing, the number of convictions for serious offences had been as steadily lessening. But from this date onwards they again increased. Petty offences also became rife. The workman could no longer leave his tools by the road-side, and the householder found it necessary to lock his doors at night. The old unsuspecting freedom gave way more and more before the advance of "modern civilisation."

Greater calls were thus made upon the religious agencies of the community, and at the same time religion itself felt the weakening influence of the movements of modern thought. Competent observers have assigned the year 1869 as marking the beginning of that unsettlement of thought which has so profoundly affected modern society. New Zealand was by no means unaffected by these movements. Its people were drawn from the more adventurous spirits of England, Scotland, and Ireland; they were above the average of their class in intelligence and readiness for anything new; and in their new home they missed the restraining power of old associations. Thus they were specially sensitive to the influences of the new time—bad as well as good. The effect of these forces was first to be felt in the department of education—a subject which, on account of its paramount importance, demands a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BISHOP AND THE YOUNG.

“The world exists only by the breath of school-children.”
—*Rabbi Judah the holy.*

The battle of the schools came to its climax in the seventies, but the contest had been long preparing. The effects of that contest are felt in the present day more acutely than ever, and its history is worth tracing in some detail. In order to do this, it will be necessary to go back once more to the beginnings of the settlement.

It will be remembered that the founders of Canterbury gave to education the second, if not the very first, place in their scheme. Not only was there to be a great university at Christchurch, but every village was to have its parish school for the education of the masses. It will be remembered also, that the founders chose as their first bishop an educational expert, who had been at the head of one of the principal training colleges in England, and that many of the students of this college volunteered to accompany their chief to his new diocese. The bishop-designate did not, it is true, remain long enough in the colony to accomplish any of his ambitious designs, but Mr. Godley himself established schools in the several parishes without delay. When Bishop Harper arrived on the scene, he

found himself placed in the position of director-general of most of the educational institutions in the settlement.

This entailed a serious responsibility. In addition to his long missionary tours, to his attendance at conferences and synods, and to his ordinary episcopal work, the bishop was charged with the appointment of teachers, the payment of salaries, the providing of books, and the expenditure (virtually uncontrolled) of a large sum of public money. For in the year of his arrival, the Provincial Council adopted the system of providing for the education of the children of the settlement, by voting a generous sum each year to the heads of three religious bodies—the Church of England, the Presbyterians, and the Wesleyans. These authorities were not intended to exercise their powers unchecked, for the Ordinance provided for quarterly statements to be made to the Superintendent showing how the money was expended, and also for consultation between the civil and church authorities on the appointment of teachers and the scale of their salaries. These provisions, however, were not enforced, and were for some years almost a dead letter. Nor was there any effective local control. The Synod drew up regulations for a school committee in each parish, but in very few instances was this regulation obeyed, and in still fewer was it made really operative. The fact seems to have been that education was looked upon as a matter belonging to the clergy. The laity

were more occupied with the scab which was spreading among the flocks, and the watercress which was choking the streams. Some of the clergy showed themselves alive to the importance of their schools, but the interest of most was of a fitful and languid kind. The real direction was left to the heads of the denominations, and as the Church of England possessed more schools and more scholars than the others combined, the bishop, as has been said, was the principal educational official for the first six years of his episcopate.

Signs of discontent, however, were not wanting. In a summary of colonial progress which appeared in the *Lyttelton Times* of May 13th, 1857 (a journal entirely favourable to the then existing system), the following criticism is found:—"The statistics of education in the province are tedious to give, and we must confess, reflect anything but credit upon us." Hardly had the bishop sailed for the Auckland Conference in the same month (not five months after his arrival) when a public meeting at Lyttelton met to discuss the subject. At this meeting, Mr. Fitzgerald (a leading churchman as well as Superintendent of the Province), made a long and powerful speech against the denominational system. In spite of the opposition of the incumbent of the parish (Rev. B. W. Dudley), he carried with him the whole of the meeting in support of a resolution which affirmed that "the establishment of schools on a municipal or district system for secular

education, reserving to the appointed minister of every denomination the task and duty of religious instruction, is the most satisfactory scheme."

Such an outspoken expression of opinion from so important a centre as Lyttelton then was could not but be regarded as an ominous sign. No important move, however, was made till the year 1862, when an Inspector of Schools was appointed by the Council, and a commission set up to report on the working of the system. Its chairman was Mr. H. J. Tancred, and among its members were Mr. W. Rolleston and other influential colonists. In July, 1863, they presented an interim report. While bearing testimony to the zeal and earnestness which had distinguished those entrusted with the duty of administering the educational funds (*i.e.*, the three "Heads"), the commissioners yet gave it as their opinion that these authorities were not specially qualified for their responsible office; that there was manifest a tendency to use the money in the interests of denominational rivalry rather than of scholastic efficiency; that the school buildings were unsuited to their purpose, "being little better than sheds;" and that the religious instruction (which had undoubtedly been carefully given) was due to the earnestness of the teachers rather than to the efforts of the clergy, most of whom never concerned themselves with the teaching of religion at all.

This was a hard blow for the bishop. It affected him in his public capacity; it might also

be taken to affect him as a Christian, and even as a man of honour. The following unique entry in his journal shows how keenly he felt it:—

July 25th.—Mr. Tancred called. Spoke to him on the unfairness of the report towards the Church of England on the following points:—

1. Rivalry in establishing schools,—not true in the case of the Church of England.

2. The appointment of religious masters, the result of the distribution of the fund being placed in the hands of the religious bodies.

3. Not true as regards the ministers of the Church of England, that they have not taken part in the religious teaching in school.

4. Not true that distinctive teaching has not been taught in our schools. Catechism always used.

This protest seems to have been not wholly without effect. At least the full report which the commission presented in the following November, was less outspoken on the question of denominational rivalry. But the report, which is a monument of painstaking industry and lucid analysis, by its careful collection of facts, gives the means for testing the bishop's assertions as compared with those of the former report. As might have been expected, there is abundant proof that the bishop's description of his own action was absolutely correct. So far from establishing schools in a spirit of rivalry, he had perhaps erred a little on the other side. A large number of children belonging to Church of England parents were attending Presbyterian and Wesleyan schools, while the children of

those bodies who attended Anglican schools were comparatively few. The report mentions one or two instances which verge on the ludicrous. One Presbyterian school was attended by 26 scholars. Of these, 19 belonged to the Church of England, 4 were Wesleyans, and the remaining three were Roman Catholics. The teacher himself was a Churchman, but taught the Shorter Catechism. In one Wesleyan school the master belonged to the Church of England, and so did the parents of all the children with one or two exceptions. Truly the rivalry had not been on the side of the Bishop of Christchurch!

When, however, we pass to questions affecting the clergy and teachers, it must be confessed that the commissioners make good their contention to a large extent. Of all the Church clergy, they could hear of only two who took any regular part in the religious instruction, and that only once a week. Some of the others gave a lesson occasionally. The Presbyterian and Wesleyan ministers gave no instruction at all. As to the use of distinctive formularies, the commissioners adduced six Church of England schools in which the Catechism was not taught on week-days, and others in which it was modified to suit the wishes of nonconformist parents. In these particulars the bishop had had to trust to reports, and had, perhaps, been less stringent than he might have been in seeing that his instructions were carried out.

The report of the commission disclosed a state of things which was not altogether unsatisfactory, yet undoubtedly left much to be desired. Some of the schools were efficient, and the religious training of the children good. On the other hand, there was no uniform system or general plan. In some places, two or even three schools had been established when one would have served, yet the total number of scholars in attendance was far below what it ought to have been (2,484 out of 3,500 children of school age). The buildings were always inadequate, frequently overcrowded, and sometimes horribly insanitary; and, in conclusion, the expense was excessive. Whereas in England the cost per average scholar was £1 10s.; in New South Wales, £2 7s. 10d.; and in Victoria, £3 12s. 6d.; in Canterbury it was no less than £7 13s.

Thus the denominational system found itself hard pressed by arguments to which reply was difficult. Population was pouring into the country, new schools were urgently required, and the old ones all needed an additional expenditure of money. The cost threatened to become heavy indeed. This might have been faced, and probably would have been faced, if the system had been satisfactory, and if the teaching of religion could be secured in no other way. But neither of these conditions existed. The education was not efficient, and was becoming less so as the number of children increased, while teaching power and school accommodation remained almost stationary. And so ready

were the parents to send their children to the nearest school, whether belonging to their own denomination or not, so small was the amount of *distinctive* religious teaching in most of the schools, and so apathetic were most of the clergy and ministers, that the commissioners could argue with much plausibility that undenominational schools under the immediate control of government, would provide religious education as good as that which was already being given.

The result of their report was that the administration of the grant was taken from the three "Heads," and given to a Board appointed by the Superintendent. This Board also inspected the schools and exercised a certain amount of control. The denominational schools were still allowed to continue, and were subsidised as before; but no new ones were established. By the guarantee of one-fourth of the initial cost, any district was enabled to secure the establishment of a public school which should be managed by a committee locally elected. New districts invariably voted for such a policy, and in old ones also, the denominational schools were gradually replaced by those of the new type.

The year 1872 saw the beginning of the final fray. In that year the advocates of denominationalism won a partial victory in the Council, by securing the exemption of the four towns of Christchurch, Lyttelton, Kaiapoi, and Timaru from the operation of the law enforcing the appointment of school committees. But the

triumph was short-lived and dearly bought. In the following year (1873) their opponents carried a resolution in the Council which practically affirmed that grants to denominational schools should cease. The contest within the Council was a fierce one, and it was taken up still more fiercely by the public and the press. "It continued throughout the year with a bitterness and an energy that have scarcely been equalled since by any public controversy of our history. The advocates of secular education eventually triumphed, and their party was returned at the provincial election by a large majority."

The feeling excited by this contest seems to have been hardly warranted, for by this time there were but six church schools left in existence. These of course were now closed. The centre of interest had really shifted to the Government schools, for in regard to them also the year 1873 was a critical one. The Ordinance of 1864 had made ample provision for the religious training of the children attending these schools. The provision might even seem to be excessive. Each school day was to be opened with one half-hour's reading of Holy Scripture, and from this reading no child was allowed to be absent. The teacher might also give religious instruction at other times, if he were authorised by a unanimous vote of the committee, and if the Board were satisfied as to his competency. A child might

¹ "Lyttelton Times" Jubilee Number.

be excused from attendance at such lessons, but only if the committee were assured that he was "under proper religious instruction elsewhere." And in addition to all this, the committee might set apart one whole day, or two half-days, of the school week, during which ministers of religion might give instruction to the children belonging to their own denomination. Such was the first system framed by the laity of Canterbury when they took the education of the young into their own hands.

In 1871 a fresh Ordinance was passed. It abolished school fees and substituted the ingenious device of compelling every householder to pay £1 per annum, and five shillings additional for every child whether attending school or not. The provisions for religious teaching were not greatly altered, but the undefined instruction by the teacher was exchanged for the compulsory teaching of "history sacred and profane."

Then came the year of conflict, 1873. The heated struggle over the denominational schools was bound to affect the religious character of those controlled by the Board. In the Ordinance passed in the June of that year, no mention is made of the half-hour's Bible-reading. The teaching of "history sacred and profane" was made subject to a conscience clause. The right of entry by ministers of religion was saved only by the narrow majority of 16 to 14. But even so, the system was far from being absolutely "secular." Sacred history was

taught in each school as a regular part of the curriculum, and the clergy (unless disapproved of by the local committee) might enter the school at least once each week, and give the distinctive teaching of their own church to such of the children as belonged to it. No change was made in these provisions by the later Ordinance of 1875, and they continued in force as long as the provincial Government itself.

In 1876 the provinces were abolished. But the excellent system which had been so patiently elaborated by the legislators of Canterbury was by no means fruitless. A bill to provide for the education of the whole colony was brought forward in the General Assembly by the Hon. C. C. Bowen, the representative of Canterbury in the ministry of the day. It was based, to a large extent, upon that of the province, and it contained a distinct religious element. But provincial jealousy was still strong, and anything which emanated from Canterbury was viewed with hostility by the more backward settlements of the North Island. After weeks of struggle the bill was carried, but shorn of its religious provisions through the combined influence of Roman Catholics and secularists. The only point which marked any concession to religion was that which fixed 9.30 a.m. as the hour at which the school day should begin. As 9 o'clock was the usual hour throughout the colony, the half-hour thus left unassigned might have been utilised by the clergy for a religious lesson. But the old feelings of hostility to the

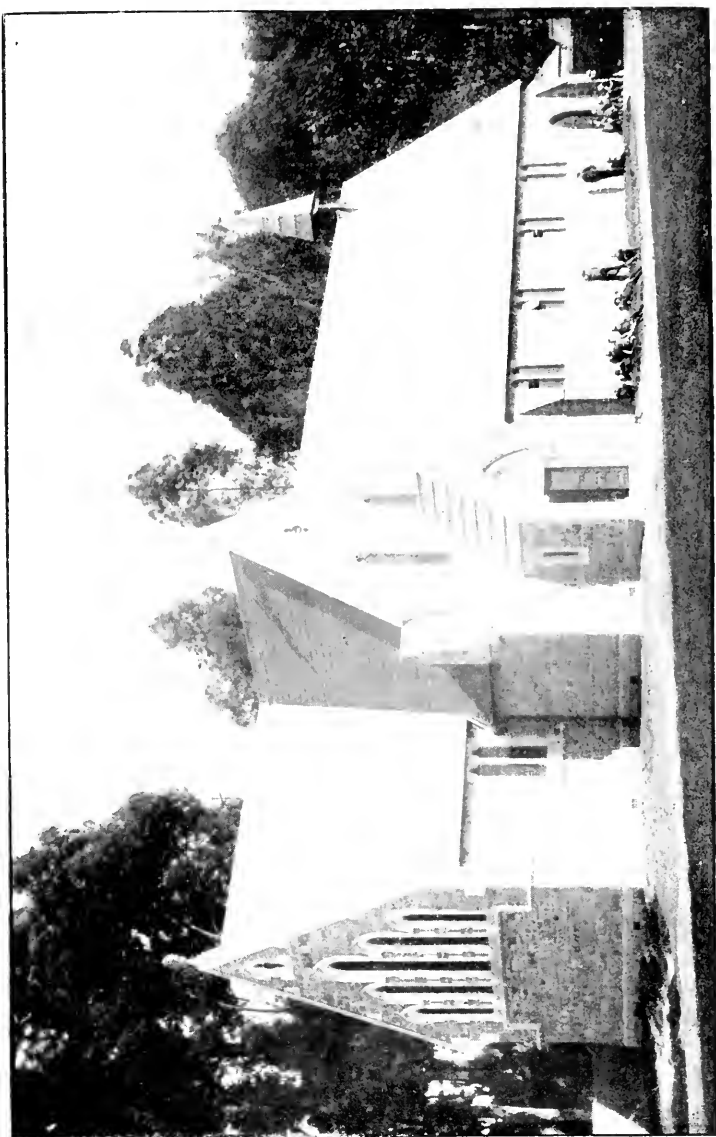


Photo by Wheeler.

CHRIST'S COLLEGE CHAPEL.

Government system were still strong. Very few of the clergy availed themselves of the one chance thus left them, and the early hour has been almost everywhere annexed to the regular school day.

This unfortunate hostility was never shared by the bishop. At the end of the troubled year of 1873 he had shown his goodwill to the new order by offering prayer at the laying of the foundation stone of the Normal School. He had always urged his clergy to take advantage of the facilities given them by the Canterbury ordinances. After the passing of the Act of 1877, he issued a pastoral letter, which is one long appeal for greater devotion to the welfare of the young. He advised that every effort should be made to utilise the morning hour, and also the Saturday holiday.

But his chief reliance was upon home training and upon the better organisation of the Sunday schools. To aid these schools he promised the appointment of a diocesan inspector, and was able to carry out this idea a few years later by placing the work in the capable hands of the Ven. Archdeacon Harris. The result was a vigorous development of Sunday school work. United gatherings of scholars were conspicuous features of the All Saints' Festival in the Cathedral. At one such gathering the aged bishop addressed the country children shortly before his resignation, and his earnest words on the text, "He came down to Nazareth and was

subject unto them," were such as to leave a permanent impression on many hearts.

It is pleasant to turn from primary to secondary and collegiate education. For with this Bishop Harper was connected still more closely, and for this his previous experience had been one long training. The name of Christ's College calls up pleasing thoughts of the fostering care and unfailing interest of its first Warden.

When the bishop landed in New Zealand, he found a school of about 40 boys, taught by two masters (with the help of two part-time assistants), and housed in what was really the parsonage-house of the one church of Christchurch. It was a very humble establishment, but it was all the realisation there was as yet of the magnificent visions with which the first settlers had set out—visions of a college which should "rival the scholastic honours of Eton and of Oxford," and should diffuse the streams of knowledge over Australasia and the East. Insignificant, however, as the outcome seemed, the "College" had already a history behind it, and no mean potentialities for the future. Established in the first month after that of the landing of the pilgrims, it had struggled from the very first to be something more than a mere school. The first home of its activities was the immigrants' barracks at Lyttelton. There it had the use of two small roughly-whitewashed rooms, one of which was used for the Grammar

School, and the other for a college lecture-room. The head of this double institution was the Rev. Henry Jacobs, who was particularly qualified by his sound scholarship for the higher department. He was not only Headmaster, but "Watts-Russell Professor of Divinity," while the chair of history (Hulsean Chichele) was occupied by Mr. H. J. Tancred. In April, 1852, the college was moved to the house where Bishop Harper found it, and there it struggled on for the next few years. Its scholars were continually changing, as families moved to the up-country stations; but the numbers grew, and the parsonage on Oxford Terrace became inconveniently small. In 1855 Christ's College was incorporated under a Provincial Ordinance (the collegiate ideal being still prominent in theory), and its new governing body began to consider the question of a suitable and permanent home.

First came the question of the site. The central square of the city enclosed a block of land which had been intended for the Cathedral and the University. But its area was insufficient for the requirements even of a good school, and the block was a serious hindrance to the traffic of the town. A bargain, highly advantageous to both parties, was therefore struck between the ecclesiastical and the civic authorities. The former gave up half of their land, and obtained in exchange a splendid site of ten acres on the west side of the city, besides a money compensation of £1,200. The latter

obtained a convenient roadway through the midst of the square, an open space in the very centre of the city, and a site for the future Godley statue.

Next came the question of buildings. Bishop Harper had collected nearly £200 in England before he set sail, and other friends in the old country had sent substantial help. But a larger amount was the product of one of those small efforts which sometimes bring about surprisingly welcome results. Before the sailing of the first four ships, Mr. Jackson, the bishop-designate, had conceived the happy idea of making application on behalf of his proposed college to the widow of Mr. Joseph Some, a former ship-owner and director of the New Zealand Company. The lady readily agreed to lay out £150 in the purchase of 50 acres of land in the new settlement for the founding of a scholarship. A ballot was to determine the order in which the land sections were to be selected; and when this ballot came to be taken, the name of Mrs. Some was the first to be drawn. The land was chosen in Lyttelton immediately on the arrival of the colonists; and so rapidly did its value increase, that by 1857 it was yielding every year a sum equal to the original purchase money. It now yields considerably more, and many have been the boys and youths who have had occasion to bless "Maria Some" for the scholarships which have paid their school or college fees. For the first few years, however, the income was not

available, and in 1857 there were accrued arrears of rent which amounted to £1,000, and formed an important addition to the building fund.

So it came about that on a beautiful winter day, July 24th, 1857, soon after the bishop's return from the Auckland Conference, a little procession of Warden and Fellows left the old St. Michael's parsonage, and wended its way by gullies and sandhills towards the new site. Psalms were chanted as the ground was neared, and with prayers and benedictions the foundation-stone of Christ's College was laid by the bishop amidst the tussocks on the banks of the Avon. In that year a schoolroom and the sub-warden's house were built. Gradually, as more subscriptions came and Government grants were made, other buildings arose, till the quadrangle began to look something like that of one of the old scholastic institutions of the mother-land. In 1867 a stone chapel was added. As early as St. Bartholomew's Day, 1858, the bishop notes in his diary that the boys chanted the Psalms for the first time. He himself attended the daily service in the chapel with the utmost regularity. In 1873 he fixed his office in the library at the south-east corner of the quadrangle; from this he issued every morning at 8.30, clad in cap and gown, and falling in at the rear of the procession of boys and masters, took his place in the warden's stall, where he sat—a continual example of unostentatious devotion. When the Cathedral

was opened in 1881, that stall was vacant for a time, and a sense of loss was felt by all. Great was the pleasure and the sense of triumph when a few weeks later the aged bishop was seen once more pacing along the quadrangle, and taking his old place in the chapel. Some say that the boys themselves had made known to him their wish in the matter; but at all events, they thought it a sign of the bishop's good sense that "he couldn't stand the Cathedral any longer," and that he preferred to be among his boys.

But the bishop's interest was far from being limited to the chapel service. As Warden he had, of course, a principal voice in the management, and in the early days he would sometimes take one of the upper forms when its regular teacher was away. The school had its ups and downs, head-masters were not always equal to the demands of their position, and the Warden was occasionally compelled to exert his authority in a decided manner. But on the whole it grew and prospered. Favoured with an admirable head in the Rev. W. C. Harris, who held the position from 1866 to 1872, it attained the premier position in the colony, and was spoken of as the "Eton of New Zealand." In 1879 it attracted the favourable notice of the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour who endowed it with an annual divinity prize. In 1873 it was affiliated to the University of New Zealand on account of the collegiate character which it never wholly lost. In 1895 it received an

accession of strength from the incorporation into it of the Cathedral School, which had been established separately in 1881. Other schools have come into existence during the last quarter of a century, and Christ's College Grammar School no longer stands alone, as it did in the olden days. But it still holds an honourable position in the front rank, both in respect of scholarship and of games. Nearly two thousand five hundred *alumni* have been trained within its walls, and many of the principal men of the Dominion are proud to be reckoned among the number of its "old boys." Among these may be mentioned the present Dean of Christchurch (one of the late bishop's sons), and the first High Commissioner of New Zealand, the Hon. W. P. Reeves, to whom the social legislation of the last seventeen years is largely due. Others have laid down their lives on the battlefields of South Africa, for Christ's College claimed no less than forty-two names among the New Zealanders who won renown in the Boer War. The school chapel (enlarged in 1883 by the addition of transepts and chancel) contains in its east window a portrait of its First Warden, and the "College Rifles" provided a guard of honour on the occasion of his funeral.

The collegiate, or "upper" department never attained the success which has been achieved by the Grammar School. It was not till 1873 that it attained a separate existence, and it now

serves as a Divinity School and also as a residential hostel for students attending the University. But as such it plays a useful and honourable part. Many of its old students are working as clergy in the diocese; others are to be found in the mission-field, and in various scholastic positions. The ideals of the founders of Canterbury have not taken the exact shape which was contemplated at the beginning, but their fulfilment has not been altogether unworthy of the high aims which those founders had in view.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CATHEDRAL.

“ ’Tis a life-long toil till our lump be leaven,—
The better! What’s come to perfection perishes.
Things learned on earth we shall practise in heaven:
Work done less rapidly Art most cherishes.”

—R. Browning.

The year 1873, in which the battle of the schools was fought, was also the year in which a novelist of note published to the English world his impressions of *Australia and New Zealand*. In this book Anthony Trollope characterised the Canterbury settlement as being (from the Church point of view) a melancholy failure, and cited as a proof of his assertion the abandonment of the project to build a cathedral in Christchurch. Yet this same year, 1873, is the date which marks the revival of hope and effort among Churchmen, and the building of the cathedral forms the brightest outward feature in the latter years of Bishop Harper’s episcopate.

But the novelist’s error was not unnatural. The history of the great undertaking to which he alluded is a history which belied the expectations of the sanguine as well as those of the despondent. That predictions of failure were ever falsified, and that over-confident hopes were in any degree realised, was due in the first

place to the sagacious foresight of the founders of the settlement, and secondly, to the splendid tenacity with which the few held on, when the many had lost heart. In more ways than one the history of Christchurch Cathedral is instructive as well as interesting.

Opinions still differ widely as to the functions which a cathedral should discharge, and the relations in which it should stand towards the parochial system. But such questions had hardly been broached half a century ago. The founders of Canterbury intended that it should have a cathedral, and a noble one, but their ideas as to its use when built were no clearer than those of their fellow-churchmen of the period. It belonged, in fact, to what Mr. Godley called the "poetry" of their scheme. Canterbury was to be the reproduction of an English diocese; every English diocese had a cathedral; therefore Canterbury must have one too. In England cathedrals were usually found, not in busy commercial towns, but in quiet places with an academic atmosphere; therefore in Canterbury the cathedral should not be built in the projected business capital (Lyttelton) but in the university town upon the plains. And just as the "poetry" of colonisation must be left over till practical wants were in some measure supplied, so there was no proposal to begin an embryo cathedral establishment at once, but the pilgrims concentrated their efforts on a parochial church which would supply their real needs.

Circumstances, however, soon made it clear that Christchurch and not Lyttelton must be the business centre of the settlement, and also made it clear that "Cathedral Square" must be the business centre of the city. But the Cathedral Commission appointed by the first Synod in 1859 were unable at first to realise the value of the unique site which fate had thus, as it were, put into their hands. Still clinging to the old idea of a quiet spot withdrawn from the hum of traffic, they actually entered into negotiations for various other sites in the city. Unable, fortunately, to acquire any of these, they were at last driven, sentiment and poetry notwithstanding, to utilise the magnificent position, whose value was to become apparent at a later day.

These considerations help to explain Bishop Harper's action. His practical turn of mind led him to throw his energies into the development of parochial work and the building of parish churches. Towards the building of a Cathedral his attitude was one of extreme caution. He feared lest the glamour of the cathedral scheme should blind the eyes of the people to the necessity for effective pastoral work, such as could only be supplied (according to the ideas of that day) by small and compact parishes in which one priest—assisted perhaps by a deacon—ministered to a number not too great to be individually known. Had he been able to foresee the future he might perhaps have

taken a different course in 1859. For in that year, owing to a vacancy at St. Michael's, he had pastoral charge of the whole of Christchurch, and the parishioners were willing that the arrangement should continue. Owing to the smallness of the building, he was obliged to institute an evening service in the Masonic Hall—*i.e.*, almost on the site of the Cathedral itself. It would have been easy then to concentrate the work of the city there, and to make the Cathedral in fact, what of course it is in theory, the mother church of the diocese. Much friction between the two systems might have been avoided, had this course been taken. But the bishop deliberately kept them apart, postponed the commencement of the cathedral till parish churches were provided, and upheld its diocesan character throughout. He intended that it should be especially the church for the runholders and country-folks on their visits to town—a church to which they might come as of right and find no barrier in the shape of appropriated pews.

But sentiment was too strong to be withstood altogether. The first Synod (as has been said) appointed a commission of fifteen, with the bishop as chairman. This body obtained plans from Mr. (afterwards Sir Gilbert) Scott, and took some steps towards ascertaining the cost of material. The design provided for outer walls of stone, but the clerestory and columns were to be of wood. These columns would

have been formed each of a single tree of great size, and though the Auckland timber merchants were able to undertake to provide these huge balks, there was considerable doubt as to whether the shipping of the colony would be equal to the task of conveying them to Lyttelton. Time passed in these preliminary enquiries and the public became impatient. In November, 1862, meetings of parishioners were held for the purpose of providing more sittings in the old church, and these resolved themselves (as the minority complained) into meetings for the building of a cathedral. The undercurrent, whose strength had hitherto been unsuspected, now rose to the surface, and soon carried everything before it.

During the next month, and without any systematic canvass, no less a sum than £11,000 was promised—the payments to be spread over five years. Mr. Fitzgerald had in 1858 collected £750 in England, and in 1859 the bishop had added £1000 from the first instalment of the Council's church-building grant. The Commission had thus £1,750 in hand, and in January, 1863, they put forth their first appeal, in which they asked for further subscriptions to make up the sum of £20,000 which would be amply sufficient (according to the estimate) to complete the nave and thus provide accommodation for 1000 worshippers.

Times were good, and the appeal met with a fair response. Encouraged by success, the

Commission ventured to request Sir Gilbert Scott to alter his design by substituting stone pillars and clerestory. Not only so, but they even decided to lay the foundation of the whole building (instead of the nave only) in the confident assurance that a few years would see it completed from one end to the other. In September, 1864, Mr. R. Speechley arrived from England to take up the position of Resident Architect. He brought with him the alternative plans which were at once adopted, and the preliminary works were soon put in hand. The Provincial Council passed an Ordinance which had the effect of bringing the Cathedral a few feet nearer the middle of the Square, and on November 17th, the bishop signed the contract for the foundation of the whole building.

On December 16th—the fourteenth anniversary of the settlement—the foundation-stone was laid. Great preparations had been made for the event. An imposing procession marched from St. Michael's to the open square. A large choir composed of parochial contingents, the Musical Society of the town, and a number of instrumentalists, rendered the "Hallelujah Chorus" after the laying of the stone, and "Worthy is the Lamb," with the "Amen Chorus" at the close of the proceedings. Rain fell in torrents upon the unsheltered gathering, but nothing could damp the enthusiasm of the multitude, and the day is still remembered as a red-letter day in the history of the province.

And well it might be. Looking back at the circumstances of the time, the prominent feeling is one of astonishment and admiration. Christchurch was a very small town; its population can hardly have exceeded 5,000 people. Already the old church had been enlarged more than once, St. Luke's had not long been opened, and in that very same year (1864) the bishop had laid the foundation-stone of St. John the Baptist's—a solid stone structure. And now the community had put its hand to the erection of a cathedral, to hold some 1,500 people, in full expectation of seeing it completed within the next six years.

What were to be its uses, and who were to fill its spacious aisles? The appeal of the Commission spoke of the value of such a building as a witness to the Unseen Power, and also to the episcopal character of the Anglican Church. It mentioned the need of a large central church on great national occasions and for special episcopal functions. It dwelt also upon the welcome it would offer to country residents who often spent a considerable part of the year in town. But these objects would never have roused such enthusiasm had they stood alone. It was the sentiment, the "poetry," behind them which gave them their power. The general feeling was best expressed in the Latin inscription which was deposited in the foundation-stone.

It may be translated thus:—

IN HONOUR OF THE HOLY TRINITY
FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST,
THIS CORNER-STONE

of the Cathedral Church of Christ, in the City of Christchurch, was laid by the Right Rev. H. J. C.

Harper, D.D., First Bishop of Christchurch
on the 14th birthday of the Canterbury Settlement,
December 16th, of the 28th year of Queen Victoria,
being the year of our Redemption, 1864—
in the presence of clergy and people
remembering with a grateful heart
the many and great benefits which God, Most Good and
Great, the Author of all good things,
has bestowed upon the sons of Britain dwelling in this new
country, and the good success with which He has hitherto
favoured the hopes and plans of those who have
earnestly striven to found another England not
unworthy of the mother:

Praying also that as the Universal Church of Christ founded
upon the Rock stands immoveable and will stand even to
the end of the world,

So Christ's temple resting upon this corner-stone
may stand for all future years
a strong, beautiful, noble, and conspicuous
witness of faith in Christ unconquered and unshaken.
May God bless this work from beginning to end
and be propitious to our labours.

Amen.

Praise be to God."

But the day on which the stone was laid was the high-water mark for many a long year. Before the foundations were completed the tide had begun to ebb. A period of severe commercial depression set in, and by the end of 1865 the Commission was confronted with a deficit.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.



Sketch by Mrs. Acland.

Christchurch in 1857, with St. Michael's Pro-Cathedral in the distance on the right.



The Cathedral in 1904.

Their expenses had amounted to £7,000, while of the promised subscriptions less than £5,000 had been paid. Again and again the Bishop appealed to the subscribers and the public, but with little or no result. Times were bad, and people could not pay. The work was therefore suspended, and for several years there was nothing to be seen above the ground but a few inches of the foundation. Even this was nearly obliterated by the growth of grass and moss, and when the Governor (Sir George Grey) visited the city in 1867 the authorities found it necessary to mow the grass and whitewash the top of the foundation in order to let him see the outline of what they still hoped to build some day.

On his return from the Lambeth Conference in 1868, the bishop found that hope had sunk to an even lower level. In one of the speeches at the welcome meeting he was informed by the Dean (Jacobs) that whereas, when he left for England, some lingering uncertainty still prevailed as to whether it might be possible to go on with the building within a reasonable time, that notion was now quite cleared away. "There is not a single person who does not think that it would be utterly vain and idle to attempt proceeding with the Cathedral under present circumstances for, in all probability, some years to come."

Here was indeed a depressing account. Yet the situation was not without its compensations. The Cathedral idea had never held the first

place in the bishop's thoughts, and the impossibility of its realisation at this time simply threw him back on his love for the parochial system. Thus it was that when, in the next year's Synod a motion for a fresh cathedral effort was brought forward by his son, the Archdeacon of Westland, and supported by a majority both of clergy and laity, the bishop actually opposed it with his veto. His policy was to do one thing at a time, and he resolved to postpone any such effort till more church accommodation was provided to meet the pressing needs of the immediate present. Accordingly, he concentrated his energies on the building of a new St. Michael's.

This church, of which the foundation-stone was laid on Michaelmas Day, 1870, was opened for divine service on May 2nd, 1872. Though built of timber, it was a noble and roomy structure and served well as a pro-cathedral for many years.

During this period the cathedral site was left, of course, in its old condition, and desolate indeed was its appearance at the time of Trollope's visit in the winter of 1872. "There is the empty space" (he wrote) "with all the foundations of a great church laid steadfast beneath the surface; but it seemed to be the general opinion of the people that a set of public offices should be erected there instead of a cathedral. I could not but be melancholy as I learned that the honest, high-toned idea of the

honest, high-toned founders of the colony would probably not be carried out."

The visitor's information was not altogether correct, but it was not without ample justification in fact. In the years preceding his visit the Synod had been discussing the advisability of some such course as that to which he alluded. In 1869 and in 1871, proposals were brought forward in favour of selling the site altogether, or else of letting it on building leases. In 1872 the Dean himself advocated such a course—his argument being that with the proceeds of the sale a less costly cathedral might be built on some less central site. Even the bishop was not altogether averse to this policy. His great object was practical efficiency, and he instanced the case of St. Ambrose who sold the sacred vessels in order to ransom captives. But the Synod could never bring itself to give up the foundations so hopefully laid at such great cost, and in the same year it at length passed a resolution (moved by Mr. C. C. Bowen) which favoured a resumption of the original work. Now that St. Michael's was built, the bishop felt himself free to adopt what he had vetoed three years before, and the long period of waiting was brought to a close.

The time was opportune for a new advance. The commercial depression was passing away, and the community felt a new breath of hope. Trollope's book, which appeared in 1873, actually helped the rising tide. It led to the formation of a Cathedral Guild, whose exertions

were of considerable value. The bishop came forward with a scheme which bore the stamp of his generous nature, for it practically meant that he himself should bear the largest part of the cost. A loan was to be raised on the Church property—two-thirds on the Bishopric Estate, one-third on the joint security of the Dean and Chapter and General Trusts Estates—interest and sinking fund to be provided by proportionate deduction from the income of the bishop and canons, and the grant to the clergy of St. Michael's, St. Luke's, and St. John's. This proposal was not accepted, but in August the Trustees raised a loan of £5,000 and in the following year one of a similar amount. The tide of enthusiasm once more set in, a fresh canvass was made, the public responded with generous subscriptions, and by the end of 1875 the outer walls had risen to a goodly height. On Anniversary Day in that year a service was held within those walls, which the Bishop characterised in his journal as "very good." Previous to the service he was presented with a pastoral staff and a Primatial crozier by the laity and clergy of the diocese.

From this time onward the building proceeded, with some intervals indeed, but at a fairly rapid rate. The nave columns were given by different donors whose names they now bear. Mr. W. B. Mountfort was now resident architect, and to him many of the most beautiful details are due. In 1879 the Synod determined to make a special effort for the completion of the

nave, and authorised a further loan of £8,000.¹ This was supplemented by several generous gifts. The rose window was given by the Cathedral Guild, the north porch by Archdeacon Wilson, and lastly, the tower and spire, with peal of bells, by Mr. R. H. Rhodes and the family of Mr. George Rhodes, his brother.

Thus it came about that on All Saints' Day, 1881, the nave was consecrated. This was perhaps the greatest day of Bishop Harper's life. He himself of course performed the ceremony, but the Bishops of Nelson, Wellington, Dunedin, and Waiapu took part in the proceedings and preached at the services held during the octave. A Dean and Chapter had been appointed as far back as 1866; a choir had already been trained and a daily choral service of a character hitherto unrivalled in Australasia was carried on uninterruptedly from the day of consecration.

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The history of the building during the next twenty years was a somewhat checkered one. The lofty spire (210 feet) was injured more than once by the earthquakes with which New Zealand is visited from time to time. When the second Bishop of Christchurch was consecrated in 1890, it stood in a truncated condition; and when the second dean was installed in 1901, it had again been recently shaken so

¹ Altogether some £45,000 was spent on the cathedral prior to November, 1881.

severely that the top courses had to be removed a few weeks later. In each case the family by whom it was built came forward generously with the funds for its restoration. During all this time the transepts and chancel stood in the unfinished state in which they had been left previous to the great effort of 1880, but in 1900 a new movement was inaugurated by the present bishop, and the 40th anniversary of its foundation saw the whole building completed and open for divine worship. By that date, no less a sum than £65,000 had been spent upon the building, instead of the £21,000 which formed the original estimate.

Christchurch Cathedral has thus a history which is bound up with that of the settlement itself. Already it contains within its walls many noble memorials of early founders. There is none, it is true, of Godley in whose devout mind the idea of the building was first conceived, but from the adjoining square his bronze statue looks towards the western doorway which his feet would doubtless have entered daily if the opportunity had been given him. The font, given by Dean Stanley, of Westminster, commemorates the annexation of the Island to the British Crown, in 1840, by his brother, Captain Owen Stanley, of H.M.S. *Britomart*. The pulpit was erected in memory of Bishop Selwyn—the carved alabaster panels representing different incidents in his life, such as his consecration of Bishop Patteson and his reception of Bishop Harper in 1856. In the north transept an

impressive recumbent figure of Bishop Harper himself rests upon a cenotaph, on which the dates of his episcopate are recorded.

The central position of the building has proved of great advantage. Its holding capacity has been none too great for the congregations which have come together on Sunday evenings, and has been altogether inadequate on great national occasions when citizens have wished to join in united acts of solemn worship. Its stately architecture and commanding position have given a character of its own to the "Cathedral City," and afford to a new generation an eloquent testimony to the high aims and devout aspirations of the founders of Canterbury.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LATER EPISCOPATE.

“Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made.”
—*R. Browning.*

Some of the more notable events of the later period of the bishop's labours have already been described in the preceding chapters, but Bishop Harper was a man whose daily life and regular work stood for much more than the occasional events by which that life and work were varied. Take away the Jenner difficulty, the Carlyon trouble, and the Property tax dispute, and there is little (except the opening of the Cathedral) for a formal history to record. Yet none of these events, nor all of them together, made up any really great part of his work. An attempt must now be made to pourtray the bishop in his ordinary routine of labour, and to sketch the quiet growth of the diocese during the last twenty years of his episcopate.

The separation of Otago in 1871 left him with a diocese which was fairly compact though still large enough to occupy the energies of the most active pastor.

Except for the Westland goldfields, it soon became easy to traverse, for the seventies saw

the formation of railways through nearly every part of Canterbury. And each part was regularly visited by the bishop, who was thoroughly familiar with every parish. Very little pioneering work did he leave for his successor. The Chatham Islands (300 miles out at sea), and the extreme south of Westland (only to be reached by riding round a bluff between two successive waves) were the only inhabited territories in which the second bishop found a fresh field for his energies.

During these tours he was frequently called upon to consecrate new churches. A full list of these will be found in the appendix, but special mention must be made here of St. Mary's, Timaru. Only the nave was completed during Bishop Harper's episcopate, but this was sufficient to mark it as one of the finest churches in Australasia. Though on a smaller scale, it vies with the Cathedral itself—in some respects even surpasses it—in dignity of design, solidity of structure, and beauty of detail.

Frequent, however, as were such joyful occasions as the consecration of a church, the bishop's visit to a parish was generally marked by nothing more remarkable than a confirmation. But it was in the conduct of these quieter services that his strength lay. His love for the young and his sympathy for their trials, his intense spirituality and his genuine earnestness, his dignity and his winning gentleness—all these qualities were seen to perfection at a confirmation. He always delivered two addresses

to the candidates—one before the question, and the other after the laying on of hands. These addresses never aimed at novelty or originality, they did not vary much in their substance or even in their form, but they always came fresh and living from the heart. It was on these occasions that the bishop threw off most completely his habitual reserve and revealed most clearly his inmost soul.

Needless to say that in the houses where he stayed he was ever a welcome guest. Sheep-station, country parsonage, or settler's rough shanty—in each and all the bishop's visit was an event to be long remembered and had in honour. He had an exceptional memory for faces and people, and never seemed to forget any member of a household which he had visited. The children in particular attracted his kindly notice, and were remembered in various ways when the visit was over.

The relations between the bishop and his clergy were generally of the happiest character. It could hardly be expected, of course, that no troubles would arise, but only one was of sufficient magnitude to attract public attention. This was the Carlyon case—a ritual dispute at Kaiapoi, in the year 1877. The whole subject of illegal ritual has passed into a different phase since then, and nothing would be gained now by the re-opening of an old sore.

The case stands differently, however, with a dispute which occupied much time during the last three years of Dr. Harper's episcopate.

This was of so singular a nature and turned so largely upon the bishop's personal action, that some account of it must be given here.

Like the struggles between the Christchurch Synod and Bishop Selwyn in 1862-65, this was connected with the Canterbury Church endowments. The cause of the dispute was quite different, but again the bishop found himself opposed to a large section of his diocesan Synod, and again his qualities of firmness and discretion were manifested in an eminent degree.

The history of the building of the Cathedral (as given in the previous chapter) shows that loans were raised by the Church Property Trustees from time to time in order to make up for a deficiency in subscriptions. In 1879, the Synod determined on a bold course. In order to pay off the loans already contracted, and also to secure an additional sum wherewith to complete the nave, as well as to assist church-building throughout the diocese, it actually resolved to borrow in the English money market no less a sum than £50,000. This is probably the largest financial transaction ever entered into by a colonial diocese, and it is not to be wondered at if provision was not made for all possible contingencies. No difficulty was found in obtaining the money, but the lenders secured themselves with a double security. Five hundred debentures (of £100 each) were issued, with negotiable interest coupons signed by the bishop. In addition to this, three gentlemen

in the colony (Messrs. Murray-Aynsley, Tancred,² and Bowen) were appointed on behalf of the lenders to hold a mortgage of a large part of the Church estates, and to act as intermediaries between the diocese and the English creditors.

All went well till the year 1887, when the New Zealand Government subjected the Church estates to a property tax. The question then arose:—Who ought to pay the tax on the mortgaged lands—the diocese or the debenture-holders? The Church Property Trustees held that it must be paid by the latter. To the bishop this course seemed like a repudiation of just liabilities, and he reserved the resolution for the consideration of Synod. “It is not a question which should be decided simply on business principles, or even in accordance with a law in this country . . . but on those higher principles which we profess to hold, and which would have us in all our dealings with our fellow-men adhere strictly to our agreements with them, even though in doing so we should incur some pecuniary loss.”

For the present, however, the matter was settled by carrying it to the New Zealand Court of Appeal. Judgment was given in August, 1888, and it was in favour of the Church Property Trustees. The mortgagees were declared liable to pay the tax. The trustees therefore determined simply to reimburse these three

² After Mr. Tancred's death in 1884, Mr. R. Westenra was appointed in his place.

gentlemen for the money they had privately advanced in order to keep faith with the debenture-holders, but to pay no more for the future. This did not suit the bishop. Such a course might be legal, but it was to his mind "inconsistent with that higher law of morality which the Church, the teacher of righteousness, is bound to uphold." Accordingly, he called the Synod together immediately after the judgment of the Court of Appeal, and before it he laid his case.

The Synod was in a sore state of perplexity. The members had the greatest reverence for their bishop, and sympathised with his position; but might he not be a little over-scrupulous? The trustees were high-minded men, as well as men of business: would they advocate anything dishonourable? The highest court in the land sided with them; was it necessary to be more just than the judges? So the Synod—town and country clergy, town and country laity—set itself to master the intricacies of the case in order to solve this new phase of the world-old problem, What is Justice?

The ordinary Synod fortnight passed, and still the question was undecided. At the close of the second week the bishop appealed to the members to come back on Monday and go through with their task. Many a country church must be left without services, but justice is greater even than church ordinances. So for another week the discussion went on, and its close found the question still unsettled. Again

the aged bishop appealed to the members, and again they came back—or at least enough of them to form a quorum. The result was one which deserves to stand on record. In spite of the Court of Appeal, in spite of the serious strain which the funds of the Church must inevitably suffer, those poor clergy and church officers decided that the diocese should pay the tax. There was no necessity to pay it, most of them could ill afford the loss, but it seemed the right thing to do, and the bishop had asked them to do it.

For the moment everything seemed settled, and settled as the bishop wished. But the trustees determined to save the diocese from the consequence of its heroic action. Armed with legal opinions from eminent counsel in other parts of the colony, they declined to obey the directions of Synod on the ground that such an expenditure was actually illegal. Here was a new difficulty and one which made the last year of Bishop Harper's episcopate little else than a year of synods. No less than four sessions were held in this year (1889), and one of these lasted for a month (May 21st to June 21st). In a three days' session in March the Synod rescinded its resolutions of the previous year, and by a substantial majority agreed to introduce a Bill into Parliament which should empower the trustees to pay the arrears of tax but nothing more. Still the trustees were obdurate, and refused to act upon the recommendation of Synod. Again and again the

matter was brought forward, but, at the end of the year unanimity seemed as far off as ever. At last the trustees themselves became convinced of the practical difficulties in the way of compelling the coupon-holders to pay the tax. The final act in this strange drama was not concluded till Bishop Harper had retired from the scene, but immediately after the appointment of his successor a special session of Synod was summoned (June 1890) which in two days settled the long-vexed question with complete unanimity and on the lines laid down by Bishop Harper from the first. The diocese went to the expense of obtaining an Act of Parliament which empowered it to tax itself for the benefit of the English creditors. Sentiment and justice were alike satisfied, and the memory of the long dispute has well-nigh faded from the minds of those whose feelings it once stirred so fiercely.

Apart, however, from the property tax dispute, the closing years of the bishop's term of office were years of peaceful activity and beneficent influence. In spite of his great age, he was able to pay his regular visits to all parts of the diocese with unfailing regularity. The only point in which his physical powers failed was his hearing. As years went by, more and more committee work was called for, and it was in this he felt his deafness most. "Business at committees" (he wrote in 1888) "is carried on chiefly in a conversational tone, and unless the speaker is near at hand and looking me full in

the face, I may hear a voice but without understanding the meaning of it. As to travelling and letter-writing, and taking services and holding confirmations—this at present I feel quite equal to.”

It might have been thought that the failure of his powers of hearing would have disqualified him from presiding over large assemblies like the General and Diocesan Synods. This, however, was not the case. His secretary (Rev. F. Knowles) conveyed to his ear, through a tube, the gist of every speech that was made, and when a joke had to be thus transmitted members used to watch with amused expectation for the smile which rarely failed to appear upon the old man's face. Occasionally indeed the working of this arrangement was at fault, and once when appealed to on a point of order he gave a ruling which everyone immediately recognised to be due to a misunderstanding of the question. A moment more, and both sides had tacitly agreed to drop the point altogether, out of regard for the bishop's feelings. But in this and other matters the universal reverence in which he was held more than supplied the place of the quickness and adaptiveness of youth.

Still this state of things could not last for ever. In 1887 the bishop announced to the Synod that he intended to retire at the end of the following year. Legal difficulties interposed to prevent the accomplishment of this project, and it was not till August 10th, 1889, that he actually resigned his see—the resignation to

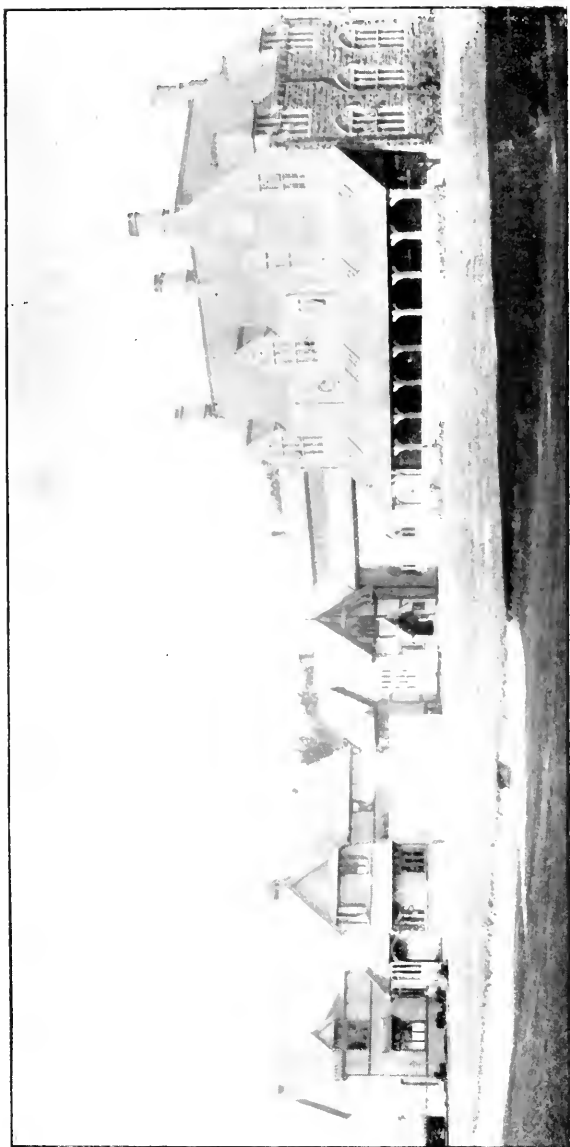


Photo by Wheeler.

Bishop's
Office.

Synod
Hall.

SYNOD HALL AND BISHOP'S OFFICE IN QUADRANGLE OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE.



take effect on March 31st, 1890. But right up to the latter date he worked with all his old diligence and regularity. In 1888 he was called upon to consecrate a cathedral church at Auckland (Bishop Cowie being absent at the Lambeth Conference). On his return he wrote, "I was in Auckland one week—Monday, September 24th, to Monday, October 1st—and found ample employment. A parish gathering with address from parishioners and reply, lay readers' gathering, with address from myself, confirmation, ordination of two priests, address from working men, with a reply, and consecration of cathedral church with sermon. The weather was bright and cool for Auckland and I was not over-fatigued."

Yet at this time he was over eighty-six years old!

His last year (1889) was a particularly busy one. Besides the numerous sessions of the Diocesan Synod already referred to, he presided at his last General Synod in February. This Synod was held in Dunedin, and here Bishop Hadfield (of Wellington) was elected to succeed him in the primacy, though he himself did not resign the office till September 5th.

In April he paid his farewell visit to the West Coast. He was accompanied by one of his grandsons, and on his arrival at Kumara wrote the following account of the work which lay before him:—

"I came here on Wednesday last with W. Cox, for the last time, I suppose, and shall hold

confirmations in this township, Stafford, Hokitika, and Ross, besides services at Goldsborough, Rimu, and Kanieri, and must bring them all within the few days ending Palm Sunday. . . . My journey hither was accomplished in the two days, in spite of some damage done to the roads this side of the pass by heavy floods, which necessitated a walk of about a mile."

In almost all of the townships thus visited, as well as in those of Canterbury, and especially of South Canterbury, the bishop received addresses recording affectionate regrets at the thought of his approaching retirement. A similar expression of opinion was embodied by the Diocesan Synod in a resolution moved by the Hon. H. B. Gresson. In reply the bishop alluded to his increasing deafness as the chief reason which had induced him to resign. There was another consideration, however, which had led him to take that step. "I feel that I have not the gifts and powers which are necessary for the effective carrying on of the Church. I came out here at a time of comparative peace, as an English clergyman knowing what was required and able to carry out those requirements. But times have changed. Under the present difficulties you want persons of greater powers and greater gifts to carry out the real work of the Church here, and to secure the true co-operation of the laity." These modest words showed how the aged bishop realised the importance of the changes which were impending, and

had already, indeed, begun. He had met and overcome the difficulties of the colony's early days, but he was leaving to his successor other difficulties even harder to surmount. Under his rule the whole diocese had been supplied with churches and parsonages; the number of clergy had grown from 10 to 60; the outward agencies were abundantly provided. But the democracy which was installed in office in 1890, the year of the bishop's retirement, stood outside the old religious organisation, and he felt himself unequal to the leadership amidst such new conditions.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,

and he would yield without vexation or complaint to new men and new methods.

It is indeed somewhat strange to reflect that Canterbury—conservative and ecclesiastical Canterbury—should have taken the leading part in giving to New Zealand its female franchise, and its socialistic labour legislation. The authors or principal supporters of these measures were the Hon. Sir John Hall, and the Hon. W. P. Reeves—both of them men belonging to the original pilgrim element of the settlement, and more or less closely associated with the bishop. He himself was not one to oppose anything that might be for the good of the people as a whole, yet he had no great faith in legislation of a novel and venturesome kind. His ideal was *character*—character formed and moulded on the old catechism traditions of duty

to God and man. It may be, however, that he himself had done as much as anyone to make possible such a development of democratic legislation as took place in the years which followed his retirement from office. At any-rate, he had the respect of the people at large in no common measure. "We may not come to church much," said a citizen of Christchurch, "but it does us good to see the old man walking down the street." And no one was cheered more loudly than he when the crowds gathered to celebrate the jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1887. The popular verdict was well summed up by the anonymous writer of some singularly clever verses, entitled "A Sermon to the Bishops," which appeared at Dunedin during the last General Synod over which Dr. Harper presided.

In the earlier part of this "Sermon" many a shrewd hit was made at the weak points of the other prelates, but when the primate's turn came, the satirical tone was dropped, and the last verse ran thus:—

"And thou, head shepherd, venerable pastor,
Ere long to hang thy crook upon the wall,
A life well spent in service of thy Master
Has made thee ready for the Master's call.
Thy faithful stewardship this guerdon brings;
'Be thou the ruler over many things.' "

CHAPTER XIV.

PRIVATE AND DOMESTIC LIFE.

“Thou hadst *one* aim, *one* business, *one* desire ;
Else wert thou long since numbered with the dead!
Else hadst thou spent, like other men, thy fire!”
—*M. Arnold.*

In the early days of the colony it was sometimes charged against Canterbury by North Island critics that its creed consisted of but three articles—the scab, the land-fund, and the bishop. Of the three objects which thus bulked most largely in the public mind, the scab was gradually banished by persistent effort, the land-fund was lost at the abolition of the provinces, but the bishop still lived on and retained to the end of his life the trust and veneration of his people.

What was the secret of Bishop Harper’s popularity? He was not a brilliant orator, nor a fiery preacher, nor a great statesman, nor an original thinker. His life was uniform in its quiet regularity, his manners were unassuming, not to say reserved. Perhaps the following extract from a book already quoted may afford a clue to the secret of his influence. The scene is that of an up-country service in the seventies.

“The little church to which his lordship came was within a mile of us, and though all in it was not quite as it may be by and by, yet

those who came to it then lacked too many things to criticise too closely what they gained; and his lordship wore his robes with dignity, and a good man will beckon his people after him, even though his raiment *be* somewhat ruffled in his duty: so the settlers heard him gladly, and said of him what, for a moment, may sound hardly well to say; still, it is true, and has a meaning beyond the words.

“This is what they said of the bishop, when at sunset he had bid them good-bye; they said, *There is no mistake about Bishop Harper.*

Is there any bishop anywhere who would be offended, or think himself disparaged, if this, heartily, were said of him?”

There was no mistake about Bishop Harper. In church or in the saddle, at home or abroad, he was always the bishop, always the high-bred gentleman, always the simple Christian, always the genuine man. His outward garb, may be taken as an index to his inner life. Beyond the putting on and off of his vestments for worship, no one ever saw any change in his appearance. Even on ship-board he wore his full episcopal costume, and he was “the man with the hat” among the miners and road-makers of Westland. But he could never have passed unnoticed even in disguise—his look, his manner and his speech would soon have betrayed his character and his calling.

“What amazes me when I look back on those far off days” (writes Canon Stack) “is the

¹ “Crusts,” p. 29.

fact that an English clergyman of studious habits, without sporting instincts of any sort—accustomed all his life to the comforts and refinements of a good English home and the congenial society of scholarly men—could, when his habits were all fixed, have borne to be transplanted to a country such as New Zealand then was; and that he could adapt himself so readily to his new environment. For there was nothing of the “new chum” about Bishop Harper. He seemed to take naturally to the altered condition of things in which he found himself placed, and cheerfully endured all the deprivations which colonial life in the fifties entailed. In one thing alone he differed from most colonists: he was *never slovenly* in anything, and never did or said anything unbecoming his sacred office, yet no one identified himself more with the unconventional ways of the homes he had to visit.”

This unity of deportment and simplicity of character is, perhaps, the chief feature in the Bishop’s personality. The picture of such a life must necessarily be lacking in the dramatic surprises and many-sided interests which are afforded by the careers of a Wilberforce or a Magee. In its depth and singleness of purpose it rather resembles that of the saintly Bishop Wilson of Sodor and Man.

During the thirty-seven years of his residence in New Zealand, Bishop Harper only twice travelled beyond its limits—each time in order to attend a Lambeth Conference. His first visit has been already mentioned. The second

visit was much shorter, but through his very anxiety to make a quick return to his diocese he was enabled to see something of foreign countries. Leaving Auckland on May 1st, 1878, with Mr. and Mrs. Acland, he had a few hours at Honolulu with Bishop Willis, and arrived at San Francisco to hear the sad tidings of the death of his old friend Bishop Selwyn, whom he had been hoping to see once more. At Chicago he diverged from the direct route in order to visit Niagara, Toronto, and Montreal, but was soon in New York, where he celebrated the Holy Communion on Whit-Sunday. A few hours before sailing on Whit-Tuesday he took part in the consecration of Bishop Seymour of Springfield. Landing at Liverpool on June 22nd, he was almost immediately engaged in the work of the Conference, the formal opening of which took place on the 29th. August and September were spent in visits to old friends and parishioners, and on October 11th, he left England for the last time. Choosing the Suez route in order to save time, he was able to see something of Paris and Nîmes before joining the P. and O. boat at Marseilles. At Colombo he went on shore with Bishop Coplestone, and with the aid of an interpreter gave an address at a Cingalese service. On November 28th he landed at Albany for a few hours, but saw nothing of Melbourne, save a few glimpses from the sea, for on his arrival in that port at 4 a.m. on December 5th, he and his party were immediately transhipped to the New Zealand

steamer. His only visit to Australia was thus a disappointing one. He reached Christchurch at 8.30 a.m. on December 11th, just in time to take part in the Christ's College Commemoration which began at 11 on the same day, and in the second service held within the Cathedral walls, on the Anniversary five days later.

He never left the colony again, for he felt himself too old to attend the Conference of 1888. Within New Zealand he still travelled to the General Synod meetings which were held every three years in the different cities, but he never took a journey merely for pleasure's sake. His short and rare holidays were generally spent at the homes of his sons or daughters—particularly at Mount Peel or Orari Gorge.

It is difficult, indeed, to say in what way Bishop Harper found his recreation. He had no hobbies and seemed to need no amusements. His health was always good, and he found enjoyment in his work. He invariably rose at six in the morning, and, with no other refreshment than a glass of cold water, engaged in private devotion and study till it was time to attend matins. Except when absent from home, he never failed to be present at this service, either at the College Chapel or (in his later years) at the Cathedral. He was generally in his place at evensong also, for he appreciated to the full the regular daily offices.

He was noted for his punctuality. He had always at least ten minutes to spare before an

engagement, and often utilised the waiting moments by reading. His letters were always answered with promptness, and though not a voluminous correspondent, he never wrote a letter which was not well considered and carefully expressed.

In money matters he was less methodical. Scrupulously exact with money belonging to others, he was generous to an extreme with his own. His episcopal income gradually rose from £600 to £1000, but he put nothing by. He gave Mrs. Harper, who was an excellent manager, an allowance for house-keeping expenses, and the rest went in various charitable directions—most of them secret ones. To an appeal from a distressed clergyman or a friend in difficulties, his usual response was a cheque for £10.

Simplicity and regularity being the predominating characteristics of his nature, it is not surprising to find that he had no particular inclination to any kind of artistic pursuit. There are few poetical touches in any of his writings. Such an entry as the following shows that he was by no means wanting in susceptibility to poetical impressions, but it is almost the only specimen of its kind in the whole of his journals. The reference is to the funeral of a daughter-in-law in 1862. "Quiet warm evening—sombre clouds with bright rays of sunlight on the hills—a funeral evening, solemn and gloomy, but cheerful withal—sorrowful, yet rejoicing." His reading lay chiefly in the

regions of Anglican theology of the more classic and sober kind, and he used to say that there was no better guide than Hooker to an understanding of religious difficulties. But he revelled in a new book, and did not disdain a good novel. One of the favourite works of his later years was Professor Milligan's treatise on "The Resurrection of our Lord."

The old-fashioned strictness and dignity of his own habits was usually mellowed by a genial tolerance of the freer ways of others. He was fond of children and preserved a certain youthfulness of mind even to the last. In his early days he had been a good cricketer, and in January, 1893, (when he had entered his ninetieth year) he took bat in hand once more for a game with one of his great-grand-children at Mount Peel. The following story (which belongs to his middle life) is characteristic. In the course of his pastoral visiting at Hokitika he came to a rough shanty, where was a little girl all alone in a state of great trouble because the fire would not burn. "Let me help you," said the bishop, and kneeling down upon the hearth, he coaxed the smouldering wood into a flame. His own appearance, even after he had reached his eightieth year, was so suggestive of youth that it formed the subject of a public comment by the then Governor of New Zealand, Sir William Jervois, who was being entertained at a banquet on the occasion of his first visit to Christchurch. When his health was being drunk, the band played, "The

Old English Gentleman." His Excellency in responding demurred to the insinuation of old age. "Why here is your Primate," he pleasantly added, "he is twenty years older than I am, and *he is a young man yet.*"

The impression he produced in his own home is thus described by Dr. Gerald Harper, his youngest son. "My father's resolute and almost stern character, as I knew him in middle life, was much concealed by his calm and conciliatory manner, but we boys knew that he was never to be trifled with, and that he would punish with severity any sort of idleness or ill-behaviour. In his desire to avoid showing us any favour he was at times hardly just, as we found to our cost in school examinations. I worked very hard for the Somes Scholarship which should have been awarded to me if my father had not interposed on behalf of —. I felt the disappointment keenly, but did not venture to discuss the subject. . . . He left upon me the deep impression that he never had an ideal of power, or wealth, or fame, but that to go about doing good and to promote the welfare of his fellowmen with all his strength were the objects he had in view in his whole life."

In his family Bishop Harper was indeed highly favoured. Nearly all his sons settled in Canterbury, and his six daughters were all happily married. Besides the son (Paul) who was lost at sea in 1863, the only death was that of a younger son, Herbert, on September 7th,

1869. The news was communicated to the father at Lyttelton, two days later, on his arrival from the Peninsula, but it was not unexpected, for the illness had been a long one. All the other members of his family seemed to have inherited the vigorous constitution of their father, and they all took an active part in helping forward the bishop's work. Besides the two sons who entered the ministry of the Church, their brother Leonard was a member of Synod and an active vestryman in his own parish. The same may be said of another brother, George, who was also a regular lay-reader as was also his elder brother Charles. The six sons-in-law were not behindhand, for Mr. Acland was a lay-reader and synodsmen, Mr. Tripp a Church Property Trustee, Mr. Blakiston a synodsmen and member of the original Cathedral Commission, Mr. Maling a synodsmen and Mr. Cox a lay-reader, while Mr. Douglas was also a Sunday school teacher and an active member of his parish vestry.

On December 12th, 1879, the bishop and Mrs. Harper celebrated their Golden Wedding, and gathered round them on that occasion no fewer than sixty-nine children and grandchildren.

This was one of the red-letter days of the bishop's life. The proceedings commenced with a celebration of the Holy Communion in the College Chapel, at which his two clerical sons officiated—Archdeacon Harper of Timaru, and the Rev. Walter Harper, then Vicar of Ellesmere. A thank-offering of £39 was collected,

and the money was expended in the purchase of a silver-gilt alms dish for the Cathedral. This piece of plate bears on its under side the inscription—"The twenty-two sons and daughters² and sixty grand-children of the Most Reverend the Bishop of Christchurch, Primate of the Church of the Province of New Zealand, with their friends gave me on the fiftieth anniversary of his wedding-day, in token of gratitude to Almighty God, for use in the Cathedral Church of the Diocese of Christchurch, N.Z."

In the afternoon a reception was held in the garden of Bishops court, at which about 500 friends attended. The presents included an illuminated address from the Presbyterian ministers of the city, and a silver-gilt tea-service from the ladies of the diocese. The summer day was everything that could be desired, and everyone bore away the happiest remembrances.

For some years it seemed as though there might be a diamond wedding also at Bishops court. This, however, was not to be, for on the sixtieth anniversary of his marriage the Bishop found himself alone. In 1886 Mrs. Harper's health gave way, and for two years she was a confirmed invalid. One of her most pleasureable experiences during this period was at the jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1887. Sitting up

² This includes six sons-in-law and four daughters-in-law, viz: Mrs. Leonard Harper, Mrs. Charles Harper, Mrs. George Harper, and Mrs. Walter Harper.

in her bed, she could hear the cheers with which her husband was greeted in Hagley Park, and on his return home she could watch the carriage with its four horses and its escort of red-coated cavalry. In the following year her strength failed rapidly, and she passed peacefully away, about mid-night on June 10th, 1888. She was buried by the side of her son Herbert. The day of the funeral was one of those warm, bright winter days for which the climate is renowned, and all sections of the community came forward to do honour to one who had been a leading figure in the social life of the early days, and whose extensive charities, though dispensed with secrecy, had raised up friends in all classes. Her memory is kept alive by a window erected by the bishop in the north aisle of the Cathedral. The figures of Nathaniel and of Dorcas are expressive of her unostentatious benevolence, while the arms of the see of Winchester recall the place of her birth. Her name was already associated with various objects in the Cathedral, for the many handsome service-books and the stately eagle lectern were her gifts.

Belonging rather to his private than to his public life was the bishop's work among the sick and suffering. The pastoral instinct which manifested itself so strongly at Eton as well as at Mortimer, was never crushed beneath the pressure of his larger duties, and was, if possible, intensified as life drew to a close. He was well over eighty when, on his return from a

railway journey on a winter night, he found a request to visit a young married lady who was dying of consumption. He could not go that night, but at six o'clock next morning he started off on foot across the park, amidst falling snow, and reached the house only to find that death had been beforehand. Though unable to do anything for the departed, his words of consolation so wrought on the bereaved mother that she was saved from entire disbelief in Christianity.

During these same years, while on a visit to a country parish in very stormy weather, he was prevailed upon by the vicar not to attempt the drive to a distant church at which he was expected to preach. He therefore stayed at the vicarage, but after a time his hostess missed him, and fearing that some accident had befallen him, searched high and low throughout the house. At last she found him in the empty church close by. He was engaged in intercession, and his whole soul seemed to go out in fervent utterance. It was not often that the veil was lifted which lay upon the bishop's inner life, but no one to whom a glimpse was granted was left unimpressed.

Glimpses are all that this chapter can attempt to give, for over the greater part of that inner life the veil remains.

CHAPTER XV.

CLOSING YEARS AND DEATH.

“Father in God.”

His pale presentment lies
Within the hallowed Fane he loved so well.
Men come and go—the foolish and the wise,
Strangers and those who loved him—

These can tell
How well the name befitted. Filled was he
With God’s own grace, large-hearted charity,
The love that knows no evil, and will last
When all the things of earth are overpast.”

(By an Early Settler.)

When Bishop Harper laid down his office in 1890, he had still an amount of vigour very rare for a man of eighty-six years. He had nearly four years yet to live, and those years were by no means idle ones. He still occupied Bishopscourt, and as the partner of his life had passed away, one of his daughters, with her family, now lived with him and tended him in the gradually increasing infirmities of old age. No provision had originally been made in the diocesan trust-deeds for any pension to a retiring bishop, possibly because at the time when they were drafted such a contingency had never occurred to anyone’s mind. But the bishopric estate was able by this time to bear a double charge, and when the bishop announced his intention of resigning, a Bill was promoted in the colonial legislature by Sir John Hall, which should permit of the proceeds being so

applied. The Houses, though not as a rule over-ready to fall in with ecclesiastical petitions, offered no opposition to a measure which touched the well-being of the aged bishop. The result was that he enjoyed until his death a yearly pension of £600, and was able to keep up the modest household to which he had been accustomed without trenching to any great extent upon his charitable outlay.

On May 1st, 1890, he had the great satisfaction of taking part in the consecration of his successor, the Right Revd. Churchill Julius, formerly Archdeacon of Ballarat. The chief part in this solemn service naturally devolved upon the new Primate, but Bishop Harper joined with the Bishops of Nelson, Dunedin, and Waiapu, in the laying on of hands.

On the following day he presided at the luncheon which was held in the Provincial Council Chamber, and, in words which sounded strange coming from his lips, proposed the toast of "His Lordship the Bishop of Christchurch." In doing so he remarked:

"There is a great peculiarity in having to propose this toast, and I am thankful that I have had the opportunity of doing so. The more especially am I thankful, because my case is an unusual one—in fact, so far as I know of the history of the Church, I do not know one other bishop who has retired who has had the opportunity, and who has been able, to lay his hands on his successor, as it was my privilege to do yesterday."

His own health was proposed by the Primate and seconded by Mr. C. Whitefoord, R.M., both of whom spoke in the highest terms of his past work, and drew from him a modest disclaimer: "The Primate has gone through greater hardships than I have. What I had to undertake was merely travelling over unknown tracks and encountering rivers." He cheerfully rendered the new bishop all the aid in his power, but was careful even to punctiliousness never to do anything which might even seem to savour of interference. The old episcopal chair was brought from St. Michael's and placed on the north side of the Cathedral sanctuary, opposite the newer throne, and in this humble seat the old man took his place day by day, and Sunday by Sunday, although his deafness was such that no word of sermon or lesson could ever be heard by him. Till within a month of his death he always celebrated the Holy Communion at 8 a.m. on Sundays; occasionally he was prevailed upon to preach, and every now and then he would be called upon to baptise one of his great-grand-children, whose number was now increasing fast. During these last years he thus received into Christ's flock his hundredth descendant.

But, more than any outward act, the mere sight of the old bishop exerted a spiritualising influence. His countenance, always handsome and kindly, now recalled the description given of Moses, for "the skin of his face shone" with the spiritual light within. No portion

perhaps of the new bishop's first sermon struck home quite so deep as his touching reference to his predecessor: "Almost deaf to earth's voices, he can almost hear the Voice that cries, 'Servant of God, well done; well hast thou fought the better fight.' " As long as Bishop Harper's peaceful face and venerable form were seen in church or street the other world seemed not so very "far off" even to those whose immediate vision was less keen and sure.

Almost to the end he continued his life-long habit of early rising, and also his habit of diligent study. He gave much attention during this period to the Epistle to the Hebrews, which he studied with the help of the commentary which Dr. Westcott had just published. Those who are familiar with this erudite and massive work will be able to realise what such study meant in the case of a man nearing his ninetieth year. Bishop Harper's copy shows the marks of careful reading, and even the index has been made more complete by additional insertions traced in a somewhat wavering but clear and decided hand. This was study for his own soul's sake, but he also laboured at the Old Testament in connection with a class which he held twice a week for the girls in one of the boarding-schools of the city. Much of his time was given to the sick, especially any whom he had known in earlier life. He kept up a keen interest in passing events, and seemed almost to have discovered the secret of perpetual youth.

Still, the end was bound to come, and on one summer afternoon in 1893 the tolling of the great bell of the Cathedral announced to the citizens of Christchurch that "the old bishop" had at length passed away. The news came to most of them with a shock, for they had hardly had time to notice that his regular appearances among them had ceased. On Sunday, December 3rd, he had celebrated the Holy Communion in the Cathedral, and on the 10th at the College Chapel, though he had some difficulty in making his way down Park Terrace against a strong south-west wind. This was his last public ministration, for on the following Sunday, though he succeeded in walking to the Cathedral for the early celebration, he was too much exhausted to be able to ascend the chancel steps. He therefore sat with the congregation in the nave. For a short time he knelt while his son (the present Dean) brought down and administered to him the sacred elements, but then sat gazing at the East End—taking what he must have felt to be his last look at the sanctuary where so much of his time had of late been spent. Even then he succeeded with help in walking back to Bishops-court—a distance of nearly a mile. In fact, about a month before the end he had written to his son in England: "I am surprised at the amount of vitality which, notwithstanding my advanced age and present infirmities, I still retain. I have much cause for thankfulness, and I hope I am sincerely thankful and prepared to

meet the ordering of the wise and loving Disposer of all things." That ordering was, indeed, such as he would have wished. His final illness (which was, in fact, the only illness of his long life) was only of six days duration, and up to the hour of his death he retained full possession of his faculties. He passed peacefully and quietly away surrounded by several members of his family who had had time to gather to his bedside. His death took place on December 28th, 1893, and had he lived ten days longer he would have completed his ninetieth year.

What death was to him may perhaps be gathered from a sermon which he himself had preached in the Cathedral on All Saint's Day, 1882. After describing the blessed dead as those

"Who in the mountain grots of Eden lie
And hear the fourfold river as it murmurs by."

—lines which convey only a sense of rest and quietude—he went on to avow his belief that "among the works of those who are at rest is the work of intercession, through the Priesthood of our Divine Redeemer, on behalf of those whom they have left behind on earth. We are not, indeed, told (he continued) that they have any distinct knowledge of what is passing in this world; but we are surely not wrong in believing that, though removed from it, they still retain a recollection of those in it in whose spiritual welfare they were deeply interested,

as well as in the progress of redemptive love throughout the world. And if so, must we not believe that they continue to do, in their place of rest, what they did when they were 'fellow travellers between life and death' with God's servants upon earth?"

The same thought reappears in letters written shortly before his final illness. To a friend in England he wrote in June 1893:—

"I am invalided and I assume that the end is drawing near. I must thank you for your loving remembrance of me, and I trust that whether alive or dead I may be kept in your remembrance, and have your prayers on my behalf to Him Who is pleased to say that He is God of the dead as of the living. I hope, both so long as I remain here and also when I depart hence, to remember you and yours in my prayers for His dear sake Who is Advocate with the Father and ever liveth to make intercession for His people."

How far the reality of that other world corresponds with human expectations not even the greatest and wisest of men can tell us with absolute certainty. But at least the extracts we have given show us what were the aged bishop's expectations up to the hour of passing from the region of faith to that of sight, and if the actual sight was other than he had looked for, we may assuredly believe that it was so only because it was more glorious than even his faith had pictured.

The funeral was at first arranged for the last day of the year, but as this fell upon a Sunday, the country clergy begged for its postponement to the day following, in order

that they might be able to pay the last tribute of reverence to their old leader. This request was granted, but on Sunday the body was conveyed to the Cathedral, and there lay in state during the afternoon. More than 2,500 persons were thus enabled to take a last look at the revered form. On Monday, January 1st, 1894, the actual interment took place. New Year's Day is a general holiday in New Zealand, and there was doubtless some incongruity between the solemn proceedings in the Cathedral and the holiday-keeping of those in the community who were either too young or else had too lately arrived to realise the loss which filled the hearts of the older men and women. But the bishop had always sympathised with the innocent enjoyments of the people, and he would certainly have been the last to feel any annoyance on this occasion. As it was, all classes in the community, from his Excellency the Governor of New Zealand downwards, united to do honour to his memory, either by attending in person or by sending representatives. The Bishops of Christchurch and Dunedin took the chief part in the burial service, but recognition was made of the labours of the elder clergy of the diocese, Canon Stack reading the lesson, and Archdeacons Lingard and Cholmondeley assisting at the grave. The Cathedral choir added much to the solemnity of the proceedings by singing the hymns "The Saints of God," "Jesus lives," and "Now the labourer's task is o'er." The body was laid in the old Church



Photo by Wheeler.

Cemetery, in the plot which already contained the remains of the Bishop's wife and of their son Herbert. So many prelates have returned to England after resignation of their sees abroad that the remark has been made, with some measure of truth,—“What the Colonial Church needs is a few bishops' graves.” This is a need which the diocese of Christchurch has not to deplore. Canterbury churchmen can never look upon the English Church as an exotic while they can visit the quiet spot on the banks of the Avon where, among the various monuments which mark the burial places of the founders of their colony, stands the simple headstone which contains the names of their first bishop and his wife.

The question of a memorial was bound to occupy the thoughts of Churchmen during the days and weeks which followed the bishop's death. Some difficulty, however, was found in arriving at a unanimous decision as to the form which the memorial should take. The first suggestion was that the Cathedral should be completed. This would, indeed, have been an appropriate and worthy monument, but the project was reluctantly abandoned, owing to the heavy cost. At last a general agreement was arrived at in favour of a cenotaph in the Cathedral. The change need not be regretted. The building is now complete, but it would be for ever poorer without the beautiful marble figure of the departed bishop which was after

some delay placed in the south aisle and afterwards removed to the north transept. The work was executed by Mr. Williamson, of Esher, private sculptor to her late Majesty Queen Victoria, the cost (£600) being met by public subscription. The artist has been entirely successful in catching the bishop's expression, and the details of the robes are realistically portrayed. In England such monuments are of course numerous, but in New Zealand there is as yet no other like it, and it cannot fail to convey to future generations something of the personality and character of the late bishop. The monument of his friend Bishop Selwyn is placed in the more stately pile of Lichfield, but it is enclosed in a mortuary chapel which perhaps suggests an entire cessation of all activity beyond this brief life. Bishop Harper's cenotaph is not shut off from the people and the work amidst which he had lived his life.

While the public mind was still undecided as to the form which the general memorial should take, and the multiplicity of schemes gave rise to a fear lest the whole design might fail, a few of the old College boys met together and determined that the School should have its own memorial. The result has been that the east window in the School Chapel is filled with stained glass in memory of its first Warden. The window consists of five lights, and in the centre one is inserted a medallion containing an excellent likeness of the bishop as he appeared some thirty years before his death.

But it was not only in his own diocese that Bishop Harper was remembered. Long as was the period which had elapsed since he left Eton—no less than fifty-three years—he had not been forgotten by his old friends and pupils. When the news of his death reached England an influential committee was formed of those who wished to perpetuate his memory. It consisted of the Rev. J. J. Hornby (Provost of Eton), the Right Hon. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the Bishop of Chichester (Dr. Durnford), Bishop Abraham, Mr. Goldwin Smith, and many others. The result was that a handsome bronze tablet was placed (November 3rd, 1894) on the wall of the porch to the south-west door of the ante-chapel at Eton College. The inscription, written by Dr. Hornby—who as a boy had formed one of the snow-balling party sixty-six years before—is an admirable summary of the bishop's life, and a just appreciation of his influence upon others. It runs as follows:—

HENRICUS J C HARPER STP

Olim in hoc Collegio Conducticius

Publicas preces coram juventute Etonensi ita voce praeibat
 Ut viri simplicitatem gravitatem candorem nemo non
 agnosceret

Omnes fere ad verecundiam et pietatem sensim incitarentur

Idem sive Pastoris officio inter pauperes fungeretur

Sive pueros Etonensibus adnumerandos litteris informaret
 Quaecunque vera sunt quaecunque justa quaecunque sancta
 quaecunque amabilia

Non praeceptis magis edocuit quam vita illustravit
 Postea ad opus et ministerium Episcopale in Novam
 Zelandiam vocatus

Et in Cathedram Metropolitanam ibidem evectus

Ita aliis praeesse voluit ut omnibus inserviret
 Oti et oblectationis negligens in officiis indefessus

Laboribus et periculis per invia locorum sustinendis provecta
aetate non impar

Denique senex senectutis donis feliciter ornatus
Ingenio placido miti sapientia animo amoris Christiani pleno
Concordiae et benevolentiae inter omnes fautor

Disciplinae virilis suo exemplo suasor
Integra valetudine prope ad extremum diem sacris officiis
incubuit

Obiit a d Vtum Kal Jan AD MDCCCXCIV æt LXXXIX

In memoriam viri optimi et dilectissimi nonnulli ex discipulis
Aliisque amore et desiderio conjunctis hanc tabellam
ponendam curaverunt
MDCCCXCIV.

It may be translated thus:—

HENRY J. C. HARPER, D.D.,

Formerly Conduct in this College,

Used to render the common prayers in such a manner
That no one could fail to recognise his simplicity, gravity,
and singleness of heart.

As parish priest he so laboured among the poor
and among the boys whom he prepared for Eton
as to show forth in his life as well as in his words
whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just,
whatsoever things are holy, whatsoever things are to be
loved.

Called afterwards to the work of a Bishop in New Zealand
and raised to the dignity of Primate there,
his aim was to govern others by becoming the servant of all.
Forgetful of ease and pleasure, he never wearied of duty,
and even in advancing age proved himself equal to the
endurance of toils and dangers in travelling through
pathless wilds.

Old age adorned him with its happiest gifts—
calmness of mind, gentleness of wisdom, and a soul filled
with Christian love.

By his exhortations he brought others into harmony and
goodwill, and by his example he encouraged them to a
manly performance of duty.

With unabated vigour he took part almost to the last in
the sacred offices of the Church,
and died on December 28th, 1893, at the age of 89.

Bound together by affection and esteem for this excellent
and much loved man, some of his pupils and other friends
have joined in erecting this tablet to his memory.

Pioneers in new countries often obtain lasting notoriety through their names becoming attached to places or natural objects. But fame of this kind is somewhat capricious, and Bishop Harper reached New Zealand almost too late to catch its favours. In this respect he was not so fortunate as his friend Bishop Selwyn, for it is remarkable that in Canterbury itself—a place never very closely associated with Selwyn's labours—his name is borne by an important county, a well-known river, and a small station on the Great Southern Railway. But to find the name of Canterbury's first bishop a somewhat careful search is needed. This reveals a Mount Harper and a Harper River¹ in the main Alpine range, a Harper's Pass between Nelson and Westland (usually known, however, as the Hurunui Saddle), and a street in the borough of Sydenham, which adjoins the city of Christchurch on its southern side.

But outward memorials, whatever maybe their form, and however great their number, can give but an inadequate idea of the real character and influence of such a one as Bishop Harper. In all his work the man was felt to be greater than the bishop, and, happily, full justice was done to his greatness as a man in the journalistic tributes which were paid him at his death. The English *Guardian* inserted letters from two of

¹ Mount Harper is the highest point (6,015ft.) in the Harper Range on the north bank of the Upper Rangitata. The Harper River flows into the Wilberforce, a river named after the celebrated Bishop of Oxford, under whom Dr. Harper had served when at Mortimer.

his old episcopal colleagues, Bishops Abraham and John Selwyn, as well as from a layman (Mr. A. Mills) who had visited New Zealand some twelve years before. The last-named referred to the "marvellous energy, self-denial, and courage" which had characterised the earlier years of his episcopate, "all the more remarkable in a man wholly free from the conceit and ambition which have sometimes fired the zeal of mountain climbers and explorers." Bishop Selwyn's letter concludes thus:—

"To myself, as to many hundreds of others in New Zealand, that calm, gentle, loving life is an abiding memory, which has told, and I trust will tell, not so much by any striking dominant force observable in it, but by the calm and peace which it shed around it—a life which was lived throughout its long extent for duty, and which was strong, because it was full of the meekness and gentleness of Christ."

Bishop Abraham's memory went back, of course, to an earlier period. He had known Bishop Harper at Eton, and had afterwards met him at various synods in New Zealand. "From first to last," (he writes) "I can bear witness to the sound judgment, the conscientious, painstaking industry, and the good sense he never failed to display; but, above all, I saw then, and feel now, that the secret of his influence on all such public occasions was his *admirable temper*. I never saw him ruffled or impatient. . . . 'Good temper' in the management of affairs I saw exemplified in

Bishop Harper, and the sight was a liberal education. This I witnessed myself, but there was no one in New Zealand who did not hear of his unaffected simplicity, his frankness, his steady devotion to duty, his journeys by flood and field, which won the hearts of all the clergy, as well as of the runholders and the farmers, the labourers and the tradesmen, in all parts of his large diocese, to travel over which was accompanied by no small risks and much fatigue, but to him was a source of happiness, as it was an untold blessing for thousands of young and old for the thirty-three years of his noble episcopate."

These testimonies are valuable as coming from a distance and from men who could not possibly be accused of limited ideas or local partisanship. Their studied moderation of language may seem to some more weighty on this account than the obituary notices which appeared in the colonial papers. But these, too, have a right to be heard. Many a man has seemed a hero to those who saw him but seldom, and then only on great occasions, who yet has failed to win the love and devotion of those among whom he lived habitually. The praise of a neighbour is often the most grudgingly given. Nor, on the other hand, should it be forgotten that the enthusiasm which is kindled in his friends by the exploits of a man's prime is apt to die down in his declining years. Bishop Harper had lived quite long enough for this to happen in his case if it were going to happen at

all. Time's perspective had already lent its aid to the formation of a truthful estimate of his life's work; the dust had long disappeared from the atmosphere of his clear eventide. We therefore quote from a northern journal the following appreciation which appeared at the time of his death. It will serve as a summary of the whole narrative which this volume has endeavoured to present.

“The country was in those days a wilderness. Lyttelton was the chief town; Christchurch was little better than a straggling collection of huts; a few farms were flourishing about Riccarton, Papanui, and Kaiapoi; the pioneer squatters had spread over the land, founding homesteads at rare intervals. The flock required Apostolic treatment, and got it from its bishop. His work was arduous. It comprised long journeys, primitive accommodation, dangerous travelling by flood and field, on foot, on horseback over unbridged rivers, in small craft along the coast. The hardships were great, the dangers many, the people lukewarm, as often happens in the rush of pioneer life. How these difficulties were encountered and overcome the old settlers tell you to this day with tears in their eyes. When the goldfields were discovered on the West Coast the Bishop promptly annexed them. He crossed the Great Divide at regular intervals, he held services in the roaring mining camps, he was punctual in spite of rising rivers and muddy walks, he planted churches, he exhorted, he gave good example. All men wondered at

his physical power, revered his piety, thanked Heaven for his example.

“And so his life passed. The place grew and people multiplied, and roads improved. The bullock waggon gave way to the coach, the coach made room for the railway train, the uncertain sailing craft was superseded by the frequent, punctual, luxurious steamer; towns grew, and farm steadings became numerous; in a word, colonial life approximated to the standards of the older world. But through all the changes Bishop Harper remained the same—punctual, faithful, earnest, simple, apostolic, doing his duty to the best of his power, single-minded as in the days of hardship and privation. When the greatest procession Canterbury ever saw passed through the streets of Christchurch on the day of the Queen’s Jubilee, the venerable figure of the Primate appeared, and the pageant at once became his ovation. Decorations, troops in martial array, trades in gala order, all were forgotten, and the crowd cheered the old man with enthusiasm so long as he remained in sight. Soon after that he took his well-earned rest. Every morning and every evening of the three succeeding years he was to be seen walking down to the Cathedral to service; never was he missed, whatever the weather might be. Sunday often found him at some church in the vicinity of the town, preaching and doing the work of a simple priest. During the fourth year he weakened, he was seen less and less in public. At last he was confined to his room;

loving hands waited upon him, troops of friends were about him; all waited reverently for the end. There was a private grief, sudden, bitter, and unexpected, in the latter days, but the old man bore up with the fortitude of an upright, well-disciplined mind. And so he gave the last brave example of the many brave examples he had given throughout his useful well-spent life. Then came the end, which, though not unexpected, is lamented by all New Zealand. A grand old patriarch has gone to his rest. Peace to his ashes; honour to his memory."

One more quotation may conclude this memoir. It forms the last paragraph in a leading article of the *Lyttelton Times*. Its estimate of the bishop's work has now stood the test of fifteen years, and those years have done nothing to weaken its testimony.

"A great man, a great priest, a great bishop, he was the example and guiding light of generations of colonists. To him righteousness and true manliness in New Zealand owe an ineffaceable debt of gratitude."

APPENDIX I.

Churches built in Canterbury during the episcopate of Bishop Harper with the year of their opening or consecration. Those marked with an asterisk are built wholly or partially, in stone, brick, or concrete:—

- In 1857—Holy Trinity, Avonside.
- In 1858—St. Peter's, Riccarton.
- In 1859—St. John's, Lower Heathcote (now Woolston); St. Luke's, Christchurch.
- In 1860—Holy Trinity, Lyttelton;* St. John's, Rangiora.
- In 1861—St. Mary's, Timaru.
- In 1862—St. James', Harewood Road; St. Bartholomew's, Kaiapoi.
- In 1863—St. Mary's, Halswell; Cemetery Chapel, Christchurch; St. Paul's, Leithfield.
- In 1864—All Saints', Burnham; St. Mary's, Geraldine; St. Peter's, Akaroa.
- In 1865—St. Anne's, Pleasant Valley; St. James, Southbridge; St. Mark's, Opawa; St. John's Christchurch.*
- In 1866—St. Mary's, Heathcote Valley; St. James', Cust; St. Andrew's, East Oxford; St. Mary's, Merivale.
- In 1867—St. Thomas', Flaxton; St. Mary's, Addington.
- In 1868—St. Saviour's, Templeton.
- In 1869—Holy Innocents', Mount Peel.*

- In 1871—St. Simon and St. Jude, Ashley; St. Paul's Maori Church, Arahura.
- In 1872—St. Michael and All Angels, Christchurch; All Saints', Prebbleton; St. John's, Leeston.
- In 1873—St. Augustine's, Waimate.
- In 1874—St. Thomas', East Eyreton; St. Matthew's, Fernside.*
- In 1875—St. Mary's, Springston; St. Cuthbert's, Governor's Bay;* St. Mary's, West Oxford.
- In 1876—St. Matthew's, Caledonian Road; St. Barnabas's, Fendalton; All Saints', Sumner; St. John's, Hororata; St. Bartholomew's, Kaiapoi; St. Paul's, Tai Tapu.
- In 1877—St. Barnabas's, Woodend; St. Saviour's, Sydenham; St. Paul's, Papanui; Holy Innocents', Amberley.
- In 1878—St. John's, Windermere.
- In 1879—St. Thomas', Woodbury; St. Stephen's, Lincoln; St. Alban's, Pleasant Point;* St. Andrew's, East Oxford;¹ All Saints', Sherwood.²
- In 1880—St. Mary's, Southbrook;* St. Mary's, Otaio;* St. James', Chertsey; St. Luke's, Brookside.
- In 1881—St. Mark's, Rakaia.
- In 1882—St. Ambrose's, Sheffield; St. John's, Okain's Bay;* St. Luke's, Little Akaloa; St. John the Baptist, Rangiora;* St. Mark's, Greenpark; St. John's, Barhill; St. Alban's, Ohoka.
- In 1883—St. Mary's, Geraldine;* All Saints', Killinchy.

¹ To replace a church which was blown down.

² Afterwards removed to Methven.

- In 1884—St. Paul's, West Melton; St. Thomas's, Dunsandel.
- In 1885—Church of the Epiphany, Gebbie's Valley; St. Peter's, Teddington; St. Peter's, Springfield; Church of the Good Shepherd, Phillipstown;* St. John's, Duvauchelles Bay; St. Saviour's, West Lyttelton.
- In 1886—St. Mary's Timaru.*
- In 1887—St. Stephen's, Peel Forest; St. Andrew's, Otaio; Mission Church, New Brighton.
- In 1888—St. Paul's, Port Levy; St. Stephen's, Ashburton.*
- In 1889—St. Andrew's, Tinwald; Holy Trinity, Kumara.
-

APPENDIX II.

Little has been related in the body of this work about Bishop Harper's connection with the Maoris. The address presented to him at the Tuahiwi Pa on the occasion of his resignation will show the deep veneration in which he was held among the Natives. The writer remembers, too, an aged chief at Wairewa, who on his deathbed produced a bundle of letters and notices which showed that he had most carefully preserved every communication which he had ever received from the Bishop or the Diocesan Office.

The following is a translation of the farewell address at St. Stephen's:—

St. Stephen's, Kaiapoi,

March 11, 1890.

To the Most Reverend the Bishop of Christchurch.

Welcome! Welcome! Welcome!

Step firmly towards us, O Face of the Church and of the Company who have gone before us.

Greeting to the face that recalls Bishop Selwyn.

Greeting to the face that recalls Pita Te Hori, Ihaia Taihewa, Hera Mohuru, Te Muru, Hone Pere, Tare Teihoka.

We greet you—

Happy indeed are we at your coming among us to bid us farewell. We salute you the chief Shepherd of this portion of Christ's flock. Speak to us. Instruct us. Here are ears ready to listen

and to receive your instruction. It was your voice recalled our fathers from the path by which they were descending in hopeless darkness. That is the voice of a Christian minister. You recalled them to the Light of Day. Your voice proclaimed to us the words of God's Covenant of peace and you ratified it.

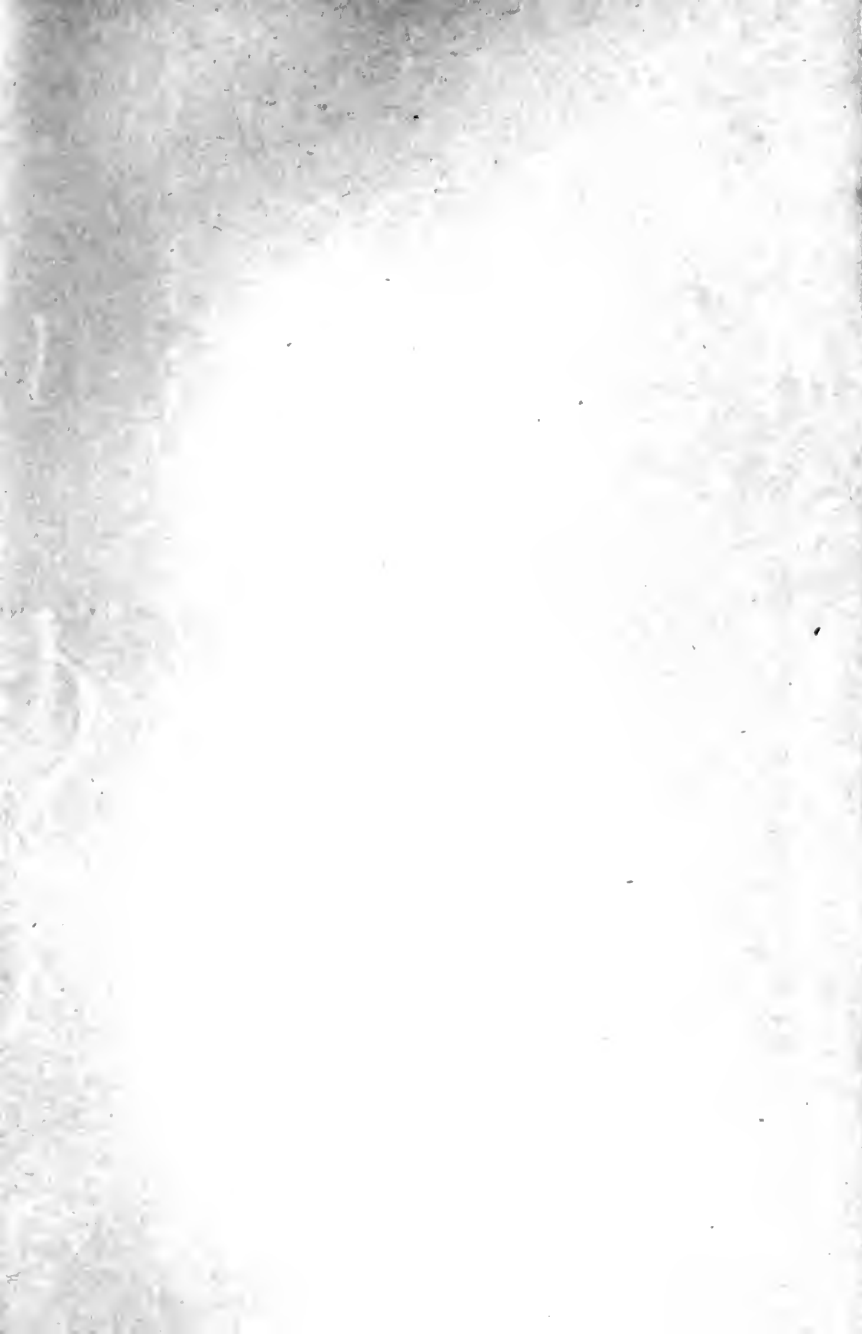
Speak, O father, that we may listen and learn, and that your words may remain as proverbs to guide the generations to come. By heeding your voice we may reach Life. You are ascending to Heaven by the Revealed Way, you are stepping in the footprints of the companies of souls who have reached the summit. We must tread in your steps; we must follow the sound of your voice, that we may together reach the City of God—the gathering-place of the hosts of Heaven and Church of Christ.

This is from your children of the Maori people.

(Signed by several chiefs).

[A marginal note in the Bishop's handwriting explains that "The word 'Face' must be understood to mean 'the representative person'—evidently a Scripture word. The Maoris here mentioned have all died since my episcopate. They are chiefs."]

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